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THE

# CELTIC MAGAZINE:

## A Monthly Periodical

DEVOTED TO THE

## LITERATURE, HISTORY, ANTIQUITIES, FOLK LORE, TRADITIONS,

AND THE

## SOCIAL AND MATERIAL INTERESTS OF THE CELT AT HOME AND ABROAD.

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CONDUCTED BY

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THE

# CELTIC MAGAZINE.

*Conducted by ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A. SCOT.*

No. LXXIII. NOVEMBER, 1881. VOL. VII.

## THE SCULPTURED STONES OF ROSS AND CROMARTY.

By Captain COLIN MACKENZIE, F.S.A. Scot.

—o—

### II.

THE stones next to be taken into consideration are those which I have placed in Class A., viz.—rude monoliths with hieroglyphics. The two stones which come under this head are rough unhewn pillars of the common stone of the country—whinstone—and the manner in which they are erected, and the art of the figures cut upon them, prove that they are undoubtedly the oldest sculptured stones in the twin counties. Behind the schoolhouse at Edderton may be observed a rough standing stone, ten feet in height above the ground, and tapering to a point at the top, the breadth at the bottom being about four feet. Mr Petley says that it is placed in the centre of a circular mound of earth, twelve paces in diameter, and raised about three feet above the natural surface. The *Statistical Account* (1840) states, "There is a circle surrounding the obelisk, at the distance of three yards from it as the radius, and two feet in height above the surrounding plain." I have not myself tested the accuracy of either of these measurements, but the slight difference is not important. Simply incised upon the top part of the stone is a fish, apparently a salmon, with the head pointing upwards towards the left, at an angle of about 45°. The mouth, jowl, and three fins are well defined. Below it, cut in the same manner, is the double disc

and sceptre hieroglyphic, the double disc being nearly perpendicular, the top touching the belly of the salmon. The double disc is composed of two circles, one at each end, each having a smaller circle within it. The outer circles are connected by flanche lines, two on each side, the convex sides inwards as usual. Within the inner circle of the bottom pair, a still smaller circle is cut, which impinges upon it at the top. The centre bar of the sceptre passes horizontally through the centre of the double disc, the two parallel bars springing from the ends of the centre bar, being at right angles to it, and directed in the form of an inverted Z. The sceptre is without ornament. The *Statistical Account* says:—"These hieroglyphics, which perhaps allude to the circumstance of the chief who is interred under the stone, being one of the Vikings, or sea-kings of the middle ages, are executed with great delicacy and beauty. The local tradition is that a battle was fought in this place, betwixt the inhabitants of the country and a party of invading Norwegian pirates, in which the latter were defeated with the loss of their leader, Prince Carius, who was interred on this eminence, and the above-mentioned obelisk erected over him; accordingly, the name of the place to this day is *Carry Blair*, or the battle-field of Carius."* I have no doubt that this stone was raised long anterior to the Norse Dominion, and that if it marks the resting-place of any one, it is

* I have already stated that the banks of the Oykel were a favourite battle ground of the Celts and Scandinavians, but I have not come across any record of a fight, where any person of the name of Carius was engaged. "Kari" was a Norse proper name. It is mentioned (I think in the Flateyjarbók or else the Njal Saga) that when King Sigtrygg of Dublin came to ask aid from Earl Sigurd the Stout against Brian Boroimhe, at Yule-tide, 1013-14, the King sat on the high seat listening to the story of Njal's burning, related by Gunnar Lambison. Gunnar stated that one of Njal's party wept, when Kari, a friend of Njal's, who was present, drew his sword and smote off Gunnar's head, for which he was permitted to go free, as it was held he had only done what he had a right to do. This is the only Kari I have come across, and there is nothing to connect him with the Edderton stone. There is a Karston or Careston north-east of Stromness, and a Corness or Carisness near Kirkwall, both in the mainland of Orkney, so it is quite possible that there may have been Karis in the Islands, about whom we are at present ignorant. All I contend is that it is most improbable that any of them lie under the monolith in question. Great care should, of course, be taken in endeavouring to identify individuals simply by the similarity of the sound of their names, lest we fall into errors such as making the Caracul of Ossian into the Roman Emperor Caracalla. But we must also remember that time has wrought great changes, as we have already seen in the conversion of Siward's Hoch into *Cyder Hall*, and the strong hold of Kolbein Hruga at Weir, into *Cobbie Row's* Castle.

a Pictish and not a Scandinavian chief. I have before alluded to the hieroglyphics being found almost entirely in Pictish territory. A few are to be found in localities which were afterwards seized by the Northmen, but as none have been found in Scandinavia, it stands to reason that they must have been raised by the Picts, who owned these territories prior to the arrival of the Vikings.

The other stone belonging to the same category as that last described, has a Celtic instead of a Scandinavian tradition attached to it. Dr Stewart says:—"This stone, marked as being 'near Dingwall,' is in reality several miles to the westward of that town, at the opposite end of the glen from it, and close to the mineral springs of Strathpeffer, in the Parish of Fodderty. Nothing is known of its history, and it is probably in its original site. A foolish tradition exists, which supposes the stone to mark the site of a battle between the Munros and Mackenzies about the time of James IV., in which the former were worsted. In this parish is the virtified Hill Fort of Knock Farrel. There are also several remarkable circles of stones and cairns. On each side of the church are two standing stones, and near the burial ground lies 'the Temple Cust,' in which Kist remains of bones and ashes have been found The Pillar is formed of whinstone." At *Croit-an-Teampuil* (Temple Croft) stone coffins and urns have been found. A large cairn stands on the heights of Hilton, which contained many bones. In 1838 it measured 260 by 20 feet, but had originally been larger. There is a stone circle to the north of the cairn, and another lies on the march line between Cromarty and Hilton, the stones of which are from five to six feet above ground, a foot apart, and enclose a space of nine feet in diameter. Surrounding this are the appearances of several concentric circles of larger size, but most of the stones have been removed. There is another ring to the north-west of Knockfarrel, and one at the west end of Park has been long supposed by the inhabitants to commemorate the bloody battle of Blar-na-Pairc, in which the Mackenzies defeated the Macdonalds with terrible slaughter.* As to the standing stones near the church,

* The battle of Blar-na-Pairc was brought about in the following manner, as is related by Mr A. Mackenzie in his excellent "History of the Mackenzies":—Kenneth Mackenzie (a'Bhlair) had married Margaret Macdonald of the Isles, but being in-

some say that Fin MacCoul (the Fingal of Ossian) hurled them at his enemies from Knockfarrel. The next story is scarcely less far-fetched. The *Statistical Account* says:—"There is another stone half-way between Castle Leod and the Spa with an eagle cut upon it, and called in Gaelic *Clach-an-tiompan.** It stands close to the old line of road, and is supposed to mark the place where a number of the Munroes fell in an affray with the Mackenzies of Seaforth. The tradition is as follows:—The Lady of Seaforth dwelt at that time in a wicker or wattled house at Kinellan. A party of the Munroes came upon her by surprise, and carried off the lady, house, and all it contained. They were overtaken near Castle Leod, defeated with great slaughter, and the Lady of Seaforth rescued. Clach-an-tiompain was set up by the Munroes over the remains of their fellow-clansmen. Kenneth Oure is said to have prophesied that in the course of time ships should be seen moored to this stone." This whinstone pillar which stands about four feet high by two broad, is pretty evenly shaped at the bottom, though less regular at the top. On the top portion appears a well defined and evenly cut torque,† and

sulted by Alexander of Lochalsh, her cousin, he sent the lady (who was blind of an eye), to her relative, mounted on a one-eyed pony, led by a one-eyed gillie, followed by a one-eyed dog. Enraged at such treatment, Alexander collected a force of some 1500 men, and invaded Mackenzie's country, determined to reconquer the lands which had been previously owned by the Macdonalds as Earls of Ross. Mackenzie could only collect 600 men, but with these he strongly posted himself at Park, his front being covered by a peat moss. By a dexterous stratagem he caused the Macdonalds to advance into the bog, where they were soon entangled, and while in this plight they were easily shot down by a body of archers which Mackenzie had kept in ambush, or killed with pikes and axes. Those who escaped were either drowned in the Conon or killed by the country people during their flight, and this battle for ever broke the power of the Macdonalds in Ross-shire. As it was fought at the close of the fifteenth century, the value of the tradition assigning an ancient stone circle as its memorial, may be at once perceived.

* *Clach-an-tiompan*—literally—the stone of the Drum. Many words foreign to the ancient Celtic language are in use by the modern Highlanders, introduced at different times and under different circumstances. Thus *Tiompan* is clearly derived from the Latin *Tympanum.*

† Professor Wilson is of opinion that the "torque" is exclusively Celtic or Teutonic, and he remarks that in Britain and Ireland it holds "a prominent place among the symbolic ornaments of the ancient Druid priesthood." He ascribes to it an Eastern origin:—"The torc is introduced at Persepolis among the tribute brought to Darius; and in a mosaic of Pompeii, Darius and his officers are represented wearing it at the battle of Arbela. Titus Maulius Torquatus took the golden torc, from which

below a very good model of an eagle. The torque is of the horse-shoe pattern, the ends pointing downwards. Resting on the top of the lower arch of the horse-shoe is a three-quarter circle, the top of which reaches to two-thirds of the breadth of the torque. Passing over the top of the three-quarter circle, and touching it, is a semi-circle, which is parallel to the edges of the horse-shoe, and from its extremities depend two tassels in the shape of inverted wine-glasses, the concave bottoms of which nearly reach the ends of the horse-shoe. Within the three-quarter circle, and below the concave bottom of each tassel, is a small circle with a little hole in the centre. The beak, eye, talons, and feathers of the eagle, are uncommonly well defined, and though the eagle occurs on several Scottish stones, this is by far the best model, although the long feathers of the tail have not been so clearly represented as in the specimen at Inveravon.* This, how-

he derived his name, from a Gaul he slew in single combat, B.C. 361; and its first appearance in Italian art is round the neck of the moustached Gaulish hero, whose head—decorated probably according to the fashion of his country—forms the obverse of the As of Arminium." Dr Stewart says that it appears upon Gaulish gold coins "at different intervals from Brennus' invasion of Northern Greece, B.C. 278, till the age of Augustus." He also states that a "torque" and two bracelets appear upon a third brass of the Emperor Domitian "to indicate the people, probably the Germans, conquered by Domitian. These last greatly resemble some of the 'horse-shoe' figures on the sculptured stones." The "torque" is mentioned in both Anglo-Saxon and Celtic writings, and the book of Ballymote describes Cormac MacArt wearing a *muntorc* or collar of gold. Moore sings of the days—

"When Malachi wore the collar of gold
Which he won from the proud invader."

A bronze "torque" was found along with a mirror of the same pattern as those engraved on the standing stones, at Balmaclellan, New Galloway, in 1861. In one instance, however, the "horse-shoe" undoubtedly represents a brooch, viz., on the Migvie stone where it is accompanied by the V shaped sceptre; and Dr Stewart figures a "Scottish Brooch" of this pattern in the *Sculptured Stones*, vol. ii., plate 13. The "Torques" on the Clatt and Rothie Brisbane stones bear some resemblance to ancient Egyptian head-dresses.

* The appearance of the eagle on this stone may be the reason for connecting the name of the Clan Munro with it, the coat-of-arms of that clan being "an eagle's head erased." It is a matter of history that an encounter did take place between the Mackenzies and the Munros near the site of the stone, but the tradition, as related above, is at variance with the facts as narrated by Mr A. Mackenzie in the "History of the Mackenzies." A bad understanding having arisen between Sir William Munro of Fowlis and Hector Roy Mackenzie, Tutor of Kintail, the former visited Kinellan during Hector's absence, and carried away the couples of one of his barns. Hector finding this on his return, sent Munro word that if he was a "pretty man," he would come and take the couples of the other barn, and Munro accepting this as a challenge raised

ever, may appear so, from a piece of the stone having apparently been chipped away. Indeed, the sculptures upon this stone represent one of the best specimens of art among the rude monoliths with hieroglyphics. We have seen how full the whole neighbourhood is of ancient Celtic remains, and it is impossible to avoid connecting this stone with them in some degree, but it is also impossible to hide from ourselves that it was sculptured at a later era than some of its ruder congeners in other parts. However, tradition is certainly at fault regarding it, and I am myself unable to suggest any history for it.

his followers, with the Dingwalls and Maccullochs, to the number of 900, and marched to Kinellan by the north of Knockfarrel. Here he took the couples and a quantity of cattle, and after doing much mischief, he started for home in the evening, by the south of Knockfarrel, having a strong front and rear-guard, with the cattle in the centre. Mackenzie, who had only gathered 140 men, had laid them in ambush along the road which the returning Munros must take, and as these passed they sprung upon them, breaking their centre, and putting them in confusion. The Munros, uncertain of the numbers in the gloaming, fled, and were pursued with great slaughter, nineteen heads lying round one small well, which has ever since been called "Tobar nan Ceann," or the Well of the Heads. It is said that nearly every able-bodied man of the Dingwalls and Maccullochs fell, and that the Munros were seriously crippled for many years. Such is the true version. However, the stone which, by the way, possibly witnessed the scene above described, was sculptured long before the Munros and Mackenzies came to blows. Still the stone may mark the grave of some long-forgotten warrior, the eagle having always been a favourite heraldic device of both ancients and moderns. Olaus Wormius says that among the ancient Danes, a Wolf typified a tyrant; a Lamb, a gentle and quiet man; a Pig, a sordid one; a Horse, a generous one; a Lion, a king; an Eagle, a strong man, &c. In modern-English heraldry an eagle takes the same place among birds that a lion does among beasts, a Lion representing Strength, Courage, and Generosity, and an Eagle Strength, Swiftness, and Courage. A Golden Eagle was the Royal Standard of Ancient Persia, as well as of the Roman Legions.

*(To be Continued.)*

PRESIDENT ARTHUR OF THE UNITED STATES A SCOT.—By descent the new President of the United States is a Scotchman. His grandfather was an officer in the 42d Highlanders. His father, who died only six years ago, was settled for some time as a Baptist minister in Ireland. At the last anniversary meeting of the New York Burns Club, Mr Arthur was present and delivered an eloquent speech, in which he proved that he had not forgotten the land of his ancestors, but was himself a leal Scotchman, possessing an intimate knowledge of the life and works of the national poet. He was elected an honorary member of the Club.

# TALES AND ADVENTURES OF A BOTANIST:

## ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE MANNERS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

———o———

### JESSIE MACLEOD.

AFTER one week's ramble among the mountains, it was my agreeable lot to arrive at the hospitable Manse of Arnisdale, in Glen-Uaine, where, on presenting my note of introduction, I met with a cordial welcome from the Reverend Mr Macintyre and his kind helpmate. I was immediately established on a domestic footing in this amiable family; nor was it a slight augmentation to my satisfaction to discover that this secluded parsonage contained a numerous and playful progeny wherewith the happy couple had been blessed. I had reckoned up some half-score of these rising hopes of the household, and had concluded that the list was now exhausted. But as we were arranging ourselves around the crowded tea-table, there entered the apartment a tall and handsome youth, whose features immediately announced his relation to the clan, and whose laced jacket, well-trimmed mustachios, and dignified air, no less unequivocally indicated his profession. This gentleman, who was introduced to me by the familiar appellation of Frank, honoured me with a somewhat distant, though sufficiently polite bow, which struck me as harmonizing but indifferently with his name, and still more so with the open and cordial manners of the rest of the family. The young soldier's distance, however, I attributed to his military habits, and though it effectually checked on my part all attempts at conversation with him, it awakened in my bosom no feeling to his prejudice.

Without paying much regard, therefore, to the Captain's seeming *hauteur*, I chiefly devoted myself to the younger members of the family, and endeavoured to recall my juvenile feelings by partaking in their noisy sports. The Captain, meanwhile, conversed with his parents, or, in seeming listlessness, glanced over the columns of a newspaper, seldom deigning to bestow a look of interest on our amusements.

Sometimes, however, when any of the children solicited his

arbitration of their disputes, or in any way forcibly attracted his attention, I remarked that his eye beamed with the kindest condescension, and that he appeared no less attached to his little brothers than they to him. I was hereby confirmed in my opinion that his general reserve was the effect rather of his mode of life than of his natural disposition. Gathering from certain casual remarks that he had lately returned from India, I hesitated not to attribute some of his peculiarities to an affection of the liver. But this theory was quite overturned when after supper I beheld him indulge in a large tumbler of punch. Under the influence of this enlivening beverage, he gradually lost much of his chilling distance, and condescended to enter into a pretty free conversation with me, putting many questions concerning my adventures, and favouring me with a narrative of some of his own. Frank now gained rapidly on my esteem. I perceived that when he chose he could render himself as agreeable as he was intelligent and sensible, though there still remained in his manner and expression of countenance something to supply me with materials for speculation. Even while he evidently strove to be cheerful, and the smile of conviviality played upon his lip, I persuaded myself that I saw very manifest symptoms of some deep emotion preying on his heart. The appearances which I first laid to the charge of military pride, I now more confidently attributed to settled grief or melancholy. When the hour of repose arrived he politely conducted me to my sleeping apartment, attentively examined my accommodations, and then in a very kindly manner wished me comfortable rest, and withdrew.

This young soldier's general appearance and deportment had now made so deep an impression on my mind that for some time all my thoughts were of him. The longer they dwelt on him the more I was convinced that some untoward or distressing incident in the brief course of his military life lay at the bottom of the deep-rooted sorrow which seemed to overpower his spirits and to be superadded to a disposition evidently cast by nature in the same happy and cheerful mould as the rest of the family to which he belonged.

The following Sunday was one of the finest that had dawned on the green hills of Glen-Uaine. Towards noon the whole population of the valley, in their best attire, began to throng the

pathway which led to the old parish church adjoining the manse. The dimensions of this mouldering edifice were too confined to accommodate the multitude that was now assembling; and I was by no means dissatisfied to learn that its damp air and musty walls were to be exchanged for the sunny breeze and scented slope of a verdant hollow, under the bare canopy of heaven. There a few wooden forms were placed for the convenience of the more influential and respected part of the audience, including the minister's numerous family. But the population at large found a softer resting-place upon the green sod all around the speaker.

It is not my intention to enter into a critical description of the oratorical and theological powers displayed on this occasion by the pastor of this interesting flock. If the main art of the orator, however, be to carry his audience along with him, few public speakers I had ever heard—if I could judge from the undeviating look, the deep attention, and serious air of the mass of faces which surrounded him—had a better claim to the palm of eloquence than the pious and venerable Lewis Macintyre. I am sorry to be obliged to confess that my own mind was more erratic than the minds of his impressed auditors seemed to be. The novelty of the scene presented to my fancy too much temptation to ramble; and ere I was aware how far I had resigned myself to its capricious humour, it had transformed the parson into an ancient Druid, inculcating from the centre of the mysterious hallowed circle the soul-subduing doctrines of his creed on the awe-struck spirits of those who had come to the stones to worship. At another time it had presented to my view a vision of days in the history of my native land not so long gone by, and persuaded me that I was listening to the rousing harangue of a zealous minister of the Covenant, whom the uplifted hand of persecution, though it could not silence, had driven with his attached and faithful flock to the wilderness to seek a temple on the hill-side.

Both comparisons, however, soon gave way before the remarkable contrasts which they suggested. Neither my idea of the artful and sanguinary priest of superstition, with his trembling skin-clad audience, nor that of the thundering Covenanter, holding forth in the vehemence of fancied inspiration to the kindling

eyes of the persecuted congregation, harmonized well with the calm, affectionate, and paternal aspect of the worthy modern divine, who now addressed himself in the language of "truth and soberness" to his composed and contrite parishioners. While I was surveying the scene I insensibly fell into another set of reflections, namely, on the influence which circumstances possess over the feelings of the human breast and their outward expression. Can this, thought I, be a portion of the same people who have in all ages been renowned for a determined and reckless valour, approaching at times to ferocity itself? How different are the meek and serious emotions now depicted on every visage from the impetuous ardour that would kindle it up at the strain of the animating pibroch sounding the charge to battle!

The clergyman's concluding intercession, which was offered up with much fervour, seemed deeply to affect the greater part of his hearers, especially when he recommended to the Divine blessing and consolation all the unhappy children of distress, and particularly those whose hearts were bleeding from domestic bereavement or affliction. Here I remarked considerable emotion among several members of a numerous family who sat intermingled with that of the minister, and whose appearance and the great deference paid to them announced that they were of the first rank in Glen-Uaine. The matron, a lady of the most prepossessing air, and likewise one or two of her daughters were under the necessity of applying their handkerchiefs to their eyes, and did not remove them till the conclusion of the service, when the slight glimpse which I obtained showed that the bitterness of their grief was great. I was the more at a loss to account for these appearances, as none of the family in question wore any of the usual insignia of mourning. The Captain, too, appeared much affected. He turned away his face, hung down his head, and seemed in difficulty to control his feelings. All this, connected with my former observations, made me suspect that the young soldier's happiness was somehow involved in that of this family, and the circumstance of his accompanying them home to dinner lent additional probability to the idea.

The afternoon of that day I passed at the manse, sometimes listening to the pious and instructive conversation of Mr Macintyre, sometimes explaining to the elder members of his family the

principles of my favourite science, and sometimes drawing instruction and delight from the talk and amusements even of the younger portion of that happy group.

The Captain did not return that night, and I never had the pleasure of seeing him again. In the course of the evening I was often prompted by my curiosity to attempt to draw from his frank and conversable parents the chief incidents of his history. But the fear of touching on some tender string always proved a check to my inquiries. The next morning I took my leave of the sequestered Manse of Arnisdale and of all its kind and interesting occupants. But before I left Glen-Uaine I failed not to make inquiry of every intelligent person whom I met concerning the minister and his family, especially his oldest son, the Captain. Partly from information thus acquired, and partly from what I afterwards gained from more authentic sources, I ascertained the following particulars, which I now hasten to lay before the reader, and which, I trust, will be found not altogether devoid of interest.

In most affecting incidents in which young men are concerned there is more or less presumption that there must be "a lady in the case," and as the present forms no exception to the general rule, propriety demands that, before proceeding farther, our heroine should be introduced to the reader's acquaintance.

Jessie Macleod was the daughter of a gentleman of considerable property and of more respectability, who, both from inclination and from prudential considerations, usually spent the year at his hereditary residence in Glen-Uaine. Aulduiny House lay within an hour's walk of the Manse of Arnisdale, and the two families, who were distantly connected by blood, lived on the footing of the closest intimacy with each other. The young people were from their earliest years almost constant companions, as, in addition to other causes that contributed to bring them together, they all received the elements of education under the same roof. The laird having always been celebrated for the liberality of his disposition, and yet possessing but a moderate income, soon found himself scarcely more able than the clergyman to support the expense of keeping his numerous children at a public school. He and Mr Macintyre, therefore, engaged a tutor between them, whose residence was at Aulduiny, where there was most accommodation, and whither the young folks of

the manse, when the weather was favourable, daily resorted for instruction.

While in the schoolroom, Jessie and Frank, who were next to each other in point of years and capacity, learned and recited their tasks from the same book, and in their happy play hours might generally be seen scrambling hand-in-hand among the adjoining rocks and thickets, there searching for birds' nests, nuts, or wild berries, according to the season. As Frank, with increasing years, acquired a taste for more hardy sports, his Jessie, if she could not emulate his address and daring, still was his attendant. While he regulated the motions of his mimic fly on the stream, she watched its success and carried the spoil, or, to beguile the time, exercised her slender voice with those native wild notes which she had already learned; and when all the boys mustered on the green for a match at shinty, Jessie also was there, beside Frank, with the little club that he had made for her. But she was never happier than when mounted on her Shetland pony, she accompanied her young gallant on a visit to the manse, or galloped by his side around the level fields of Aulduiny. When in the winter season a stormy day confined Frank at home, poor Jessie, with a tenderness of sensibility beyond her years, spent the tedious hours in moping listlessly over her task or bathing her book with tears, and every effort made by those about her to give her comfort was in vain.

Their parents and friends beheld with secret satisfaction the growing attachment of this youthful pair, and never once thought of checking their intimacy, even after they had arrived at years when it might have been expected that its longer continuance or increase might involve the future happiness of both. They had lived from infancy so much as brother and sister, that when Jessie now displayed the ripening charms of sixteen with a figure and manner more matured than her years, and her affectionate Frank, who numbered a year or two more, had shot forth into a corresponding stature, their undiminished familiarity seems to have struck no one as attended with impropriety or danger. With the same unreserve they rode or walked together, went on distant excursions to visit their relatives, or romantic scenery, and often ascended, either by themselves or with parties of their friends, to the summits of the highest hills, to share with one another the

rapturous emotions which the Alpine view inspired. On such occasions Frank had many opportunities of performing pleasing offices of gallantry to his happy Jessie, who always looked up to him for assistance or protection when needful as her guardian and guide.

In short, they themselves by degrees discovered the true nature of that passion into which their infantile attachment had now ripened. As they knew no reserve towards each other, they soon confessed to one another the tender sentiment that possessed them both, while neither, perhaps, bestowed a single thought on the various obstacles which might occur to thwart their inclinations. Bashfulness and the fear of censure, however, prevented them from making known the state of their affections to their parents, though, except upon the score of their yet too tender years, none concerned would have disapproved of their engagement.

Meanwhile, the paternal mind of the worthy minister of Arnisdale had not been entirely free from solicitude as to the future prospects of Frank. Mr Macintyre beheld his family fast multiplying, while his small income remained the same. He was sensible that a good education and his blessing would most likely be all the inheritance which any of his children could receive from him, and therefore he saw the propriety of availing himself of all the influence of his friends in order to get his boys respectably settled in life. In compliance with Frank's inclinations, he had for some years been making interest to procure him a military commission. But as he could not afford to purchase one, he at length lost all hopes of success and began to deliberate how he might find him other employment.

When least expected, however, the commission arrived, and the preparations for the young soldier's departure excited no small commotion in the peaceful Manse of Arnisdale. Frank and Jessie, of course, were much together; and though this was well known, it was blamed by none in either family. At their parting interview, which had almost proved too much for them both, they solemnly renewed their engagements of mutual fidelity and constancy. Besides discussing many topics fit only for their own ears, it was settled between them that so soon as Frank had risen to the command of a company, he should come home and marry his

Jessie; or if his return could not be brought about, she promised to go to him, if her parents would consent, in whatever part of the globe his place of service might be. In the meantime, to alleviate the pangs of separation, they agreed to keep up a regular epistolary correspondence with one another. Frank exacted from Jessie a promise that she would carefully attend to her health and endeavour to make herself happy, in hopes of his speedy return; while Jessie, on her part, laid a charge no less strict on him, never to expose his life to unnecessary danger, for the sake of accelerating his promotion and hastening the union which both so much desired.

Not to dwell on the young Ensign's melancholy parting with his sorrowing family, nor on what else befell him till he found himself in the uniform of his regiment, I proceed to relate that after spending a few years in home service, he was sent to a more active and interesting field of operations, on the continent of India, where he met with a rapidity of promotion which equalled his most sanguine expectations. During the greater part of the time which he spent abroad, his correspondence with all those most dear to him was regular and satisfactory. The affection of his Jessie, like his own, seemed to gain strength by time and absence, and each successive letter, he was happy to observe, displayed a great improvement both in style and sentiments. Many a solitary hour did he spend in picturing to himself the corresponding improvement which time must have effected in her personal charms; and his spirits, when ready to sink under the enervating influence of the climate, never failed to experience refreshment and delight in the idea of his yet renewing his rambles with his Jessie among the cool streams and verdant hills of Glen-Uaine. This source of comfort, blended with the no less frequent meditation on the affectionate relatives who daily thought and talked of him at his native Arnisdale, not only served in an eminent degree to reconcile the young adventurer to the hardships of his lot, but even supplied him with an energy of mind which was no doubt one of the most important causes of the high esteem which he acquired, and the rapid advancement which he made in his profession.

Few important events, meanwhile, had occurred in the domestic history of the families at Arnisdale and Aulduiny.

Their former intimacy still subsisted, and some of the younger members of both seemed running the same course as that of Frank and Jessie. At length, however, a change took place, which, though it might seem of slight importance in a more populous district, occasioned no small regret among the dispersed and secluded inhabitants of Glen-Uaine. This was the removal of the laird of Aulduiny and his family to spend a winter in Edinburgh. Into the causes of this unexpected step it concerns us not minutely to inquire. Perhaps he wished to let his young people see a little of the world, or he might be desirous to renew his own acquaintance with society in the hopes that it might be useful in forwarding his children's views; or perhaps the whole originated in his amiable lady's solicitude to have her daughters instructed in some elegant accomplishments, which could not be easily acquired in their remote situation in the Highlands. If all these causes, together with one or two more that might be subjects for conjecture, are duly weighed, Aulduiny's temporary desertion of his people may be viewed neither with surprise nor blame.

His absence, however, caused a melancholy blank in Glen-Uaine, for never before, in the memory of the oldest native, had his hospitable mansion been unoccupied by some resident member of his respected family. The traveller, as he checked the inclination of his steed to turn aside to Aulduiny's well-known stable, beheld with desponding looks, through the drizzling sleet, the closed shutters, the smokeless chimneys, and other symptoms of solitude, where he was wont to receive a kind welcome from many a smiling face. The Christmas festivities, which used to be celebrated there by a general gathering of all the friends and cousins of the family from a great distance, suffered this year a melancholy and unexampled interruption; and though the youth of the glen mustered as usual on Aulduiny's level fields for their annual match at shinty, and though the laird had benevolently left orders with his overseer to supply them with their accustomed anker of "right Kintail," yet it was remarked that the sport had never been so dull and uninteresting. Not a single sprained ankle nor broken shin remained next day among the numerous combatants to attest their emulation in the game.

But by none was this state of things more lamented than

by the clergyman's family. Seldom till now had they complained of the wearisomeness of a winter day. But now many a listless look was cast in the direction of Aulduiny, and no well-known youngster was seen galloping along the road that led from thence to the clachan, while all the delighted hive sallied forth to hail him. No friendly message nor kind invitation; no present of venison, rendered doubly savoury by the accompanying card, which intimated by what lucky sportsman's hand it had fallen; no obliging inquiry after the health of an occasional invalid now came from that place to diversify the dreamy sameness of the sunless day, and supply the domestic circle at the manse with a pleasing topic of discourse for many hours thereafter when other excitements were awanting.

Even Mr Macintyre's superior strength of mind could not altogether secure him against an occasional sinking of spirits from the want of his accustomed society; and he often acknowledged that when from the pulpit he cast his eyes towards Aulduiny's empty pew and missed the many well-known faces that were wont to beam from it, he often felt a sudden chilliness coming over him and making him aware that he himself stood in need of that comfort which he administered to others. He and his family, however, were not without some consolation, in the correspondence which they kept up, as regularly as Highland roads and posts would permit, with their absent friends, and in the hope of their return to Glen-Uaine as soon as the reappearance of summer should invite.

In Edinburgh, in the meantime, Jessie enjoyed the admiration which she so well deserved. Through her family connections she found a ready access to the first circles of society, and soon came to be regarded as one of their brightest ornaments. Her constancy was now exposed to no ordinary trial, and to one intimately acquainted with human nature and the power of admiration and flattery over the female heart, it might well be a subject of doubt how far one so young, inexperienced, and susceptible as she was, however well disposed, was likely to maintain her fidelity and prudence amidst the many fascinations that surrounded her. The extent of her danger may be best estimated by the degree of envy which she attracted. The few reigning beauties who had for some time previously engrossed the

applause of the metropolis, and whose ruling passion had been their jealousy of one another, seemed now agreed to suspend their mutual animosity for the purpose of directing their united batteries against her. All their arts of ridicule, satire, and detraction were tried to destroy her ascendency. When these failed they tried what insinuation could do; and when it too was unsuccessful, they frequently openly avowed that they could not comprehend what it was that gained her so much admiration, unless it were her Highland brogue, her contempt of etiquette, or her carroty hair, as they scrupled not to designate her bright yellow tresses.

Jessie could not long remain in ignorance of the feelings with which she was regarded by these offended belles; and it would have been equally impossible, perhaps, for any young female in her situation to have been insensible of the superiority which such invidious conduct on their part showed her to be possessed of, or to have abstained from all attempts to mortify them when an opportunity offered. Jessie could not contend with them in the ornaments of dress, and she utterly despised that mincing affectation in speech and gesture which they seemed to regard as the perfection of female manners. But she found equal and superior resources in her own native attractions, her sprightly mother-wit, and that grace and elegance which characterised all her words and movements, compared with which the fastidious airs of art appeared in all their tiresome insipidity. She possessed a refined taste, and an understanding better informed than that of most young ladies of her years—advantages which she owed partly to her mother, a woman of strong judgment and good education, and partly to her former tutor at Aulduiny, who had taken much pains to instruct her in the French and Italian languages, and had introduced her to a pretty general acquaintance with the more popular English classics. He had the satisfaction to see that his labour was not thrown away on his apt and docile pupil, and she herself now reaped the full advantage of the attention she had bestowed on these pleasing studies.

Jessie was naturally gay and sprightly, and while this disposition rendered her company acceptable to every age, it led her to show a preference for the society of the young and cheerful. Being

conscious of no culpable levity, she did not consider it to be inconsistent with her private engagements to Frank Macintyre to suffer herself occasionally to be escorted to public places by one or other of the numerous aspirants after her favour. Her parents had too much confidence in her own good sense to see the necessity of laying her under very rigid restraints as to the mode of conducting herself in society, which, in some instances, might have been the cause of her falling into slight improprieties. In these cases her conduct was eagerly animadverted upon by her vigilant and vindictive rivals, and suggested to them the appellation of "flirt," by which, when all other means had failed, they endeavoured to lessen her character in public esteem. But this, like their other unworthy artifices, Jessie treated with contempt, especially as she considered it an evidence of the mortification which they felt on seeing her experience attentions that they would have been glad to receive even at the risk of incurring the censure of flirtation.

Yet it might be a matter of considerable doubt if Frank Macintyre had known how little reserve his Jessie manifested in her public behaviour, and how, after she was seen dangling on the arm of one gentleman in particular, a gay and showy young officer of Hussars, for whom she betrayed rather a marked preference, whether the full confidence which he reposed in her fidelity would have remained unshaken and no feeling of jealousy have arisen in his breast. Considering, too, that Captain Vaughan was possessed of every personal qualification that could render him a dangerous rival, besides having connections, as it was rumoured, of very high rank in life, Macintyre's suspicions might have seemed neither premature nor unreasonable. It was impossible that Jessie should not sometimes contrast the fascinating address and dazzling accomplishments of this young cavalier with the plain if not rustic air and manners of the Highland parson's son, and however much the noble mind and sterling virtues of the latter might demand her esteem, the comparison might not tend much on the whole to strengthen his claim on her heart.

*(To be Continued.)*

# THE ISLE OF SKYE IN THE OLDEN TIMES.

By the Rev. ALEX. MACGREGOR, M.A.

—o—

OF late years, and even this present season, much has been written about this interesting Island by tourists and others; yet there are many relics, legends, and subjects of folk-lore connected with the far-famed "Isle of Mist" which have not as yet been fully developed. Such learned and enthusiastic gentlemen as the late Alexander Smith, Sheriff Nicolson of Kirkcudbright, and others, have given vivid descriptions of the unrivalled scenery of this remarkable island; yet still much remains to be explored and detailed as to the origin, history, and antiquity of the numberless dùns or forts which once surrounded and protected it. With each and all of these romantic places of defence there is a history connected, and where that history is not reliable and confirmed by facts, the blank is amply supplied by fanciful but interesting legends, handed down from ancient days by tradition, and fostered by the natural feelings and superstitious beliefs of the natives

How well if the talented "Nether-Lochaber" were located even for a month in this interesting isle, to enjoy the pure hospitality and friendship of its proverbially kind inhabitants. How well were he to roam freely amid its peaked mountains and shaded valleys, to visit its dùns and strongholds, and its variegated natural curiosities, and withal to make his magic pen bear upon its archæological stores and its numberless specimens of interesting folk-lore. My learned friend would feel no ordinary interest in handling, if not in wrapping himself in, the Fairy Flag preserved in Dunvegan Castle. This mystic flag is the palladium of the Macleod chiefs, and if tradition be true, the fortunes of that brave clan depend upon it. Miraculous properties were given to the celebrated banner by a Saracen chief, who presented it to one of the Macleods, or "Siòl Tormaid," during the Crusades, with an assurance that so long as it was preserved, no injury would befall the family.

Skye is a lovely isle! Perhaps no other locality in the United Kingdom is so well calculated to afford such a number of

romantic and picturesque subjects for the brush of the painter, yet it may be said with equal truth, that there is no other region in our dominions so sure to furnish the pen of the archæologist with more befitting materials than this winged, misty isle.

Speaking of dùns and forts, there were three in the island which surpassed all others in their strong and almost impregnable defensive fortifications. These were Dunskaich, in the parish of Sleat (a fort alluded to by Ossian), and Duntulm Castle, in the parish of Kilmuir, both of which are now in complete ruins; and the third was Dunvegan Castle, in the parish of Duirinish, which is still inhabited by the Macleods of Macleod. These forts were almost impregnable, having been provided with wide moats and strong drawbridges, and all the implements of warfare used in these remote and warlike times. Duntulm was the stronghold of the Lords of the Isles, the powerful "Clann Dòmhnuill," before they removed to Monkstadt, and Armadale Castle in the parish of Sleat. In the same way Dunvegan Castle was the stronghold of "Clann Tormaid," that is the Macleods of Macleod, who were likewise great warriors and very powerful as a clan. These two septs or clans had extensive possessions and stedfast retainers. They never wanted their distinctive race of pipers and bards. The Macdonalds had the Macarthurs for ages in this capacity, while the Macleods of Dunvegan had the far-famed MacCrimmons for a long succession of centuries. Bloody feuds existed very frequently between these rebellious clans as well as between them and the surrounding chiefs on the mainland, such as the Mackenzies, the Macleans, the Macdonalds of Clanranald, and many others.

Some centuries ago one of the chieftains of Sleat had a daughter married to Macleod of Dunvegan, but unfortunately they did not live happily together. On one occasion the quarrel betwixt husband and wife became so desperate, that Macleod sent her home to her father, when the father in return sent her back to her husband. Much about this time a number of Highland chiefs met at Dunvegan Castle to hold a sort of council with Macleod relative to some feudal differences. There were present Macdonald of the Isles, Mackinnon of Strathswordale, Maclean of Duart and of Lochbui, Macleod of Lewis, MacGhillechalluim of Raasay, and others. Each chieftain had his

piper and bard along with him. In this conclave it was *inter alia* agreed that the bard who made the best "rànn" or rhyme in praise of his own master was to receive a prize or badge of honour immediately after breakfast next day. Macdonald of the Isles had Macarthur, his own piper and bard, there with the rest. He was commonly called "Uilleam MacBeathaig." Lady Macleod having come to understand that the competition was to take place, felt a deep interest in the success of "MacBeathaig," her father's bard. She had a private interview with him, and told him that he behoved to compose a "rànn" or poem setting forth that she, as daughter of a Lord of the Isles, was of higher descent and of nobler blood than Macleod her husband, who strongly maintained the reverse. As a reward for his services, the good lady promised him a "triubhas" of "clòdh breac scarlaid"; being a cloth that she herself had prepared for her husband. MacBeathaig said but little to the lady at the time, but requested her to tell him when breakfast was over next morning.

During the rest of that day MacBeathaig remained pensively silent, while the other bards taunted him by saying, "Come on, William, come on, my man, you do not attempt any preparation to praise your master at all. You see and hear how we are exerting ourselves." MacBeathaig retorted and said:—

'Se sinn fein a mholamaid,
Mar linne loma-làn;
Na h-uile sruthain a's tana,
'S iad a's àirde gàir.

The meaning of which is:—

Our praise of self
Is like a full flood;
While all the shallowest streams
Will make the loudest noise.

The other bards listened but said nothing. Next day came, and the lady told her protege, MacBeathaig, that the breakfast was just finished. He thanked her ladyship and went immediately forward to the breakfasting-hall. He quietly knocked, and on the door being opened he stood there silently after bowing to the assembled guests. Macleod addressed him and said, "A Ghoistidh, thig air t-adhairt," that is, "My friend, come forward."

MacBeathaig in bold, firm language expressed himself in the following emphatic terms :—

Cha'n fhéudar beannailt ri luchd nan còmhladh,
'S ann de'm' iòghnadh ;
Fhùair sibh tigh agus leth Alba,
Le neart bhur daoine ;
MacIonmhuinn, MacIlleathan, 's MacLeoid Leòthais,
Triuir bha 'feitheamh dréuchd
A'n teachd Mhic Dhomhnuill ;
Fear-ionaid MhicLeoid a' Dunbhegain—
Dorsair seomair,—
'S bu mhath an inbh dha
Bhi 'feitheamh còmhlaidh ;
Morair Hundaidh nan each seanga,
Dha 'm biodh mòr-shluagh,—
Bhiodh esan am freasdail stiorraip
'N am tearnaidh ;
Fhuair iad duais mhaith a' cheann sin,
'Badenach o cheann gu ceann di,—
Aca tha i—aca tha i.

In these lines the bard considered the chieftains present as in no better position than mere menials or door-keepers to his own renowned master, "Domhnull Gòrm," Lord of the Isles.

Macleod attentively listened to the rhyme, but, furious with rage, he addressed the bard saying, "A' chon bhodaich, rinn thu luchd-muinntir uile dhinn" (You churlish dog, you made servants of us all). The bard said nothing, but, turning on his heel, went to his own chamber. Macleod knowing well that MacBeathaig's poem was the best, soon followed him with the badge, promised to the best bard, in his hand, and, having entered the room, said, "Thig an so, a' MhicBeathaig, agus gabh do dhuais" (Come hither, MacBeathag, and receive your badge). The bard, according to the following emphatic words, looked upon the badge with scorn, and told Macleod plainly, but sarcastically, that he would receive a badge or reward in the halls of music and song from his own great heroic chief, "Domhnull Gòrm ;" and not only so, but would enjoy that distinguished hero's hospitality in all manner of profuseness and comfort.—

'S ann a gheibhinn mo dhuais
Ann an talla nan téud,
Bho Dhomhnull Gòrm, an t-àrmunn tréun,
Bho Dhomhnull Gòrm, bu chòmhnard céum,

Fodh chòmhrag àrm,—
Bho Dhomhnull Gòrm, 'nan cliàr 's nan creach,
Mo bhiàdh 's mo dheoch,
M' uisge-beatha 's m' fhiòn gu moch,
'S mo ghriàn air loch.

Macleod's lady whose heart was gladdened by the bard's success, took all care that before he left Dunvegan he was supplied with enough for a new suit from her web of "clòdh breac scarlaid."

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## LOCH MAREE.

—o—

Daughter of giant hills,
Nursed on a thousand rills,
Earth has no lovelier jewel than thee;
Decked with the fairest isles,
Wreathed in the sweetest smiles,
Queen of the Highlands, O! beauteous Maree.

Slioch's majestic crest
Towers o'er thy placid breast,
Where his dark shadows eternally be;
Down his black gorges steep,
Foaming his torrents leap,
Singing wild songs to his gentle Maree.

Light thro' thy birchen groves
(Sacred to Highland loves)
Summer winds whisper in voices of glee;
Rowan and mountain pine
Echo the joy divine,
Wafting their perfumes o'er blushing Maree.

Beauty's supernal charms
Dwell in thy wintry storms,
Nature's rich graces are dowered to thee;
Surely some wizard hand
Shaped thy enchanting strand,
Dear Highland fairyland, matchless Maree.

SUNDERLAND. WM. ALLAN

## LARGE FARMS *VERSUS* CROFTS:
### WHICH IS THE MOST PROFITABLE?

BY A PROPRIETOR.

—o—

IN continuation of my article on your "Highland Clearances," which appeared in the August number, and having given you my views as to the probable position of the crofters at the time of the evictions, the next question to be considered is, What has been the result of the policy then inaugurated? And in doing so I shall try and take up as little of your space as possible. All the same, I must have a preface; but in this case it is happily short, and to the effect that any reference I may make touching the present and enormous vested interests must in no way be construed as in any way reflecting on those capitalists who stepped into the brogues of the aborigines of the soil; and the sole motive in stating figures is to enable me to exemplify my views and to draw a comparison between the sheep run and crofting systems, and that only in so far as the proprietor's interests are concerned. For it was in the interest of the proprietor the sin was committed; at any rate he was the party supposed to have benefitted by the commission of the crime; and when the question of the sin of the thing is brought forward we must not for justice's sake lose sight of the temptation, a calm review of which will probably lead us to conclude that as the temptation was so great, so unusual, and so novel, the sentence ought to be mitigated from what it otherwise would be.

This then was the position of matters at the time, put in plain words and stripped of all garnish. He who preferred clinging to what was then looked upon as the ancient and barbarous policy of desiring to appear as the chief of many people might be rich in rude sentiment, but he must be poor in pocket, for his dependants could not at that time pay the rent expected or looked for. Besides this, prospective burdens loomed terribly gloomy on the horizon; while, on the other hand, he who elected in favour of the four-footed tenant had a brilliant prospect spread out before him, namely, that of at once becoming independent with plenty of coin to spend in the allurements of our modern

Babylon. True, the strong arms and spilt blood of the ancestors of those evicted tenants had gained the laird his title to the soil. The tables were now turned; the crofter had not the very remotest right or title to a place even, except what might be vouchsafed to him by the benevolence of his proprietor.

Such, then, being the case, and bearing in mind the proneness to forgetfulness of obligations on the part of a large section of mankind, the wonder is that we have a single crofter left to tell the tale; for, at the time, it was quite understood that the real pecuniary interest of the proprietors was at once to sever the slender chain of sentimentalism which bound them to their people. He who did not cut or snap it, and withstood the temptation, is he not to get credit for his forbearance? I for one freely accord him such, and hold his memory in great admiration. But not to dwell further on this aspect of the question, let us proceed to look at the results and see how the anticipations as respects the speculation have been verified, and endeavour if possible to ascertain whether the transaction was one of profit or of loss to the proprietor.

The fairest and best way of approaching such an investigation of the question will be by comparing the rentals obtained from land now under sheep with the rentals derived from land equally good but occupied by crofters. And as my former article was restricted to a consideration of the matter so far as Skye was concerned, the present remarks must also be considered as confined to the same limits, though no doubt the figures would command more general attention if they could be made applicable to the whole area over which this angel of destruction in the shape of eviction spread her wings. And though I have no proof to warrant me in saying that my figures would apply to all mainland situations, still in parts favourably situated for the crofting system, I do not see why figures similar to the results I shall presently bring forward should not be attained. At any rate I think that instead of the large farms or sheep runs paying the proprietors so very much better than a crofter population would, I shall adduce proof to show the contrary to be the fact, and that the crofter does pay, and, what's more, can afford to pay, the proprietor a higher rental than the large capitalist can.

A glance at the Scotch Doomsday Book shows that those

proprietors who have a good sprinkling of crofters on their lands now enjoy larger rentals per acre than those proprietors do whose lands are entirely under sheep. But I must here guard myself against my authority, the Doomsday Book, by saying that though as a rule its figures are probably correct, yet I am quite aware there are cases in which it might mislead; for instance out of a dozen estates round about me here the acreage of three out of the number is incorrectly given, ranging from fifty to a hundred per cent. over or under the real mark; one estate being so under estimated that it shows a rental of 3s 5d per acre; another so over estimated that it shows only 9d per acre. Consequently it is not sufficiently accurate to warrant one in making its figures the sole basis for a calculation. Nevertheless we have other means at hand which enable us to arrive at satisfactory conclusions; figures based on actual survey measurements and factors' return of rental.

Take two neighbouring farms marching with each other, both having the same quality of soil; one of them occupied by crofters and the other under sheep, so that a better test of the matter could not be had.

The farm under crofters contains 2000 acres of hill pasture, and 457 acres of arable and green pasture—total area 2457 acres, yielding a rental of £342, or an average per acre of 2s 9d.

The farm under sheep contains 3250 acres of hill ground, and 330 acres of arable and green pasture—total area 3580 acres, yielding a rental of £200, or an average per acre of 1s 1d, *showing a difference of 1s 8d per acre in favour of the proprietor.*

At first glance it strikes one the thing is easily understood. The difference being so great and one-sided, it would seem apparent that one of the farms must be too highly rented, or the other too cheaply let. But on further investigation and consideration of details, a third solution is arrived at, namely, that both farms are equally justly rented, but owing to a variety of circumstances the crofter is as well able to pay 2s 9d as the sheep farmer is to pay 1s 1d per acre; because the one has merely a certain amount of capital invested, whereas the other has also some capital invested, though not so much, but he has ten times the command of labour in addition to that capital; hence they are unequally matched so far as a rent paying capacity is concerned.

The sheep farmer being entirely dependent on his capital, gets just that amount of profit per acre from the land occupied by him as nature, the uncertainty of the elements, and fluctuations of the markets, may permit; and basing our calculation in this instance on the figures above given, and supposing the farm in question to produce three rentals, the return per acre would be 3s 4d.* The same calculation applied to the farm under crofters shows a return of 8s 4d per acre. Under such circumstances the crofter can afford to pay a higher rental than the sheep farmer can, because his return per acre is so much greater. One of the reasons for such extra return being that a farm under crofters can raise a much larger proportion of black cattle on a given piece of land than a farmer who depended entirely on his capital could, because the crofter can assist nature by the extra nursing bestowed on his cattle; and besides, he has extra power of tillage, which enables him to store a much larger proportion of provender in the summer to meet the winter's demands. Tillage, on the other hand, does not pay the large farmer, owing to the expense incurred for labour.

This is not a mere surmise of mine, for I have learned the truth of it from personal experience; and not only so, but I can quote the opinion of one of the most experienced farmers who ever lived on the West Coast to the same effect. In a conversation I once had with him on the subject of sheep farmers engaging in agriculture, he remarked, "Every plough between the Butt of Lewis and the Mull of Cantire ought to be burned;" meaning that the less large farmers had to do with agriculture the better for their interests. And he was right too.

The question may be asked how it is made out that the extra tillage pays the crofter, considering the present quality of his stock, for it is quite apparent to any one who has an eye in his head that the large farmer raises infinitely finer cattle than the crofter does, notwithstanding all his care and nursing. What *place* is it supposed a crofter's cow would take at any of our public shows? Why, just as soon compare a Shetland pony to the

* It by no means follows that this is the exact sum derived from all farms, as the return per acre depends on the stock-carrying power of the ground. It may be more or less than what is above given, but would probably bear this comparison, or even a worse one, if tested against similar land occupied by crofters.

winner of a Derby as a crofter's best to the stock annually exhibited by our first-class breeders. It would, however, be a great mistake to take this view of the matter, for we have in the present inquiry nothing to do with quality. On the other hand, what we have to do is to keep our eye on quantity and numbers, and the rental paid per acre by sheep farmer and crofter respectively.

On the farm under crofters above referred to, the following stock is kept, namely:—133 cows, 67 stirks, and 464 sheep. The sheep farm carries 1200 sheep, 14 cows, 6 stirks, and 12 horses. We know the acreage and rentals, but being differently stocked, by what process of reasoning are we to reconcile the difference, or how draw a comparison showing which carries the largest stock? The following, though rather a roundabout method of making up an account, comes to our aid; the rule applied being an old Highland way of squaring up the anomaly, and practically it gives as reasonably approximate an estimate as we can have of the capabilities of the ground, by showing the quantity of grass eaten by the various animals proportionately—namely, cows, sheep, stirks, and horses. Here it is: one horse is supposed to eat as much as two cows; one cow as much as three stirks, or as much as eight sheep. By this calculation we have the farm occupied by crofters carrying as follows:—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 464 Sheep, at 8 sheep, equal to 1 cow's grass ... ... | = | 75½ | Cows. |
| 67 Stirks, at 3 stirks, equal to 1 cow's grass ... ... | = | 22¼ | " |
| 133 Cows ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | = | 133 | " |
| Or stock in all equal to ... ... ... | | 230¾ | Cows. |

On the farm under sheep, applying the same mode of calculation, we have—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1200 Sheep, at 8 sheep, equal to 1 cow's grass ... ... | = | 150 | Cows. |
| 6 Stirks, at 3 stirks, equal to 1 cow's grass ... ... | = | 2 | " |
| *12 Horses, at 2 cows' grass ... ... ... ... ... | = | 24 | " |
| 14 Cows ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | = | 14 | " |
| Stock in all equal to ... ... ... ... | | 190 | Cows. |

* I am aware objection may be taken to the number of horses in comparison with the sheep stock. This matter has been carefully considered. The horses are confined to a certain locality, estimated as the grass of 24 cows, so they in no way interfere with the sheep stock.

Here we have a difference of 40 cows in favour of the crofting farm.

Having seen what stock the two farms carry let us consider what the carrying powers of the farm under sheep might be if similarly managed. The question is a simple one. If 2457 acres carry stock equal to 230 cows, what stock ought a farm having 3580 acres to carry? Answer, 335 cows. It has been shown it only carries 190 cows. In other words, it would carry 145 cows more than it does at present if it was occupied by crofters, and this further explains how the crofter is able to pay a higher rental than the sheep farmer, because he has a larger stock per acre. But against this it may be urged that in the instances above given the percentage of arable land is in favour of the crofter, and that one acre of arable may be worth several acres of hill ground. So if the arable portion alone was taken, it would be seen the sheep farmer had the advantage in the question of—If 330 acres carry 190 cows, how many ought 457 acres to carry? Answer, 263. It only carries 230; balance in favour of the sheep farmer, 33. This, however, is a meagre way of looking at it, and is a mere trifle when put against the difference in the rentals of the two places, namely, that of the sheep farm averaging as follows:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Per total acre ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1s 1d |
| Per agricultural acre ... ... ... ... ... ... | 12s 1d |
| Per acre of hill ground ... ... ... ... ... ... | 1s 3d |

compared with the farm occupied by crofters, which shows an average of—

| | |
|---|---|
| Per total acre ... ... ... ... ... ... ... | 2s 9d |
| Per agricultural acre ... ... ... ... ... ... | 15s 0d |
| Per acre of hill ground ... ... ... ... ... ... | 3s 5d |

And as both farms consist, like most Highland farms, of hill and arable ground, but by far the larger portion being hill, what we have to look to are the total results, which, in a word, stand as follows:—2s 9d *v.* 1s 1d, or a difference of 1s 8d per acre in favour of the crofter. This is clear and indisputable.

Another phase of the question is, the amount of rent paid by the crofter and sheep farmer respectively, compared with the amount of capital invested in the soil. In my former article I estimated the rental paid by the crofter to be about £1 for every £6 of invested capital, and now let us see how this compares

with the proportion of rent paid to the amount of invested capital on the large farms.

Take a farm rented at £200 as above, and say it yields produce to the value of £600 a year or three rentals. This may be called fairly rented. Such a farm requires a capital of at least £1600 to stock it, and it may be £1800, according to the quality of stock or notions of the farmer, as the case may be. This shows £8 or £9 of invested capital for every £1 of rent paid.

The rental paid compared per pound with the amount of invested capital decreases in proportion as the capital invested becomes larger! So that as we go on to farms paying say £500 a year, the invested capital would be larger per pound of rent paid than the invested capital per pound would be on a farm paying only £200 a year; and so we may safely say the £500 a year farm would require a capital to stock it equal to £10 or £11 for every £1 of rent paid. The same rule applies to farms paying upwards of this sum. Thus, though a farm paying £500 a year of rent might be stocked at, say, from £10 to £11 for every £1 of rent paid, yet it would be a hard bargain to pay a rental of £1000, say, for a stock worth only £10,000 or £11,000 in all if sold off. The stock of a farm paying such a rental ought to be of the value of upwards of £12,000, showing that £12 at least of invested capital is represented on a thousand a year farm for every £1 of rent paid.

We next come to tracts of country paying upwards of £1000 a year. Here no fixed figure can be laid down as the probable amount of capital invested, compared with the rent paid, as so much depends on the prudence of the investor. He may get a great bargain, or he may lose money, but as it requires a considerable sum of money to stock a tract of land valued at upwards of a thousand a year, the competition is naturally limited and not so keen as for smaller farms, as only the large capitalists can compete, and being comparatively few in number, they stand to get better bargains as a rule than small farmers do who are subject to so much more competition.

It has already been shown that the crofter pays £1 of rent for every £6 he has of capital invested in the soil. A farm paying £200 a year pays a rental of about £1 for every £8 or £9 of invested capital. A farm paying say £500 should pay about £1

of rent for every £10 to £11 of invested capital. And one paying £1000 a year pays only £1 of rent for every £12 and upwards of invested capital. And the man who pays a higher rental than this, his bankruptcy is but a question of time. So let the matter be twisted in any way we like, or let us look at it from any or from all sides, we find the crofter paying a higher rental than the sheep farmer; and it has been explained how he can afford to do so; hence it follows that so far as the interests of the proprietor are concerned, crofters would pay him much better than sheep, provided always the situation was a favourable one for the crofter.

In my former article, already referred to, I showed the crofts were not self-supporting to a family, provided they were not of a certain size, and even then under peculiar circumstances we had difficulties to contend against. Yet it does not follow from this that the crofter's land is too highly rented, for he always makes or ought to make a return of three rentals out of his holding; but the fact is, his holding is so small, that his rent is a mere bagatelle in comparison to his yearly requirements. This, however, has nothing to do with the consideration of the question in the light in which we are now considering it, namely, the value of the soil to the proprietor, for it was a point of value that caused the evictions. The value of the land to the proprietor depends on a variety of circumstances, such as the power of production, the demand for its produce, or other advantages in connection with its occupancy. So far as the proprietor is concerned, it matters not to him whether the demand arises from the land's productive properties for food raising purposes, or from its qualities and powers for the gratification of luxuries. No matter to him whether its capabilities be that of affording shooting to the Sassenach, or if its traditions have the effect of raising patriotic emotions in the breast of the crofter, which induces him to covet so much the possession of a footing on his native heath. No matter the cause, it is the opportunity of the proprietor to take advantage of the demand.

Steam, and the general prosperity of the country for the past fifty years, have greatly changed the position of the crofter by giving a ready-money value to his labour, while during the height of the evictions we had few or no means, certainly not easy means, of access to the Southern markets; and should we,

we would not have profited much, for those markets, such as they were, were overstocked. No war to give the people employment; they were eating their heads off in the glens. Now, however, matters have changed, and the question is not what it was, so much as what it is; instead therefore of going back to the old policy, is it not our duty to encourage the crofting system, not only in a pound, shilling, and pence light so far as the proprietor's interests are concerned, but in the larger one of the many advantages arising from the guarantee for the good behaviour of a society having an interest in the soil, and a stake in the country. It is a question for speculation what our population might now be, had the evictions not taken place. Perhaps we might be suffering from land hunger as it is reported is the case in Ireland. (Some people point to the state of Ireland and say, would it not be madness to encourage people to settle on your land, who would probably turn round afterwards and confiscate your property? Under such circumstances, it certainly would be madness to encourage people, but Irish disaffection is not caused by the number of people to the acre, but arises from other and long-standing causes, which it is not the object of this to touch upon). It is certain the evictions checked population, and that too at a time when our laws were hard and unpitying to the poor. He who regrets this check, has ample unction at hand, in the certainty of the fact, that we have still among us, the germs to guarantee an ample population for the future.

What we really want now, is capital, to begin with, and this cannot be got without a little trouble and perseverance, and a certain amount of thrift. Our land laws should therefore be directed to this end, namely, to encourage thrifty habits among our agricultural classes. Hitherto, the crofter at any rate, instead of getting such encouragement, has had every obstacle thrown in his way, and the fact of his existence and having even flourished under such adverse circumstances, is proof that he is indigenous to the place, and suited to it.

As a rule, people engaged in agricultural pursuits are unacquainted with Commerce or Speculation, in the Stock Exchange sense of the word, and can apply their savings in no other way than by an investment in some shape or other in the soil, which is quite natural and right, as agriculture is the subject they know

best. And any law which tends to discourage the investment of the agriculturist's savings in the soil is detrimental to the interests of both tenant and proprietor, and should therefore be swept away.

There has been much wild speculation and many impracticable suggestions put forward lately regarding our land laws—hinting at schemes for the general spoliation of property, which cannot be noticed in this paper—but in the interest of the tenant, more than a change, as above indicated, should not be asked for, because more could not be conceded in the interests of all concerned.

SKAEBOST, October 11th, 1881. L. MACDONALD.

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THE first chapter on "The Mathesons of Lochalsh" will appear in the December number.

A STEAMER ON LOCH MAREE.—We are informed on good authority that arrangements are in progress for placing a steamer on this magnificent lake next summer. This was proposed and advocated by the Editor of the *Celtic Magazine* in a London Scottish paper more than twelve years ago.

THE KILT IN ROSS-SHIRE.—It has been virtually settled that Ross-shire is to reverse the false step and unpatriotic blunder made a few years ago when the County Battalion of Rifle Volunteers went into trews and discarded the kilt. The next new uniform is to be the Highland dress. How else could they dare to call themselves "Seaforth Highlanders?" We always believed the county to be sound on the question of the kilt, though snobbery prevailed for a time, and brought it into temporary disrepute among Highlanders all over the world.

ANGUS MACDONALD, THE GLEN-URQUHART BARD, shows poetic genius of a high order in the few poems of his which have yet seen the light. He has left much matter in MS. which, it is understood, will soon be published. His poems in *The Gael* and in the *Inverness Transactions* remind us of the productions of very kindred spirits, Livingstone and R. Macdougall. He and Livingstone seem to have diligently cultivated the style and manner of Ossian, particularly of the Gaelic of 1807. He was a master of rich idomatic Gaelic, and having also the "accomplishment of verse," he could make himself terrible or tender, just as his muse was stirred. He had a particularly true eye for the beauties of nature; and is always accurate and graphic in his descriptions. He possessed a keen and cultivated ear—was a teacher of music for some time; so his verse is full of melody and harmonious cadences. He excelled in poetry of the Ossianic type; but like all masters of the art he shows also much tenderness in his love lyrics. He was appointed the first bard to the Inverness Gaelic Society, an office now filled by Mrs Mackellar. He received in 1869 a medal for a prize poem from "The Club of True Highlanders," London.—*Literature of the Highlands in the Glasgow Herald.*

## EVICTIONS AND THE HIGHLAND CROFTERS.

By an Ex-Factor.

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### II.

Croft Farming.—In my paper on Highland Clearances in your Magazine for October, I mentioned some of our landowners' excuses, when exchanging for sheep and game,

> The bold peasantry, their country's pride.

Other excuses of the devastators are, the climate, the soil, and its limited extent for crofts; all which they say are so bad and insufficient that evicting the people is kindness to them.

As to the climate: having lived in the south, and abroad, and having also for about half-a-century earned much of my bread as a farmer on our north-east and north-west coasts, growing stock and all the ordinary rotation crops, I assert that any advantages enjoyed by farmers in more sunny lands are more than balanced in favour of our depreciated northern climate by its mild, moist atmosphere, especially in the north-west. And when the large tenants, like myself and others, have found farming, side by side with the crofters, reasonably profitable (too many of us on the very land from which they had been evicted) the excuse for removing them on account of the climate or soil will not bear examination.

The evictors then point to the crofters' poor crops, compared with what is found generally on large farms. As to this, the people are satisfied that no food is to be compared with oatmeal for health and strength; and they are right. Consequently, forgetting that no food is more portable, now that roads and steam are found everywhere, they have not yet, for want of instruction, given up their old strivings to grow as much grain as possible—injuring the fertility of their land, and unaware, moreover, that no crop returns so poor a profit for the outlay as grain.

Had their landlords wisely studied agriculture in theory and practice, they could have shown their crofters that grass and green crops were far more profitable than corn, and that they should get their meal from drier, sunny lands, where grass and green

crops, unless irrigated, cannot compete with similar crops in the North-West Highlands. And unprejudiced enquirers will easily learn that growing corn in our uncertain Highland climate never can return the same profits as flow from dairy and stock farming. Our soil, of course, varies in different localities; but, while we too often see heather, rushes, and wood growing over what was once a croft occupied by a happy family, the land perhaps superior to what was being profitably cultivated by the adjoining large farmer, I have hardly ever seen crofting attempted on land which would not quite well pay for its cultivation, if that was done by the spade.

All around Inverness and elsewhere our fine large farms were lately moors since brought into cultivation by evicted crofters. There are exceptions, such as the Duke of Sutherland's and Mr Matheson's reclamations, now large arable farms improved from moors regardless of expense. But with these few exceptions, all our large northern farms, most of them formed in my own day, are merely a collection of crofts, their industrious improvers having been evicted, and their landlords getting high rents from the new tenants for the very land that we are now told was not worth the crofters' cultivation, while *they* are yet waiting even for thanks for reclaiming these moors. So much for the excuse of clearing away our crofters "because the land is too poor to support them." In truth, thousands of them have been cleared off to America from land quite as able to support them as the soil that now does so, "far from their home, loved land."

Then, sometimes, even the crofters' friends, and newspaper commissioners also, as untaught in agriculture as themselves, tell us "that our crofters' poverty arises from their having too little land; a family [they say] requiring at least ten acres to grow sufficient food for the year, and pay also a rent;" and that a crofter with less land must leave home and family most of the year searching for employment. Now, nothing is more common than the ruin of farmers from having too much land for their capital, and so it is and must be with the ordinary crofter, when he promises a full rent for more than five acres of land.

There are three ways of cultivating land: by the mockery of the caschrom (or Highland land parer), by the plough, and by the spade. The latter is the only instrument worth mention-

ing as a real cultivator, and as far ahead of the plough as the plough is preferable to the caschrom. Now, I have never heard of an average family capable of spade-cultivating properly in a year more than five acres of ordinary land, and I cannot see the wisdom of giving more land to farmers or crofters than they can cultivate properly and profitably. I don't discuss cultivating ordinary crofts by the plough. Keeping or hiring a horse for such work, and expecting the croft to feed it, and the family also, from the land, could only be advised by and to the ignorant.

Therefore, no crofter should occupy more than five acres of arable land, for, whatever the soil may be, I defy him to cultivate more than this extent profitably. His "miserable crops" are simply the result of bad cultivation, and very seldom of bad soil. And for bad cultivation the landlord should be blamed. God expects him to care for and instruct the ignorant people of whom he is in charge, or else let a wiser man take his place. Such is the landlord's duty to God and man, and if he is a Christian such would be his chief pleasure as well as profit. Can God's blessing be expected in any way by those who escape from this duty by exterminating the poor, troublesome, because untaught and uncared for people?

Without going into details of croft farming here, I may say that in 1842 I examined many small crofts in England. On one of three acres of very poor dry soil, I found two cows always house-fed from the crops grown on it. From them 423 lbs. of butter had been sold within the year (worth now about £27); besides crops sold for £18, and two calves for £5 10s. In all over £50 sold, besides the skim milk used, and vegetables from the garden. And assuredly our average Highland crofts are, if properly cultivated, capable of giving greater profits. But the English crofts were spade-worked only, and were like gardens. No horse, no plough, no caschrom, no weeds anywhere visible, and the crops coaxed to do their best by constant help from the stable tank. I found the cows groomed like racers, feeding on leaves picked from the garden beanstalks, the pods having previously gone to the kitchen; no waste being tolerated on these crofts. And "what man has done, man can do," anywhere, if properly taught, with very few exceptions indeed.

And we only need Christian Highland landowners, really

caring more for their people than for amusement, and the country would speedily overflow with thousands of thriving, happy, Christian crofter families, growing far more food than they could consume, and exchanging their supplies for other required necessaries of life and comfort; and thus gladdening the hearts of our manufacturers with a steady home demand, so that they might care much less than they do now about the coveted foreign market.

Landlords sometimes shake their heads about the money needed to house the crofters, who are now sometimes wished back again to give cheaper labour to the large farmers. Of course, if they employ architects regardless of economy, the expense would be serious, but not if the matter was wisely arranged. Indeed, many crofters would put up their own houses on reasonable terms. My grieve (*i.e.*, bailiff) for twenty-four years was the brother of the salmon-fisher mentioned in my last. He had saved money, and was anxious to be his own master; went over to Canada, got a farm there under wood, and in a few years had plenty for self and family. But he told me he never imagined what hard work was till improving his new land, and that half the labour spent on most of our crofts would have given him as good crops as he was growing in Canada.

CROFT CULTIVATION.—After landlords' excuses for evicting our crofters into villages or towns, on the plea that our soil and climate prevent their existing on small crofts and also paying a rent, we may examine the supposed proofs of this, as pointed at in the poor crops too often found on our crofts.

No wise farmer looks for good crops anywhere except from land that has been trenched, cleared, drained, limed, and properly manured. But where is the croft that has really had even one of these advantages? Over most of it a spade will tell that the apparently trenched soil is merely a few inches deep above stones, and a well drained croft will be hard to find anywhere; while, as to liming, if one in a thousand has gone to this expense, the lime has not been applied carefully, in a state of dry powder, and thus invisible on the land; but, as usual, in lumps, too much here and none there, and so not really within reach of every rootlet as it ought to be, and is the case, in all properly limed land.

Then where is the crofte whose cattler are fully fed all winter with green food, and their manure so produced protected from having its valuable matters destroyed, either by overheating or exposure to the weather, till safely covered by the soil? Or where is the crofter who is aware that without carefully selected and frequently changed seed, and timely sowing, reaping, &c., he need not expect good returns for his labour? Reply says, "Nowhere;" so that no wonder if his crops do not even equal those of the large horse-cultivated farm adjoining; while newspaper commissioners in their ignorance of agriculture tell us that the soil and climate is the cause of the crofters' poor crops. Let them first show us landlords who have taught their crofters practical, good agriculture, and have seen their instructions really carried out, and yet failed, ere our soil and climate are blamed for our crofters' poverty. Till then, driving them into towns or abroad, on the plea of anxiety for their welfare, is (as Fouche said to Bonaparte of his murder of the Duc d'Enghien) "worse than a crime, it is a dreadful blunder."

Yet, supposing the crofter weaned from his old plans of cultivation and taught to copy his neighbouring large farmer, that may be an improvement of matters, but as different from what they could or should be as night is from day; because the returns from ordinary rotations of crop as followed, say in Britain, are miserable compared with what can every year be got from grass or green crops only. Those who live in sunny regions may grow grain for our use, but in our Highland climate only rich folks should expect a comfortable livelihood from a rotation of grain crops, and all others should give mind and body to growing grass, hay-straw from corn cut when full grown, and green crops for producing meat, and dairy matters.

In the Highlands only one crop of grain is got from the land yearly, which, under grass, or clover, or lucern, sainfoin, or comfrey, will give several crops in the same time, each of them of more value than the grain crop, grown more easily, and almost regardless of weather. No sinking of heart in the growers of such crops, for fear of wet weather to lay and sprout the corn, destroy their year's labour, and ruin them; but blessings on every shower, as the great food and money producers in summer, while in winter hay from oat or other straw, or from grass, or clover, or

lucern, or sainfoin, &c., with cabbages, turnips, and mangold, will make all house-fed stock that has passed through the previous winter, fed in the usual dry straw and turnip way, and consequent short return of milk, or fat growing, wonder at the great improvement in their food; while the crofter, if formerly bred in farming after the manner of the ancients, will be equally surprised and pleased by the very different return from his summer and winter house-fed sheep and cattle, compared with what they gave him under the old happy-go-lucky, weather-permitting, grain-seeking system. I have said house-fed, because the same land that will pasture a cow or sheep in summer will give ample food for several, if it is given to them in the house and no pasturing allowed till the food cannot be cut and taken to the stable.

Those who have their agriculture to learn are satisfied that a cow always house-fed must be unhealthy, and give less milk than her sister parading about in a daisy or buttercup spangled field. No mistake can be greater. Expose a milk cow to a raw east wind, or to a cold rain, or to a scorching sun, and next morning compare her milk pail with what she usually gives in fine mild weather. The result will surprise her owner, and make him resolve never again to expose her to such mischief. No cow will give her full quantity of milk unless the skin is in a perfectly healthy condition; neither too cold, nor too hot, nor too wet, nor too dry, naturally, and which can only be managed by house-feeding. Only, when housed, she must be as carefully groomed and cared for there as if she were the best race-horse.

Another most serious objection to pasturing stock will easily present itself to any intelligent person who considers that a plant, say of clover, will give more food if merely cut over and then allowed to grow again without any further injury, than if the lower buds on its root are crushed by, say a cow's heavy foot; and this, probably, over and over again in pasturing almost daily, destroying all reasonable hopes of a second growth from such crushed buds, which, if protected from injury, would immediately push up a new stem and so keep growing till winter. The result being that the plants from a piece of land, which, if cut and eaten in the stable, would feed a cow well for weeks, if pastured will only keep her in food for a few days. Pasturing any animals is indeed only for careless, ignorant, or

too rich people, except where the plants are so short that they cannot be cut and carried to the feeding stall.

An idea prevails among superficial agriculturists, who judge from the number of persons employed yearly on a hundred acre farm, that an average family cannot find employment on a five acre croft. But, supposing five persons to the crofter family, all will be employed constantly about their land or stock, preparing to sow, and sowing, attending to manure, weeding, reaping, cleaning and feeding stock (which will include poultry, pigs, and bees, and perhaps sheep, as well as cattle), marketing, and household work. These duties will keep any average family busily and profitably employed on five acres of ordinary land all the year round. The same attention to the land on a 100 acre farm would employ 500 hands, instead of the usual mere fraction of that number who manage by horses, ploughs, and harrows, to give an *appearance* of cultivation to the land and attention to the stock; but as different in reality from a well cared-for croft as a garden of five acres under one man would be to the same under twenty persons of all ages.

Observe the labour employed on his land by a market gardener, and without which he never could pay the enormous rent he does, besides supporting his family. Ask him how he would get on if his land was merely ploughed and harrowed over the usual atom of nominal manure spread on it once in every four or five years. He would think lightly indeed of the enquirer's wisdom, and feel certain that *he* knew nothing about cultivating land.

And I have yet to learn why all our arable land should not be cultivated as thoroughly as what the market gardener manages. The only possible reason is that we have not hands so to cultivate it. Some may say, if so cultivated we could not consume its produce. Perhaps not, if only ordinary vegetables were grown on every acre or croft. But if crops were also grown for cattle and sheep, pigs and poultry, and flowers for bees, every croft and all our arable land ought assuredly to be cultivated like a market garden ; thus employing profitably and happily a population very different from what we have now on our large farm system, and producing a vast deal more food than farms so managed do now.

An idea prevails that such a mass of population would eat

up more than they produced. That merely arises from believing that they will not work, and it will never trouble wise folks. As well say that the whole produce of a market garden is consumed by the gardeners, who have nothing left for rent or wages!

But details as to cultivation of crofts and managing stock rationally would take up more space than many Celtic readers might think desirable at present. I will merely conclude now by mentioning that I see a person frequently, whose one cow, miserably fed and cared for compared with what it should be, which, besides a full supply of milk for a family of six persons, averages more than £30 yearly for milk sold at threepence the quart. Those who meditate on this return may easily find out what a well-fed cow on a farm ought to cost yearly for her keep, remembering also that the cow in question is what farmers would term a bad milker.

EILEANACH, INVERNESS. JOHN MACKENZIE, M.D.

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THE NEW TOWN-CLERK OF INVERNESS.—Mr Kenneth Macdonald, Solicitor, Town Councillor, Magistrate, and Town-Clerk, within the short space of three years, is perhaps one of the most remarkable instances of a successful career for a young man that was ever realised in the Highland Capital. But rare though such a career be, it is admitted on all hands that Mr Macdonald's success is well deserved. The new Town-Clerk is quite self-made, having had no influence whatever in his favour, but his own personal qualities—conspicuous ability, clear-headedness, agreeable manner, and sterling honesty of purpose in the performance of his public duties since he entered the Town Council about three years ago. Last year he was unanimously elected a Magistrate by his fellow-councillors, and a few weeks ago, also unanimously, to the responsible and lucrative office of Joint Town-Clerk and Clerk to the Police Commissioners, to perform and be solely responsible for all the duties of the respective offices, and ultimately to succeed Mr Dallas in all the honours and emoluments. And all this has taken place in the professional career of a young man about thirty years of age, with the entire approval of the whole community. It may not perhaps be generally known, that in his early years, Mr Macdonald gave proofs of the ability which has been so early and so substantially acknowledged by those regularly engaged with him in the public business of the town, and who were thus the best able to judge of his qualifications for his present position. Our late friend, Mr Alexander Fraser, Registrar, and at one time a teacher in Inverness, used to say that Mr Macdonald, when a boy, was his best scholar and the dux of the school. He studied afterwards in the University of Glasgow, and in 1870, his first year, he secured the Second Prize given by the Dean of Faculty for "eminence" in a written examination on the completion of Titles in Feudal Conveyancing. He was also that year placed on the Honour List for eminence in the ordinary examination of the class throughout the Session. In his second year, 1871, he "so distinguished himself that he gained the First of the Class Prizes for eminence throughout the Session." He also gained the First of the Prizes given by the Faculty of Procurators for a written examination on Commercial Law. Every Highlander must be interested in one who, at so early an age, secured the blue ribbon of the Northern bar; and the benefit likely to accrue to the town in consequence, can only be properly estimated by those who are acquainted with the inner workings of our Municipal Parliament. We are glad to say that the new Town-clerk is not altogether a stranger to the readers of the *Celtic Magazine*, though hitherto he has been pleased to hide his light under a bushel.

## CERTAIN PROVERBIAL SAYINGS

TRACED TO ALASTAIR MAC CHOLLA-CHIOTAICH, AT INVERLOCHY.

—o—

I AM ashamed to say, dear Mr Editor, how long a time it is since I promised to send you something for your excellent monthly, the *Celtic Magazine*, which I am glad to know is now an established favourite in all the Colonies as well as at home. Should you consider the following worthy of a place in the *Ceilteach*, it is very heartily at your service. I can only regret that this my stone in aid and augmentation of your Celtic *cairn* for November is of less weight and value than I could wish. As it is, however, it is yours to do with as you please. If you think it worth a place in the Magazine, insert it by all means, and welcome. If otherwise, I shall not be in the least angry if you toss it to your handmaiden to help to kindle the morning fire, the first time, with the thermometer at freezing point, you find yourself shouting impatiently for your matutinal cup of *café au lait.*

Here in Nether-Lochaber some ten years before the middle of the seventeenth century lived a man whose name, according to the tradition which locally immortalizes him, was *Eachann Mac Uilleachan*, but who was best known to his immediate neighbours as *Eachann-nan-Sgliurach.* In the Hebrides and along the western seaboard, a young gull still in its first year's plumage, is called a *sgliurach*, the adult bird alone being the true *faoileann* or gull proper, and the foresaid Eachann Mac Uilleachan being an expert trapper of all sorts of wild beasts and snarer of birds, he came to know that young gulls in immature plumage are very good eating; so good that having somehow once tasted them, Eachann preferred them to all other food, and thus got to be called *Eachann-nan-Sgliurach*, a cognomen of reproach and contempt; for the average Gaël, as you know, whether of the mountain or the shore, would rather starve than make a meal of a sea gull young or old, it being considered in some mysterious sense "unclean," though why more so than any other web-foot, it would be difficult to say. Eachann, by his mother's side, was connected with the Macleans of Mull, and he frequently went to that island on a visit to his numerous cousins and kinsmen, who were always very kind to

him, and all the more so because he was generally accounted somewhat silly, in certain directions, indeed, largely *non compos mentis*, though those who knew him best were of opinion that, upon the whole, he was very much more rogue than fool. When returning from Mull on one occasion he was entrusted with letters from the Laird of Lochbuy and his chief of Duart to their cousin-lairds of Kingerloch and Ardgour, as well as to Keppoch, Glengarry, and Lochiel; and these he delivered so safely, secretly, and with so much despatch, that he soon became largely entrusted with the most important and delicate missions between the leading families in Lochaber and those of the neighbouring districts. Eachann's home, if a peripatetie bachelor as he was could be said to have any proper home at all, was a small bothy near the present bridge of Torr-a-challtuinn, on the farm of Coruanan, a spot afterwards famous in the history of Lochaber, as the birthplace, towards the close of the 18th century, of the celebrated scholar and bard, Ewen MacLachlan, usually styled "of Aberdeen." The chiefs, lairds, and others with whose letters and verbal messages he was so largely entrusted, were of course on friendly terms with Eachann Mac Uilleachan; and each and any of them would readily have given him a more comfortable dwelling than his wattled bothy at Torr-a-challtuinn; but Eachann was a born wanderer, and he preferred the hill-side and the sea-shore, and a feast of ember-broiled *sgliurach* in his own bothy, or sitting *al fresco* on a rock by the sea, to all the ease and comfort of habitation, and all the daintier meats his powerful patrons could offer him.

So far the personality of our hero is somewhat shadowy and dim, but in the traditions still connecting us with the stirring times of 1644-45, and more particularly in a satirical song of that time, some verses of which still survive, we have a photograph of Eachann in its main features sharply enough defined. He was a man of middle age, tall, but with a stoop and twist of the spine that was ungainly. He was deeply pitted with the smallpox. He squinted hideously, and he was splay-footed. He was, in short, neither handsome nor a beauty, very much the contrary; but he was, all the same, a man of uncommon strength, and so formidable an antagonist when fairly roused that but few cared to give him any cause of offence. He was, as may be judged

from what has already been said, possessed of much shrewdness and cunning, and rarely failed in the successful accomplishment of anything in his character of intermediary he took in hand. He carried a large pike staff in his hand, and a formidable dagger in belt; and on his back a large wallet made of badger skins, in which he carried his traps and snares, and always a plentiful supply of his darling food—broiled *sgliurach.*

On Candlemas day, the 2d February 1645, was fought the Battle of Inverlochy, and how that day went is well known. It was a grievous day for the Campbells, for they were routed with immense slaughter. Eachann MacUilleachan was present, whether as a combatant or mere spectator, tradition sayeth not; but all his sympathies must naturally have been with Montrose and the clans, amongst whom he had for some time been an active message-bearer and go-between. In a song attributed to the celebrated *Ian Lom*, he is referred to as the bearer of secret despatches in the following lines:—

Nall thar caol Mhuile
Thainig Eachann Mac Uilleachan,
'Giulan leis duilleag
'Bha duilich a leughadh.

(Across the Sound of Mull
Came Hector Mac Uilleachan,
Bearing with him a leaflet
That was difficult to read.)

referring probably to some letter in cipher from the Macleans of Mull to their friends on the mainland.

Now the reader must know that in Lochaber we have a saying which puzzled us extremely when we first heard it many years ago: "*Righinn, righinn*, mar 'bha 'n sgliurach 'thug Eachann MacUilleachain do dh' Alastair MacCholla-Chiotach" (Tough, tough, as was the *sgliurach* given by Hector MacUilleachain to Alastair MacColkittoch). The saying is used when one encounters a vastly more difficult task than he has bargained for, and more particularly and pointedly when any food in the shape of flesh or fowl is so fiddle-stringy and tough that even a hungry man can make little or nothing of it. It was only after much curious inquiry that we discovered that the phrase was traceable to the afternoon of *Latha Inverlochaidh*, as the Highlanders say,

—the Day of Inverlochy. We betook ourselves, as many a time we did, for light and aid in similar bepuzzlements to our dear good friend and co-presbyter, the late Rev. Dr Macintyre of Kilmonivaig, and he helped us to some of the story of Eachann MacUilleachain as given above; but to satisfy us more fully, he sent for his parish schoolmastsr, the late Mr James Munro of Blarour, so distinguished as a grammarian, scholar, and bard, and so remarkable for his vast stores of Celtic traditions and all manner of folk-lore. It was then that for the first time we were made acquainted with the origin of the phrase that had so puzzled us, though some years afterwards we had the story of Eachann MacUilleachain even more fully than Mr Munro had it, from one of the very last of the genuine old Seannachies, the late John Mackenzie of North Ballachulish, better known as *Ian Bàn a' Chaiginn*, and of whom some of our readers may perhaps know something from our frequent mention of him in some of our papers on old Gaelic poetry and folk-lore in the *Inverness Courier*.

The saying "Righinn, righinn," &c., originated in the following way:—On the afternoon of Inverlochy rations were scarce in the Highland camp, owing probably to the hurried day and night mountain march from Killchuimin, and to there hardly being time as yet for any supplies to come in from the neighbouring hamlets. One of the men in immediate attendance on Major-General Alastair Macdonald, or MacColkittoch, as he is more frequently called, while looking about for something for his master's table, came upon a man seated by a small fire on the shingle near the mouth of the Lochy. Broiling on the fire was what from its upturned web-feet the man took to be a duck, and very savoury from out the wood fire embers came its essential odours on the evening breeze. The man by the fire, the reader will rightly guess, was Eachann, and what the Major-General's servant took for a duck was in very truth not even a *sgliurach*, juvenile and tender, but an old gull, which was all the hungry Eachan had managed to secure for his evening meal. While the rightful owner was occupied in gathering a few more sticks, wherewith to replenish his fire, MacColkittoch's man made a dart at the fire, seizing the supposed duck by the leg, and made off at gull-speed to his master's tent; Eachann's shouts the while and swift-winged maledictions rattling about his ears like a hailstorm. In

a few minutes MacColkittoch had the "duck" before him, which, having carved with his dagger, he was eating or endeavouring to eat, for he was thoroughly hungry, when his henchman, who was still in attendance, asked him how he found it? whereupon the gallant Major-General shook his head dolefully, and through a mouthful of fiddle-strings and tendons, answered, "Righinn, righinn!" (Tough, tough!) and thus the phrase, originating with a man so high in rank and of such repute with the clans, and in connection with an incident so ludicrous otherwise, soon passed into proverbial use, and survives to this day.

But there is another saying also connected with this incident which we have heard used, though not so frequently as that already quoted: "*Tha i mar a bha i, air mo shonsa*', mar a thubhairt Alastair MacCholla-Chiotaich ri Eachann-nan-sgliurach" (She is as she was, for me, as Alasdair MacColkittoch said to the juvenile-seagull-loving Hector). The origin of this phrase our venerable friend Ian Ban a' Chaigiun explained as follows:—While MacColkittoch was doing his best with a leg of the "duck," Eachann having traced the thief to his lair, burst into the Major-General's tent in a state of terrible rage, vowing vengeance on the thief, and more than hinting that the receiver of stolen property was about as bad as the actual thief himself. MacColkittoch, at once understanding how it was, and glad to be quit of the tough morsel on any terms, handed the dismembered fowl—the leg upon which he had been operating and all—to Eachann, with the quasi-consolatory accompaniment, "So dhuit i Eachainn, le' m' uile cridhe! *Tha i mar a bha i air mo shonsa*" (Here, take her, Hector, with all my heart! She is as she was for me; that is, for any impression I have been able to make upon her)—applied when we have intermeddled in a matter, with which we had no proper concern, and willingly give up the whole affair with such consolation to all parties as may be found in the assurance that it is neither better nor worse for anything we had to do with it.

The story of MacColkittoch and the *sgliurach* was too good not to be repeated in the camp, and probably with all the embellishments and exaggerations usual in such cases. It became so sore a subject with the Major-General and his immediate friends and dependents, that one duel at least was fought over it; and although in the noise and tumult of the stirring events that

immediately succeeded Inverlochy, such a ludicrous trifle was sure to be forgotten, it was one of those things certain to be revived in more peaceful times, and to be repeated with sufficient frequency and point to entitle its peculiar phraseology to a place on the roll of the proverbial sayings of a people always ready to seize upon and make the most of the ludicrous side of every incident and event.

Few of our readers need be told that the proper name of Montrose's brave Major-General was Alexander Macdonald, although to the Highlanders better and more lovingly known as *Alastair MacCholla-Chiotaich*, that is, Alexander the son of Coll the Left-Handed; or more patronymically and sonorously still, *Alastair MacCholla-Chiotaich-'ic-'Illeaspuig*, Alexander son of Coll the Left-Handed (who was the) son of Archibald: and it is not a little curious to find the gallant loyalist, by an attempt at all these appellations, in a sonnet of his great contemporary Milton, who if as a poet divine, was *quoad ultra* in every phase of him very much of the earth, earthy; the abettor of regicides, the buttress of usurpation, and the Billingsgate-tongued controversialist. Milton had written a treatise on Divorce; which treatise, with a pedantry which when off his Pegasus and afoot was habitual with him, he entitled "Tetrachordon." His treatise found no favour, and deserved to find no favour; and its pedantic title was laughed at. Milton wrote a sonnet in defence of the title of his treatise, in which for once he tries to be humorous without being coarse, and fairly succeeds. He mentions, without knowing that they belonged to the same person, the names Macdonnel, Colkitto, and Galasp *(Gilleaspuig)*, and wonders why his "Tetrachordon" should sound more harshly in men's ears than these. Here is the sonnet itself, which is interesting because of its mention of Alexander Macdonald, and because of its being the most successful of Milton's attempts at humorous composition :—

A book was writ of late, called "Tetrachordon,"
And woven close, both matter, form and stile;
The subject new; it walked the town awhile,
Numbering good intellects; now seldom pored on.
Cries the stale reader, Bless us! what a word on
A title-page is this! And some, in file,
Stand spelling false, while one might walk to Mile-
End Green. Why, is it harder, sirs, than Gordon,

*Colkitto*, or *Macdonnel*, or *Galasp?*
Those rugged names to our like mouths grow sleek,
Which would have made Quintilian stare and gasp.
Thy age, like ours, O soul of Sir John Cheek,
Hated not learning worse than toad or asp;
When thou taught'st Cambridge, and King Edward, Greek.

It only remains to be said, on the authority of tradition, that the famous Eachann MacUilleachain lived to a great age, and was buried in Eilean Munnde of Lochleven.

NETHER-LOCHABER.

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OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US.—This month we appear, as promised in our last, very much enlarged and materially improved, and, thanks to our many good friends, we venture to think that from a literary point of view this number will more than favourably compare with any of its predecessors. In this connection we may perhaps be pardoned if we acknowledge with considerable appreciation and gratitude the kind and encouraging way in which the critics and the general public have almost invariably received and commended our efforts, but especially the manner in which our last number, and our intimation in it of greater improvement and progress in the future, was received. The Editor of the *Oban Times* in an otherwise flattering notice says, "An enlargement and improvement of the *Celtic* is announced this month. Next issue begins volume seven, and the editor is ambitious to mark the red-letter day by an improved magazine. We had thought the *Celtic* about perfect, but this view is not held apparently by its conductor." The *Oban Telegraph* says—"The editor informs his readers that the seventh volume will commence next month, and will possess the attraction of improved paper and type, though we are hardly inclined to think that these were necessary. We are glad to learn, however, that we are to be favoured with sixteen additional pages. . . . . We know of no serial which, from month to month, preserves the same high standard of excellence as the *Celtic Magazine*." The *Greenock Telegraph* is equally complimentary, and, after describing our last as "a brilliant number," concludes a long notice by saying that "every leal-hearted Highlander ought to support this excellent periodical." With scarcely an exception the northern papers are equally complimentary. We shall certainly try to deserve the same gratifying commendations in the future.

## SIMON, LORD LOVAT'S WARNING.

THE following Gaelic verses were composed by the Rev. John Farquharson, a priest in Strathglass for several years before and for a short time after the eventful 1745. It is evident from the very plain terms in which he addressed and warned his neighbour, the notorious Simon Lord Lovat of the 'Forty-five, that he had no very good opinion of him. His Lordship had incarcerated the priest's clerk in the "Red Dungeon" at Beauly, for fishing salmon in the River Glass, at Fasnakyle, about twenty miles above the Falls of Kilmorack. His reverence went to obtain the release of his clerk, but my Lord Simon was obdurate, and refused to open the door of the cell. It will be seen that the priest was very displeased, but he was not to be foiled by any old or young sinner; consequently he fulminated the severe censure embodied in the subjoined verses against his Lordship.

Soon after, Lord Simon attended a dinner party at Eskadale, on which occasion one of the gentlemen present recited the verses. Lovat at once attributed them to Mrs Fraser of Guisachan, a well-known poet, but being assured that the author was no other than the Rev. Mr Farquharson, his Lordship appeared much confused, scarcely uttered another word at the party, and soon went on his way to Beaufort Castle. Self-willed as he is said to have been, it seems that he had no wish to call forth any more disagreeable prophecies; for he immediately released the clerk. It is possible he may have thought more of the verses than he was at the time willing to admit; anyhow, shortly before his death, he sent for Father Baker, priest of the Tower Hamlets in London at that time, to prepare him for his end. I believe I am right in stating that the Rev. Mr Farquharson was of the family of Inverey in Braemar, and nearly related to the chief of the Clan Farquharson. The name of the priest's clerk was Alexander Chisholm, known as Alastair Bàn MacDhomhnuill 'ic Uilleam, great-grand uncle of Alexander Chisholm, presently occupying the farm of Craskie, Strathglass. The faithful Domhnull MacUilleam, Alastair's father, was killed on Culloden Moor, while carrying his commander, Rory, the Chisholm's youngest son, mortally wounded off the field in his arms.

Appended is also an English version, translated last week by a Strathglass novice, merely to give the non-Gaelic reader an idea of the original.

INVERNESS, 8th October 1881. COLIN CHISHOLM.

———o———

'Mhic Shimidh mosgail ad' shuain,
Erich suas is cuimhnich t-olc,
Rinn thu do-bheart nas leor,
Tha deireadh do sgeoil a teannadh ort.

Tha 'n aois a cuir doill air do cheill,
'S alluidh an dreun a chi mi ort,
Fear muinntir fhir muinntir Dhe,
Bhi 'n talla breun le neor-thoirt.

Na bi a cuir saradh air Dia,
'S fear gun chiall a bheanadh dha,
'S nach fhaodar a dhol thar a cheart,
'S gur maireann a neart 's gach la.

Tha Cleireach an t-sagairt an laimh,
'S neor-thaingeil sin do 'n Phap;
Am fear a thug roimh thus a guais,
'S olc an duais a thug thu dha.

'S iomadh donas 's diombuaidh,
'Chunnaic do shluagh riamh ri d'thim,
B'e sud an donas gun agh,
Chuir sonas gu brath dhe 'n dith.

Nis on chaidh do chiall air chall,
'S gun tug thu ball o'n fhear nach coir,
Feuch an leir le do rosg,
Meud an rosaid tha na d' lorg.

Ge uaibhreach thu 'n deireadh do neart,
Ge buadhail do bheachd a do shealbh,
Tha burn a tighinn fothad gun fhios,
'S mis'd thu gun bristear t' airm.

'S mis'd thu MacCailean a bhi 'uat,
'S mis'd thu an taobh tuath gun bhi leat,
'S mis'd thu gun mheall thu 'n *da* Righ.
Seal mu'n chuimhuich thu do leas.

Ge mireanach, maiseach thu fein,
Gu surdail, abardach, treun,
Ge luinneal mar shionnach nan cleas,
Tha tuilleadh sa leas a tighinn na dheigh.

Tha nathraichean-neimhe san fhraoch,
Nach cuir thu le druidheachd gu tosd,

Tha tuirc-neimhe ri do thaobh,
Feitheamh ri gaoth fhaotainn ort.

Tha faisneachd a tighinn gu teach,
Gu 'n deanar ort creach gu'n toir,
Gu'm faicear do cholluinn gu'n cheann,
'S gun bi do chlann mhaoth gun treoir.

'S beag iognadh leam cridhe goirt,
A bhi gu'n fhois ag fear do bheus,
Sa liuthad molachd dhuine bhochd,
Chuir thu fod chois gu t-eug.

'S mairg a dheasaicheadh dhut caisg,
Na chuireadh ola-bhais ri d' chreibh,
Na dh' eisdeadh ri t-fhaosaid gun stath,
Mar dean thu faoilt ri grasan Dhe.

'Mhic Shimidh mosguil a d' shuain,
Ge fada 'n duan ruigear a cheann,
Tha m' 'fhaisneachd a tighinn gu dligh,
'S cha chuir thu i air chul le d' chainnt.

[TRANSLATION.]

Simon of Lovat, from thy slumbers awake,
Bestir thee and mark the evil course of thy ways;
Of mischief enough follows close in thy wake,
And now thou art come to the end of thy days.

Old age impairs thy reasoning power,
Savage frowns I see thee wear;
The servant of God's servant within thy tower
Of vile bondage lies with ruthless care.

From *poinding* on the Lord's domain,
Where none may encroach and sinless stand,
Thou senseless man, forthwith refrain,
For mighty is the Avenger's hand.

Ungrateful, faithless to the Pope,
The priest's servant hast thou chained,
Forgetting him that made you hope,
When by your foes you were arraigned.

With hardships and cruelties sorely distressed,
In sullenest mood your vassals complain;
Saddest of thoughts! 'tis freely confessed
That happiness now they look for in vain.

Now, since reason thy company shuns,
And arrestment hast made where thou should'st spare,
See if you mark how close to you runs,
How hotly pursues the fiend of despair.

Though haughty your mien in the wane of your might,
And brilliant the hopes that illumine thy soul,
An under current, though hid from your sight,
Works the ruin which no force can control.

You now shall miss MacCailean's aid,
The men of the North will from you flee;
Now traitor to *both* Kings, 'tis said,
You'll dearly pay the traitor's fee.

Though sprightly your step, and pompous your gait,
Albeit bold and courageous you be;
Though cunning as the fox that slyly does wait,
Thine enemy will find you, though fast you may flee.

In the mountain heath the vipers hide
That proof will stand 'gainst thy magic wand;
Vile reptiles creep up by thy side,
Waiting for thy fate's command.

By aged Seer it has been said,
Though unavenged your herds will go,
Your body will be without its head,
Your children sad and full of woe.

I marvel not if poignant grief
In secret gnaws a heart so base;
You have always been a hated chief,
Malignly cursed through all your days.

'Twere bootless to call you to Easter Feast,
And bootless anointing your luckless head;
To shrive you 'twere vain, to say the least,
If you seek not Him by whom you were made.

Simon of Lovat, from thy slumbers awake,
My lengthy rhyme now I have sung;
Thy fate predicted will thee soon overtake,
And avert it you cannot by pen or by tongue.

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THE HISTORIOGRAPHER-ROYAL FOR SCOTLAND.—It is understood that the appointment of Historiographer-Royal for Scotland has been offered to Mr William Forbes Skene, LL.D., D.C.L., on the ground that his historical researches point him out as the person most fit to fill it. Mr Skene is the well-known author of "Celtic Scotland," "The Four Ancient Books of Wales," and various other works throwing much light on the early history of Scotland, and displaying a rare knowledge of the Celtic language and of Celtic literature; and it is believed that the conferring of this honour on a scholar and historian of such distinction will give universal satisfaction.

# Correspondence.

## THE SCOTTISH THISTLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—With respect to the interesting legend of the origin of the thistle as the national emblem of Scotland, contained in your last number, it may interest your readers to have the historical facts as far as I have been able to gather them.

The melancholy thistle—*Carduus heterophyllus*—was the badge of James the First of Scotland (the first of that name who ruled that kingdom), a most appropriate emblem for that unfortunate family; but yet it had no connection with their history, but was derived from the belief that a decoction of this plant was a sovereign remedy for madness, which in olden times was called "melancholy."

The true Scottish Thistle is the cotton thistle—*Onopordon Acanthium*. Achaius King of Scotland (in the latter part of the eighth century) is said to have been the first to have adopted the thistle for his device. Favine, the historian, says that Achaius assumed the thistle in combination with the rue—the thistle because it will not endure handling, and the rue because it would drive away serpents by its smell, and by curing their poisonous bites by its juice.

The thistle was not received into the National Arms before the middle of the fifteenth century.—I am, &c.,

SUNDERLAND, Oct. 4, 1881. JOHN CAMERON.

## THE MACDONALDS OF DALILEA.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

4 GROSVENOR TERRACE, GREAT CROSBY,
Near LIVERPOOL, 15th October 1881.

SIR,—My attention having been directed to a letter which has appeared in a recent number of your magazine in reference to my grandfather, "Macdonald of Dalilea," as his nearest living descendant, I must protest against the statements put forth in that letter by his nephews-in-law, who say, "The trick occurred in our own time, and we are still living testimonies to his confession of the crime and retractation—that is, though ourselves too young at the time to understand it, we received it afterwards by hearing the above stated and talked over by our father, oldest brother, and sisters." Of course nothing is easier for them than to attack the character of the dead; they cannot defend themselves—but proof they advance none, unless mere assertions were accepted as such, which is not likely.

If these gentlemen are under the impression that Macdonald of Dalilea put forth an erroneous statement regarding one of their remote ancestors, they might have set forth their own story in a more seemly fashion than by imputing malicious motives and making disgraceful accusations, equally an offence against the living and the dead.—I am, sir, yours truly, FLORA MACDONALD LAWSON.

## GAELIC SOCIETY BURSARY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

12 LOMBARD STREET,
INVERNESS, 10th October 1881.

SIR,—You were good enough to insert my letter relative to this subject in your October number, and I trust it will not be lost sight of.

The Gaelic Society, with a membership of nearly 400 good Celts and true, should not have much difficulty in raising a fund of about £350 for this special purpose, in order to secure an annual bursary of, say £15, in connection with the "Celtic Chair." Meantime, please put my name down for £5.—Yours faithfully,

G. J. CAMPBELL.

[We shall be glad to receive the names of any others who are disposed to follow Mr Campbell's patriotic and liberal example.—ED. *C. M.*]

INVERNESS ART EXHIBITION.—Mr P. H. Smart, drawing-master, deserves great credit for the success so far of the Inverness Art Exhibition, considering the limited time in which he got it up. No doubt he had a large committee, but he is something like the servant girl asking for a situation, who, when asked if she had a character, answered that she had; but that her friends told her she would be much better without it. So with Mr Smart; he had the good sense to act pretty much on his own responsibility, and the result is a very fair success. Financially it is expected to be complete, and on the whole the collection of pictures, arms, and subjects of interest to the antiquarian, is in the circumstances very satisfactory indeed. It is certainly such as every one in the district, and indeed in the Highlands, ought to see. It is to be hoped that the present is only the first of a series of annual art exhibitions in Inverness. If so, all that is required on a future occasion to ensure a collection worthy of the whole Highlands is to begin in time to make the necessary arrangements at more leisure. Some of the county gentlemen have supported the exhibition most creditably. Among these we may mention the Earl of Seafield, Lord Tweedmouth, Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart.; Donald Cameron of Lochiel, M.P.; Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P.; Fountaine Walker of Ness Castle; Major Macdonald of Glenaladale; Duncan Forbes of Culloden; and many others.

## IN MEMORIAM.

M aster-like, many hearts mourn thee, thou man of worth;
A nother Gem from out the chaplet of the hoary North;
C easeless in kindness, true friend and brother.
G oodness and greatness combined. Where shall we find another?
R ising above the petty things of time, yet so humble;
E ver smoothing the stony way that none might stumble;
G ifted with many graces—Heaven-sent;
O ften we think of thee, thou blessed Saint;
R ipe as a sheaf of corn, left us, and went
To Heaven, noble-hearted MACGREGOR.

Oct. 21st, 1881. I. M.

## DOL FODHA NA GREINE.

—o—

Tha thus 'a ghrian is àillidh snuadh
A' cromadh sìos air chùl nan stuadh ;
Do ghathan blàth air bhàrr nam beann,
Mar òr a' deàrsadh air an ceann ;
'S an déigh do chuairt bho'n ear gu'n iar,
Am measg gach doinionn, gaoth, 'us sion,
Tha thu gun smalan air do ghnùis,
'Dol gu do thàmh gu sàmhach ciùin.

B' e m' iarradas 's mo ghuidhe féin,
An uair 'thig crioch 'us ceann mo réis—
'Dol troimh gach buaireadh, cath, 'us leòn
'Tha buailteach dhuinn an so 's an fheòil—
Gu 'm faodainn amharc na mo dhéigh,
'Us buaidh 'thoirt orra sin gu léir,
Mar thus' an nochd an déigh do chuairt,
Le glòir a' lasadh na do ghruaidh.

Faodaidh na gaothan 's neòil nan spéur
'Bhi 'cur nan cath, 's 'ga'n iomairt féin,
'Dol uair gu deas, 'us uair gu tuath—
Cha ghabh iad fois, ach air an ruaig,
Ach thusa, seasmhach, buan gu bràth,
'Na d' mhòrachd thréun cha téid ás t' àit',
Mar lòchran dealrach ás ar cinn,
Gun chaochladh ort bho linn gu linn !'

'S tu' chuireas beatha, neart, 'us treòir,
'Bheir fàs 'us cinneas air gach pòr,
Do'n daraig àird, 's do'n bhileig fhaoin,
Cha dean thu dearmad air a h-aon,
Do chàirdeas saoibhear, farsuinn, fial,
Cho ùr an diugh 's a bha e riamh,
Thu 'dortadh t' fheartan oirnn gu saor,
'S cha toir sin traoghadh air do mhaoin.

'Us mar an Tì 'thug dhut do ghlòir,
Cha seas an dorchadas 'na d' chòir,
Cho luath 's a thogas tu do cheann
Théid fuadach air mar cheò nam beann.
'Us riamh bho 'n fhuair thu 'n reachd bho 'n Righ,
Cha deach thu leud na ròineig cìl,
A' ruith do réis gu stòlda réidh,
'Dol tiomchioll air a' chruinne-ché.

Gu 'n robh gach sòlas dhut a ghrian,
Tha féum ort far am bheil thu triall,
Bidh sinne dorcha 'n so gun ghean
Gu 'n dùisg thu 'm màrach anns an ear.
Ach laidh thu sios air chùl a' chuain,
'S dh' fhàg thu na speuan trom fo ghruaim,
Tha neoil na h-oidhch' a' tarruinn teann,
'S bidh mis' a' teàrnadh sios do 'n ghleann.

N MACLEOID.

## DEATH OF THE
## REV. ALEXANDER MACGREGOR, M.A., INVERNESS.

WITH painful regret we learn, as we go to press, that our dear friend, the Rev. Alexander Macgregor, has gone to his last home. He died on the evening of Wednesday, the 19th of October, having been, on the Thursday previously, suddenly seized, at 7 A.M., just as he commenced dressing, with a paralytic stroke, from which he never rallied. He leaves a social gap in Inverness which can not be filled, and among Gaelic writers and Celtic authorities he has nowhere left his equal behind him. He was truly loved by all who knew him.

In our last issue appeared his description in Gaelic of his recent tour to London, and in this number will be found and read by thousands with melancholy interest, the last article he ever penned; and which he handed to us, the ink still wet, on the Friday morning before he was struck down. We cannot trust ourselves just now to say more about our dear, genial, unassuming, never-to-be-forgotten friend; but we trust in our next issue to do some small justice to his memory. In him the *Celtic Magazine* has lost its first and best friend; while the Editor personally has lost the society of one whose most intimate and close friendship he valued above all others, and whose life and walk he admired as the most complete model of true Christian charity and gentleness it has ever been his lot to know.

THE

# CELTIC MAGAZINE.

*Conducted by ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A. SCOT.*

No. LXXIV. DECEMBER, 1881. VOL. VII.

## THE MATHESONS.

BY THE EDITOR.

—o—

### I.

THE antiquity of this clan has given rise to considerable speculation among antiquarians and the family Seanachies, but, as in the case of previous clan histories, it is not our intention to go into these pre-historic mists at any length here. Scarcely any notice of the Mathesons is to be found in the public records, and in the following account of the family we shall have to draw largely upon two family MSS., copies of which we are fortunate to possess.

After some preliminary observations, the author of the "Iomaire" MS. refers to the early origin of the family in the following terms:—"Whether the Mathesons emigrated from Denmark to Scotland before they went to Ireland, and from thence to Scotland, we know not, but certain it is that they are an old race in Ireland. In Ossian's Poems mention is made of a Calmar MacMahon, an Irish chieftain who assisted Fingal in one of his wars in Ireland. It is well known that Ossian, the aged Scottish bard, flourished between the third and fourth centuries of the Christian era, so that the time when his father Fingal fought his battles, in the vigour of youth, must have been a number of years previous to that period. The name MacMathan, Mahon, or Mahony, is still prevalent in Ireland. There is a tribe of this clan in Altona and its vicinity, a town of Lower Saxony, who have written records of their descent for 500 years back or

upwards. On the borders of England, and in the south of Scotland, they are called Mahons (with the omission of the Irish Mac) and Maddisons. In the peninsula of Kintyre, which is contiguous to Ireland, the ancient inhabitants were MacKiachans, MacKays, MacMaths. Such a diversity in the name for a long period is a very strong proof of the antiquity of the original tribe which emigrated from the continent. A diversity is also observed in the spelling of the Englified name, for it is written Matheson, Mathison, Mathieson, and Mathewson, and some write Mathews, omitting the termination *on*. When Kenneth, the third King of Scotland (*alias* Kenneth MacAlpin), was at war with the Picts in the ninth century, one of the House of Monaghan, a MacMathan, came to his assistance. After the termination of the war, which almost totally extirpated the race of the Picts, the King of Scotland rewarded his followers and allies with gifts of lands. In this distribution Lochalsh was bestowed on MacMathon.* His successors cannot be traced till the twelfth century. At that time flourished one of his descendants, viz., Kenneth Matheson of Lochalsh, whose daughter was married to Colin Fitzgerald, son of the Earl of Desmond."

* We have express authority for the death of Bishop Duncan, the Abbot of Iona, in 1099, and that he was a son of Mœnach or Maitheanach, equivalent to MacMahon; while local tradition intimates that Kenneth II., McAilpean, after the conquest of the Picts in the beginning of the 9th century, during a survey of his dominions, invested the MacMathon of his day in the territory of Lochailsh, which has ever since continued his Aite-Suidhe, or the provincial seat of the name, and where, thus removed from the vicinity of the Royal residence, he and his successors would have been involved in petty feuds with his restless neighbours, the account of which, with their genealogic succession, is lost in barbarous obscurity. There is a legend preserved among the clan that after the fall of Macbeth, in 1506, during a circuit of Malcolm Ceann Mor, while he held his court at Inverlochy, an individual presented himself; and on being questioned by the monarch as to his name and suit, replied that he was the chieftain of a race respectable "in days of yore," but, now left unprotected, he was wasted and oppressed by the Danes and Pirates from the adjacent isles. If there be any truth in this tradition, it probably alluded to the death of Macbeth, who as Righ of the Torpachy of Northern Ard-Ghaidheal, was really his natural protector. The sequel is that Malcolm took him under his own guardianship, and MacMahon, in reference to the terms of his reply, which he conceived militated in his favour with the king, assumed for his Brosnachadh cath, or war cry, *de guerre*, the adverb, "O Chian," or Of Yore. —*Bennetsfield MS.* The Maynes of Powis, in Clackmannanshire, the Mayns of Auchterhouse, in Forfarshire, of Lochwood in Clydesdale, of Pile in Stirlingshire, as also the Mains, are said to be descended from Magnus, the reputed ancestor of the Mathesons, as well as those mentioned in the text.

The writer then gives the now exploded tradition, relating how this mythical Colin Fitzgerald fought with the Scottish King at the battle of Largs in 1263, and as a reward for his services obtained the lands of Kintail and the castle of Islandonain. According to this account, Matheson gave Colin a portion of Lochalsh as his daughter's portion, "on condition that he would call his first son Kenneth. This promise he violated, and named his first son Colin; but called his second son Kenneth. The Mathesons were highly offended at this violation of the marriage contract, and from that instant meditated to revenge the supposed affront. When young Colin grew up, he went to visit his friends in Lochalsh, who, instead of giving an agreeable entertainment, conveyed him to a private valley in the Braes of Balmacarra, and there put him to death. The hollow where this horrid deed was perpetrated still retains the name of 'Glaic Chailean,' or Colin's Valley. . . . . The murderers fled to the north, and took refuge either in Caithness or Sutherland, where a respectable tribe of the clan is still to be found."

The author of the Bennetsfield MS., after a long and learned dissertation on the origin of the tribe, and the meaning of the name Matheson, brings us down to "MacMathon of Lochailsh, Kenneth Gruamach, who is said to have married a sister of Farquhar O'Beothlain, or Mac an t-Sagairt, in the reign of Alexander II., which commenced in 1214, and by whom he appears to have been established in the constabulary of the fortress of Eilean Donan. By his lady he appears to have had a daughter, Muire or Mary, as handed down by the probable tradition of Gaelic songs; while to this day is pointed out the adjusted stone called 'Clach na Baintighearna,' or the Lady's Stone, whence Muire MacMathon was in the habit of mounting her palfrey. As it stands at a place called Ard-darach, it would seem to indicate the site of Kenneth's residence in Lochailsh." The writer then describes the alleged murder of young Colin Fitzgerald in slightly different terms to our first quoted authority, and with more circumstantial detail. The offence given to the Mathesons by naming the eldest son of Fitzgerald Colin "could only be expiated by the blood of the unconscious object of [their] savage jealousy. The nurse selected for the child was unfortunately of his mother's tribe, among which she had a kindred suitor, by whom she was

induced by treachery or connivance to abduct young Cailean to a retired spot called 'Glaic Chailein,' or the place of Colin's seizure; indicating that he was seized for the purpose of being done away with, and the horrid deed is said to have been perpetrated in the neighbourhood of that spot still retaining the name of 'Tor an t-Sladraidh,' or the bush [? mound] of the murdering place, or where he was put to death." He then describes how the perpetrators of the crime fled to Sutherlandshire, and became the progenitors of the Mathesons of Shiness, of whom in their proper place.

For the next two hundred years we know nothing whatever of the Mathesons, but in 1427 the "Mak Makan," who appeared before the king at Inverness, and described by Fordun as a leader of 1000 men, is claimed as the then chief of the Mathesons. The author of the Bennetsfield MS. attempts to prove that the "Alexander McRuari de Garmoran," named by Fordun as a leader of 2000 men, is the same as the chief called "Mak Makan." On this point he writes:—"We have every authority that tradition can give us for the identity of Alastair MacRuari with the personage he (Fordun) calls Mak Makan, or MacMathon, as it was formerly written; and certain it is that there is no passage in clan history more familiar than this is—in the district where the MacMathons predominate—that their chief in the beginning of the fifteenth century and during the broils of Donald of the Isles was Alastair MacRuari. . . . . The MSS. tradition in our possession narrates that Alastair was married to a daughter of the Laird of MacIntosh, and the chronicles of the Earls of Ross expressly state that at that time MacMaken, or Mathon of Lochailsh, a leader of a thousand men, was chief of the clan." Gregory correctly states that the Alastair MacRuari, "leader of *two* thousand men," was Alexander MacGorrie, son of Godfrey of Garmoran, who is said by Hugh Macdonald, the Sleat historian, to have had a son "Allaster." Gregory, however, refers to "Mak Maken," that is, he says, "MacMahon or Mathewson of Lochalsh," as a leader of *a thousand* men. This agrees with the chronicles of the Earls of Ross quoted, as above, in the Bennetsfield MS., and there is little doubt that they were two different persons, though it is likely enough Matheson's patronymic may at the same time have been "Alastair MacRuari;" and to have been

leader of even one thousand men in the beginning of the fifteenth century is quite sufficient to show that he must have been a powerful Highland chief, at a time when his neighbour, Mackenzie of Kintail, had not a single namesake of his own in the whole district. Matheson or MacMakan was taken prisoner to Edinburgh on that occasion, and beheaded shortly after on the Castle Hill.

During his rule a dispute arose between him and the House of Sutherland out of the following peculiar circumstance. Matheson had a celebrated deer-hound named "Broddam Glas." Sutherland asked for a loan of the hound, which Matheson at once granted him, but the dog could never be got to stop anywhere. It always found its way back to Lochalsh from any part of the Highlands. The dog soon returned from Sutherland, and his Lordship again sent for him, but Matheson replied that "while the Earl had been quite welcome to the use of the dog for a time, he was not disposed to have him altogether alienated from himself to any man." The result was an invasion by the Earl and his followers of the Matheson country, and a desperate conflict ensued, in which the invaders were defeated and their leader killed.

The author of the "Iomaire" MS. gives the following interesting details. Lord Sutherland was so irritated at Matheson's reply, "that he raised an army to invade Matheson's property. Thereupon he took the Hill road westward, till he came to Lub-a-Ghoill. As soon as Matheson heard of his arrival he collected all his men to oppose him. There is a particular spot, at Achana-hinich of Lochalsh, called 'Dail Acha-da-thearnaidh' (that is, the field between the two descents), where the Mathesons were wont to assemble when going out to battle, thinking it lucky to set off from that place on any expedition. From this station Matheson marched up through Glen Uddalan, till he came in sight of the Sutherlands, who were encamped on a hill in the Braes of 'Poll-an-Tairbh,' which hill bears the name of 'Cnoc-nan-Cattach' to this day. Matheson kept himself concealed from the enemy till he got behind a hill opposite to them, which, from him, still retains the name of 'Cnoc Mhic Ruari.' Both parties came to an engagement on a plain between the two hills. They fought valiantly till perceiving a party sent to Matheson by his father-in-law, Mackintosh, as a reinforcement, advancing on an

adjacent height, the Sutherlands betook themselves to flight. Many were killed in the retreat, and among the rest Lord Sutherland himself, who was buried near a river's side in Ault-nam-Bran of Glen-Luinge; and that spot still bears the name of 'Lub-a-Mhorair,' or the Earl's Curve. Their flight was so precipitate that, to avoid being taken, they threw their baggage in a little lake, which still goes by the name of 'Lochan-na-h-Ullaidh;' that is, the Lake of the Treasure. For this cause he was accused before the king, as a man of the worst character, apprehended, brought to Edinburgh and beheaded there. He left two sons—

1. John, his heir. 2. Name unknown.*

But their mother having married, according to the Iomaire MS., a son of Macleod of Lewis, and according to the Bennetsfield MS., Angus Macleod of Assynt, the boys fled; the elder to his grandfather, Mackintosh of Mackintosh, the other to Caithness. Captain Matheson of Bennetsfield goes into details, and states that "Angus Macleod of Assynt, tempted by the property committed to her trust, married the widow, as appears by the writs of the family of Geanies. Norman, second son of Torquil Macleod, 4th Baron of Lewis, obtained from his father the Barony of Assynt, and died in the reign of James I., and left a son, Angus, who succeeded him and married Margaret Matheson, heiress of Lochalsh. The Baronage (Douglas's), we perceive, involves this lady in two mistakes. In the first, Margaret, third daughter of Malcolm, 10th Laird of MacIntosh, grandson of Rory Mor Macleod of Lewis, was married to the Chief of Clan Tearlaich or Maclennan, whereas she was the widow of Alastair MacRuari. The second [mistake] was that she was heiress of Lochalsh, while she was in fact only tutrix for her son, the young Chief of MacMathon and Laird of Lochalsh; and it is notorious that Angus

* This young gentleman, who had fled to Caithness for shelter from his step-father, "got Lord Caithness' daughter with child. When she found herself in this condition, she escaped and went round to the West Coast, wishing to get to Lochalsh. After her arrival there she was delivered of a son at the roadside, between Erbusaig and Balmacarra. This son was called Iain Gallach (*i.e.*, John of Caithness), and the place where he was born still retains the name of 'Leachd Iain Ghallaich,' a cairn being erected on the spot to commemorate the fact. From him descended a numerous offspring, who were distinguished from the rest of the Mathesons by the term 'Clann Iain Ghallaich.' Of these are Alexander Matheson in Arineachdaig, and Duncan his brother; Roderick Matheson in Port-a-Chuillean; and others in Skye."—*Iomaire MS.*

of Assynt failed to establish a footing there; and the mode of his expulsion is duly related. It is also inserted [in the Baronage] that a nameless daughter of MacIntosh was married to a Macleod in the reign of James I., but the account we have received reconciles all discrepancies." The property of Lochalsh was no doubt usurped by Macleod during the minority of the heir, and we shall now proceed to show how he was finally driven out of the district by the rightful heir, and to describe the means which he adopted to attain his object and secure the ancient patrimony of his house for himself and for his successors. In doing this we shall draw freely upon the best portions of the two MSS. already quoted.

The immediate consequence of the marriage of Angus Macleod of Assynt to Matheson's widow was the flight of the heir of Matheson to his grandfather, Mackintosh, and of the younger son to Caithness. For a time the family patrimony continued usurped until John, arriving at manhood, solicited the aid of Mackintosh in the recovery of the possessions of his ancestors. This was at once promised by his grandfather, and John immediately communicated his intentions to his trusty friends in Lochalsh, all of whom entered cordially into his plan of operations.

Macleod, who all along feared that the heir might return and be loyally received by the natives, placed spies throughout the district to inform him of any danger that might occur. It was then the custom for a certain class of beggars—outcasts from their respective tribes—to seek shelter among other clans, which was usually, according to the prevailing custom of the times, accorded to them. They were known among the natives as "Buthanaich," literally, livers in tents, and they were usually ready to perform any task, however degraded, which was allotted to them by those who sheltered them.* One of these, says the author of the Bennetsfield MS., was on this occasion insinuated by Macleod into every family. "Aware of this, it was concerted that on their retiring to rest, these noxious parasites should be severally despatched" on the night Matheson should introduce his body of resolute volunteers from Mackintosh. On his arrival with these, he formed his little band in a hollow between Reraig and Kirkton of Lochalsh, at a place called to this day "Glac nam Fear," and

* According to the "Iomaire" MS., these were "some of his own (Macleod's) countrymen, whom he thought well affected towards him."

he then proceeded alone, disguised as a hawker of wool, and carrying a wallet of fog or heath, to "Torr-an-t-Slachdaire," where Macleod and his wife resided. He sent a message to the lady, asking if she would purchase any of his fancy wools, when she requested him to come in and submit samples of what he had along with him. While exhibiting his varieties, he managed to introduce a reference to her eldest son, and artfully contrived to ascertain whether she wished to see him some day reinstated in his ancestral possessions. Discovering that she entertained friendly feelings for him, he at once made himself and his designs known to her, and he was warmly received. During the night all the Buthanaich were slain in accordance with the pre-arranged plan, except one named MacEachern, who managed for some time to escape capture, but was finally overtaken and slain as he arrived within a short distance of Macleod's house, whither he was proceeding to inform him of what had occurred; and the place where he was slain is still called "Featha Mhic Eachern," or MacEachern's Fen. Meantime young Matheson had surrounded the mansion-house and set it on fire, "he himself attending to the safe escape of his mother, which she effected; but not before she had secured that of her husband, concealed under her night-gown, and who, after she had passed those placed to intercept him, reached 'Doirre Damh,' in Duirinish, where he engaged a poor boatman to convey him to Lewis, under promise to give him a free grant of land. On his arrival, however, the Laird of Macleod, indignant at what had happened, ordered a gallows to be erected by the oars of the boat, and, hanging up the Lochalshman, observed sarcastically, that at the foot of the gallows he might enjoy free land for ever in terms of Angus' promise." Soon after Macleod attempted a descent on Lochalsh, landed at Ardhill, and came to an engagement at Kirkton, where he was again beaten at (a place still called) "Blar-nan-Saighdearan," and his retreat having been intercepted,* a number of the routed

* A party of Matheson's men stood between them and the shore to prevent their embarkation. These were headed by a Matheson of the name of Iain Ciar Mac Mhurchaidh Mhic Thomais, who made great havoc among the enemy with his arrows. Part of his descendants are dispersed between the parishes of Urray and Redcastle, of whom I shall mention particularly Alexander Mackenzie, late agent for the British Linen Company, Inverness, and Francis Mackenzie, merchant, Kyleakin. Both their grandfathers changed their original names, viz., Thomas Bain in Redcastle, and Mur-

force threw themselves into the church, trusting to it, as a sanctuary usually observed in those days. The sacrilege was, however, disregarded in this instance by one Duncan Matheson, who set fire to the building, and hence, ever after, retained the sobriquet of "Donnachadh-an-Teampuill;" and whose trespass, notwithstanding, did not incur the penalty through many generations of descendants, as two of them became highly respected clergymen of the Established Church, and another a celebrated local Bard.* Meantime Macleod himself, with a remnant of his broken followers, escaped, but was not so fortunate in a subsequent expedition, for, soon after, having landed at Fernaig, he was encountered by Matheson at Sail Fearna, again overpowered, and killed.

On the death of Sir Dugald Mackenzie John Matheson married his widow, and succeeded him as Constable of Islandonain Castle, in the defence of which he was killed by the Macdonalds under their chief, Donald Gorm in 1539, as fully set forth in the "History of the Mackenzies." By his wife he had one son named after the priest, Sir Dugald Mackenzie, by whom he was succeeded in about one-third of Lochalsh. He was known among the Highlanders as

DUGALD ROY MATHESON. The other two-thirds of the ancient patrimony of the family had been acquired by Mackenzie of Kintail and Macdonald of Glengarry in a manner already well-known to the reader.

The rent was in those days collected in kind, and a dispute arose between Glengarry and Dugald Matheson, who raised the Lochalsh rents in common, about their division afterwards among themselves. The particulars of this quarrel are given in the two MSS. already named. The following version from the Bennets-

doch Bain, his brother, in Brahan. There is a gravestone in the Churchyard of Lochalsh having the effigy of a *dead corpse* [sic] cut upon it, which the said Iain Ciar quarried and carried down on his back from the Braes of Kirkton.—*Iomaire M.S.*

* Mr Matheson, minister of Kilmuir, and his nearest relatives are descended of that Duncan, so was Murdoch Matheson, the bard. A tribe of Mathesons were once the principal inhabitants of Strathbran, where they had a separate burying-place for themselves, to which no other person laid claim, and where none of any other name is interred to this day. It is called Cnoc-nan-Cleireach (*i.e.*, the Hillock or Tumulus of the Clergy). From this name it may be inferred that it was a place of worship. Around the Tumulus is still visible the foundation of a circular ring of stones.—*Iomaire MS.*

field MS. is the most complete :—"Dugald Roy still retained the patrimony of his grandfather Alastair, and Glengarry and he were in the habit of pasturing and taking their rents jointly, as these consisted merely of the produce of the country, and subject to a subsequent division by their several oversmen. On one occasion, unfortunately, there happened to be an odd 'cabag' or separate piece of butter, which Macdonald's man arrogantly insisted should become the property of his master, and Matheson's as pertinaciously refusing, divided the subject of contention with his dirk or hanger ; an action which, however just, on representation gave mortal offence to his irrascible co-proprietor, who swore that Mac Mathon would not possess a similar opportunity by that time next year ; and it appears he took an execrable mode of ensuring his own prediction. The first step was to break off with Matheson and pick a quarrel with him ; and aware that he was so notoriously prejudiced against the flesh of goats, that it would be a studied insult to present it to him, Macdonald ordered a lamb to be fed on goat's milk, and under a show of hospitality invited the other to dine with him at a castle he possessed, and the ruins of which are still to be seen, in Loch Achana-hinich. So unsuspectingly was Matheson thrown off his guard by the familiar courtesy of his host that, instead of his usual retinue of twelve and his Gille Mor (for with such a guard men of his rank visited in those days), he was attended only by his Gille Mor, or champion. The first dish set on the table was of the lamb fed as above, which he no sooner tasted than, imagining it kid, he rejected it ; and being sarcastically asked by his entertainer, What objection he had to the dish? he angrily replied, 'You know I do not eat goat's flesh.' Glengarry as warmly asserted that Matheson had never ate of more genuine mutton, and he as pertinaciously insisted upon its being goat. From the dispute, as had been contemplated and preconcerted, arose a quarrel ; Dugald Roy was immediately overpowered, bound, and conveyed prisoner to Invergarry, where he soon after died in confinement from the effect of this indignity." He married a daughter of the Rev. John MacRa, third son of Christopher MacRa, known as "Gillecriost MacDhonnachaidh,"* by whom he had issue—a son, who succeeded.

* See History of the Macdonalds, and the "Genealogy of the MacRas."

*(To be Continued.)*

# TALES AND ADVENTURES OF A BOTANIST:

## Illustrative of the Manners and Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland.

——o——

### JESSIE MACLEOD.

Whether or not the affections and fidelity of Jessie actually began to waver, one circumstance, which, indeed, wore something of a doubtful aspect, must be confessed—namely, that during the winter which she spent in the Scotch metropolis, she relaxed considerably her former punctuality in corresponding with her absent lover; and on her return to Glen-Uaine in the beginning of the summer, several of his tender epistles lay still unanswered beside her. But if her constancy had ever deserved to be called in question, it seemed to recover all its original strength from the view of the scenes familiar to her childhood and associated in her mind with all her early attachments. She immediately wrote to her anxious Frank in the most affectionate and endearing terms, making many apologies for her long silence, and earnestly entreating his forgiveness. She acknowledged that she had been very gay during the winter, perhaps more so than he would have approved of. But in her own exculpation she pleaded his parting charge to her, and expressed her hope that the injunctions she had laid on him had been no less faithfully observed. In his last letter, while he ardently professed that his own affection and wishes remained unaltered, Frank had generously relieved her from her engagement to him, if time or the addresses of nobler suitors should in any degree have weakened her attachment. Jessie felt and expressed a becoming sense of obligation for his noble generosity, but refused to take advantage of it. She voluntarily renewed her professions of fidelity, protested that, amidst her apparent levity, the idea of her beloved Frank had never been long absent from her mind, and assured him that her most anxious desire was to hail his safe and joyful return to Glen-Uaine, where many eyes besides hers were languishing to see him. She concluded by playfully expressing her apprehensions that if he did not return soon, the fine accomplishments which she had acquired in Edinburgh would be lost for want of some one to admire them.

This letter, which had been impatiently expected, failed not to strike Frank as betraying a superior ease and refinement, which evidently breathed of the polished society in which the fair writer had for some time moved. This, however, gave rise to no emotion save that of unmingled satisfaction, while Jessie's evident anxiety to vindicate her conduct from any suspicion of indifference or inconstancy, and her earnest entreaties for pardon of her past negligence, had such an influence on the candid mind of her lover, that though he might feel somewhat disposed to judge of her with severity when he opened the letter, yet, before he arrived at the conclusion, he had bathed it with his rapturous tears, and uttered over it again and again the strongest expressions of a reconciled mind.

The new tastes and habits which Jessie had formed in the elegant metropolis of Scotland could find but little scope for exercise or encouragement in her native glen, and had it not been for the correspondence which she maintained with the new female acquaintances whom she had left in Edinburgh, she might probably have found the summer months pass away with a tediousness which she had never before experienced in Glen-Uaine. It would appear, however, that she soon became quite reconciled again to her former manner of life there, and that the employment which she devised for herself, together with the society of her own family, and of the numerous visitors whom her matured charms were not the least means of attracting to Aulduiny, sufficiently secured her from the intrusions of *ennui*. She wanted not other resources in the proficiency which she had now acquired in music and drawing. When the weather was favourable she generally devoted an hour or two in the morning or evening to the pleasing occupation of sketching various views of Aulduiny house, the picturesque little manse of Arnisdale, or other striking scenery—especially a fine cascade in the river a little distance from the house. There many of her happiest hours had been spent in the company of her dear Frank; and this had been the scene of their last painful parting.

In occupations like these the summer passed insensibly away; and when the heath began to assume the russet hue of autumn, the annual influx of tourists and sportsmen from the south communicated no small excitement to the monotony of

the Glen. On the eve of the 12th of August—a day always eventful in Highland life, and duly noted in the annals of the moors—a casual passenger brought word to Aulduiny that an English gentleman, called Captain Vaughan, had arrived on a sporting campaign at the neighbouring shooting quarters of Bal-an-uair, with a numerous establishment of dogs, guns, and other apparatus of destruction. Whatever were the emotions which this sudden intelligence awakened in Jessie's bosom, it is certain that, had those present paid any attention to her behaviour, a slight agitation in her eye and manner could not have escaped their notice. By her words, however, she expressed no particular feeling of satisfaction beyond what was justly warranted by her former acquaintance with Captain Vaughan.

Towards noon on the following day one of that gentleman's servants brought a present of grouse, together with a complimentary card, from his master, in which the latter gave intimation of his arrival in the neighbourhood, and of his intention of doing himself the honour of an early call on his much respected friends at Aulduiny. The following day, being rainy, left him sufficient leisure to fulfil his promise. When, from the window, a well mounted cavalier, followed by a livery servant also well equipped, was seen galloping along the road from Bal-an-uair, if Jessie stole away to her glass and bestowed a few minutes on the adjustment of her plain morning attire, she probably did nothing which the most rigid of my fair readers will not easily excuse. The agitation which this slight incident had given her brought an unwonted glow into her complexion, which the Captain could not fail to take as a flattering compliment to himself, and which he also, in no small degree, increased as he rapturously pressed her hand in his own, and poured forth a profusion of complimentary words on the fine effect which the country air had produced on her always fascinating looks. Vaughan, however, had too much tact to urge her confusion to a painful extent, and, therefore, pretending to feel somewhat abashed, resigned the lead in the conversation to the frank and hospitable landlord. Mr Macleod, a man of the most benevolent disposition, had been greatly flattered by the polite attention of his visitor, and, as he felt scarcely less impressed than his daughter with the charms of the Captain's address, his prepossessions in his favour found utter-

ance in an unusual fluency of talk, which left Vaughan small leisure to speak to any one else. Nor was he permitted to remount his horse till his friendly host had engaged him to return on an early day, to take a morning's sport with his own boys on the well preserved moors of Aulduiny, and afterwards to honour the family with his company to dinner.

In the interval Jessie, whatever was passing in her bosom, appeared unusually pensive and fond of solitude. She was evidently engaged in deep converse with her own thoughts. But whatever was the subject of her reflections, or the result at which she arrived, she betrayed much less emotion on the next appearance of Captain Vaughan than her behaviour on the former occasion might have given cause to expect. That gentleman arrived to breakfast with all his retinue, and was received at the door with open arms and a true Highland welcome by the warm-hearted Aulduiny. The younger sportsmen, who had impatiently looked for his arrival, stood amazed at the magnificence of his fine, new, and richly inlaid *mantons*, and the beauty of his speckled and well-conditioned dogs, while they probably felt a somewhat awkward sense of the figure which they themselves would cut beside him with their antiquated and crazy fowling pieces and half-trained pointers. Jessie alone, in her usual morning attire, received his salutation with a calm self-possession which seemed to argue a previous and successful effort to gain the entire command of her feelings. She conversed without reserve or embarrassment; and though Vaughan made many palpable attempts to work on her sensibilities by the impassioned tone of his remarks and the insinuating, but highly respectful manner, by which they were enforced, they nevertheless seemed entirely to miss their aim.

This was a deadly and memorable day on the moors of Aulduiny. The Captain turned out to be a "first-rate shot," and his young companions, if they were less practised and worse armed for the field, fell little short of him in steadiness of aim, while in fleetness of limb and ability to support fatigue, they had much the advantage. Observing the frail state of their old flint-locks which had seen no little service, Vaughan obligingly offered the eldest boy the use of one of his superb detonators—for he never took the field without a couple of them—and, when

he witnessed the signal execution which it committed in young Kenneth's hands, and the pleasure which it seemed to afford him, he generously insisted on his retaining it for all, as a small mark of his esteem and friendship. It would have been impossible, perhaps, to make Kenneth a more agreeable present, and though he modestly declined to accept it, he was probably not very sorry to have his scruples overruled.

Such an extraordinary instance of generosity was scarcely less flattering to the young sportsman's family than gratifying to himself. Jessie, who was much attached to her brothers, but to none more than to Kenneth, felt it in all its force, and, in spite of her resolutions to the contrary—if she had actually made any—she could not altogether conceal her increased regard for the donor during the conversation of the evening.

The Captain, assuming an air of uncommon modesty and deference, imperceptibly led his fair admirer into such topics of discourse as he knew would afford her the best opportunities for displaying to advantage her talents and acquirements ; and every sprightly or sentimental remark thus artfully drawn from her failed not to receive, from his looks, lips, and gestures, its well-timed meed of applause. Her performances on the lute, which, with much credit to his own voice and ear, he sometimes accompanied, seemed to afford him inexpressible delight; but with no part of his behaviour, perhaps, was Jessie more gratified than with the rapturous admiration of the contents of her drawing portfolio. The landscape views which she had taken during the season were highly creditable to her correct taste and nice execution. Though she never flattered herself that they were master-pieces, yet she set no small regard on some of them, which had already gained much admiration from every person of the least pretension to taste, who had yet seen them, and she was thereby better prepared to credit the sincerity of the high-wrought compliments of so skilful a connoisseur as the accomplished Vaughan.

In brief, this evening's conversation did more perhaps to undermine her stability of heart than the flirtation of an entire winter in Edinburgh. When she, at length, found herself alone in her own apartment, a tumult of emotions, to which she had hitherto been a stranger, took possession of her bosom, and

banished sleep from her eyelids. If her eyes closed at all it was only to dream of Captain Vaughan, but her dreams always terminated in distressing incidents which awoke her with copious floods of tears. As soon as the morning beams darted through her casement, she left her restless couch, and having hastily dressed, walked forth alone to seek, amidst the calm scenery of the autumnal morning, that composure which she had sought for in vain upon her bed. She unconsciously directed her steps to her favourite haunt—the picturesque cascade which she had spent many pleasing hours in sketching. There was here a natural arbour, formed chiefly by the ponderous branches of a beautiful weeping birch, which had struck its roots into the clefts of the overhanging rock. There she seated herself in the flickering sunbeams that penetrated the waving foliage, and fixed her thoughtful eye on the rippling stream that glittered before her in the unobstructed rays of the morning.

This sequestered spot had witnessed many happy meetings between her and one who was now many thousand miles from Glen-Uaine. It was here that their first declarations of mutual affection had been made, that their vows had been first exchanged and often renewed, and that their last solemn assurances of fidelity to one another had been uttered. Now, the recollection of all these circumstances, together with every other tender incident regarding her dear Frank, crowded on her memory in no less liveliness and force than if they had occurred but yesterday. Here an hour's meditation effected an important change in her troubled mind. She wiped away her tears, adjusted her neglected dress, and, with recovered composure, sat enjoying the stillness of the morning, and gathering amusement from the chirping wren that hopped around her, or from watching the motions of the water-ouzel that frolicked ceaselessly in the glancing stream.

Just as she was about to return home, she heard a footstep slowly approaching her retreat. She drew aside the branches to observe the intruder, and beheld Captain Vaughan close beside her. He appeared no less disconcerted than herself by the discovery, attempted some apology for his unintended intrusion, and, believing that he read in Jessie's eye more surprise than displeasure, seated himself without further ceremony on the same birchen bench which she partially occupied. The conversation

for some minutes was embarrassing. The Captain opened with a few remarks on the fine morning and the charming scenery, adding by way of something fine, that nature had evidently intended so sweet a spot to be the haunt of such a lovely maid as he had there, to his happy surprise, unexpectedly found. By degrees he contrived to draw the said maid into discourse, and at length took the liberty, by way of enforcing his observations, to grasp her soft hand in his. Finding that she made but a slight effort to withdraw it, he pressed it gently to his lips, and heaved a sigh. Jessie now felt alarmed, hastily drew back her hand, and cast her eyes on the ground, while her lovely features glowed with much confusion. She then started up, and would have retired; but the Captain again seized her hand, and with gentle violence led her back to the seat.

"My dearest Jessie," said he, with apparently deep emotion, "suffer me to embrace this opportunity of revealing to you a passion which defies all further attempts at concealment." Here he paused as if disconcerted; and Jessie turned aside her face and downcast eyes to hide the crimson blush which she found it impossible to restrain, though she still permitted her hand to be retained in the glowing grasp of the Captain.

"You have too much penetration, my dearest Jessie, to have remained till now in ignorance of the strong possession which you hold of my captive heart." While uttering these words he pressed her hand to his breast, that she might feel its hurried palpitation. "Since you left me," he continued, "to bewail your departure from Edinburgh, your lovely image has never been absent from my soul, and it was nothing but the impatient desire of beholding you again, and of listening to your enchanting voice, that brought me to the Highlands." Here Jessie again attempted to make good her retreat, but could not yet disengage herself.

"Do not leave me, my dearest Miss Macleod," still added he, while she gently struggled for liberty, "do not leave me till you have delivered me from the rack of uncertainty, by letting me know whether or not I possess an interest in your affections."

Jessie continued standing in silent embarrassment, and, had she desired to speak, her faltering voice would have refused to do its duty. It was not till the Captain had several times repeated his request that she at length contrived to say—"Excuse me"—

and that in a tremulous tone which plainly betrayed the great effort which these two words had cost her. "I would be the last person in the world," replied Vaughan, "to urge on Miss Macleod an unpleasant topic; but if I yet refuse to let go this lovely hand without a more explicit declaration, I trust the ardour of my passion will be considered sufficient apology. Often, my charming Jessie, have I flattered myself, perhaps presumptuously, that my company was not unacceptable to you; otherwise, be assured, I had never dared to offend your gentle ear with the recital of my feelings. If I have been mistaken, I now entreat your forgiveness.

"Alas! sir, I have nothing to forgive," answered Jessie, with hesitating and half-suppressed voice, on finding herself thus urged. But, endeavouring to bring herself at once to a full explanation, she found means to add—"I must not, Captain Vaughan, keep you longer in suspense. Believe me, I esteem you as your worth deserves, and I could love—if—but O, for heaven's sake, urge me no further. I dare not—must not love you."—And so saying, she burst into tears, and sunk, in her embarrassment, into the Captain's arms. With secret triumph he gazed upon the lovely creature who had thus, in spite of herself, surrendered to his mercy. But, seeing the propriety of pushing his advantage no further for the present, he encouraged her to dry up her tears, and assured her that, rather than cause her another distressing sob, he would shed the dearest drop of his blood for her. He now permitted her, when she had somewhat recovered her serenity of countenance, to return home, while, to save appearances, he himself returned by another path.

Jessie, pleading a slight indisposition, appeared not at the breakfast table, though nobody but Captain Vaughan understood the true nature of the cause. That gentleman by-and-bye took his leave; but not till he had come under a new engagement to return soon, and have another day's sport at Aulduiny. It is superfluous to say whether or not he kept his appointment, and availed himself of the opportunity to prosecute his addresses to the daughter of his unsuspecting landlord. During the few weeks that he spent in the neighbourhood, he continued to have frequent interviews with her; and how far he ultimately succeeded, and what was the exact nature of his intentions regarding her will duly appear.

Meantime, it became evident to all the family, but more especially to her affectionate mother, that Jessie's manner and spirits had of late suffered a considerable change. She had become unusually fond of solitude, appeared often absent and pensive, neglected her wonted pursuits and amusements, and, if she ever sung or touched a musical instrument, she generally selected the most plaintive airs. The colour too had faded in her cheek, and often a tear might be seen stealing from her languid eye. Yet, whenever she was questioned regarding her health, she uniformly denied that she laboured under any indisposition; nor would she confess that anything else disturbed her mind, in evidence of which she would then affect her accustomed cheerfulness and gaiety.

Ere long Mrs Macleod's sagacity suggested to her that this remarkable alteration on her daughter was somehow attributable to Captain Vaughan. She could not fail to remark the insinuating attentions which she was in the practice of receiving from that gentleman. These must have been more or less gratifying to the mother as well as to the daughter; but whether or not the former had ever indulged in any ambitious speculations on the subject, she had hitherto confined them to her own maternal bosom. An alliance with a gentleman of such connections and expectations as report credibly attributed to Captain Vaughan —though indeed they had received no precise information on these points—could not fail to be acceptable to that family pride which is not confined to the breasts of Highland matrons alone. Yet Mrs Macleod, as she knew that a familiar correspondence was kept up between her daughter and Frank Macintyre, a young man for whom she had the greatest regard, though she was still a stranger to the full extent of their engagements, and as the Captain's assiduous attentions could no longer be attributed to mere civility, while he had never dropped the slightest hint to either parent regarding his intentions—at length perceived that she owned it, as a duty to her inexperienced child, to put her on her guard against the suspicious arts of their visitor. Accordingly, she waited for an opportunity to have a private interview with Jessie, for the purpose of drawing forth a full confession of the real state of her affections, and of administering the suitable counsel. But before she could put her prudent design into execution, an event occurred which totally altered the aspect of affairs.

*(To be continued.)*

# THE SCULPTURED STONES OF ROSS AND CROMARTY.

By Captain COLIN MACKENZIE, F.S.A. Scot.

## III.

WE now come to Class B—Sculptured Crosses with Hieroglyphics. This class comprises a group of stones quite unique in Scotland for the beauty of their ornamentation. The form of these Ross and Cromarty crosses is Pictish.

The form of the cross, as every one is aware, is very ancient, and is to be found in various combinations in Greek and Roman architectural designs. The *crux ansata* among the Egyptians was the emblem of life;* while among the Scandinavians the three-legged, or St Anthony's Cross, was the hammer of Thor. Crosses have all along varied in form, and those of the Picts and Scots afford no exception to the rule. Dr Ferguson has stated that Dr Stewart's map of the distribution of the standing stones and cross-slabs bearing hieroglyphics forms an excellent guide to the extent of Pictish territory; and it is to be observed that the crosses of Dalriada are quite distinct from those of Pictland. The Scot cut his standing cross *out of* the stones, while the Pict cut his *upon* the stone. This is the great distinction to be remembered.

Dr Stewart, judging from the close resemblance between the illuminations in Irish MSS., and the sculptures on the Pictish crosses, thinks that they have been executed "probably in the seventh and eighth centuries," whilst he relegates the most of the West Coast crosses to the fifteenth or early part of the sixteenth centuries. The Pictish cross, therefore, simply cut on an upright slab, was the first transition stage from the rude standing stone; and the Irish, or, as it is sometimes called, the "Iona" cross, was

* The *Enclyclopædia Britannica*, under the article "Hieroglyphics," has the following:—"The *crux ansata*, sometimes called the key of the Nile, is usually employed as a symbol of divinity; but its correct meaning is *life*, as Lacroze rightly conjectured. . . . . According to Socrates and Rufinus, the Egyptian priests declared to their Christian conquerors under Theodosius, who were going to destroy the Serapeion at Alexandria, that the cross, so often sculptured on their temples, was an emblem of the life to come."

a further elaboration of the idea. Indeed, the exact form of the "Iona" cross was frequently cut upon Pictish stones, as is evidenced by the crosses at Aberlemno, Farr, Cossins, Forres, Crieff, St Madoes, &c. The "Iona" cross is cut out of the single block of stone, and a circular band of stone connects the arms and top of the cross with the shaft; the portion between the interior of the band and the junction of the arms being cut out. There are only two examples of this cross in Scotland—viz., the Kildalton cross, Islay, and the cross of St Martin, Iona; for though the cross at Canna when perfect had perforations at the junction of the arms, the quarter circles of the connecting band turned their convex sides inwards instead of outwards. The crosses of the "Iona" form found in Ireland, Dr Petrie conceives to be of the early part of the tenth century. The Scoto-Irish crosses on the West Coast resemble the former in shape, only there are no perforations between the arms. They may be described as a shaft surmounted by a solid circle, from which the head and arms of the cross slightly project, and the whole is cut from one block of stone. Fine examples may be seen at Kilmorie, Kilchoman, Campbeltown, Oransay, Maclean's cross at Iona, &c.*

The shape of the crosses sculptured on the Pictish pillar slabs greatly varies, as besides the Irish cross, the Greek, Latin, Floriated, Cross Patée, and various other forms are found. Dr

* There are one or two cases where stone crosses occur in Pictish territory, which are, however, not of strict Pictish form. The cross at Dupplin Castle and that at Camustown, near Panmure, for instance, are cut *out of* the solid stone. They are of the simple cross form, having no resemblance to the Iona or Scoto-Irish cross, but are apparently allied, especially that at Dupplin, more to the Northumbrian or Anglo-Saxon form. The cross at Fowlis Wester, near Crieff, would be a true Pictish slab, but that the two arms of the cross slightly project beyond the stone. The "Bore Stone" of Gask is an Iona cross cut *upon* a slab, but the portions between the inside of the connecting circle and the junction of the arms are cut out. The Fordoun stone has a Greek cross cut *upon* it, with round perforated holes at the junction of the head, arms, and shaft. There are three curious "girth" or sanctuary crosses at Dull, in Perthshire, which are said to have marked the limits of the sanctuary of the monastery. Two have been cut *out of* the solid block, and in the third the cross-bar seems to have been *let into* the shaft of the cross. These are the chief examples figured by Dr Stewart in the *Sculptured Stones of Scotland*. The following quotation from Al. Keith's *View of the Diocese of Aberdeen* (MS. 1732) will explain the purpose of the Girth crosses :—"The Cathedral [St Machar's, Aberdeen] had the privilege of a sanctuary, or girth, and had a girth-cross on the Bishop's dovecote-green, which was a sure refuge for manslayers or such as had committed slaughter by pure accident and misfortune, without any malice or design."

Stewart remarks :—"Some hasty conclusions have been at times drawn from the mere shape of the cross, as if the Greek cross could be held to mark an earlier time and a different school from that which used the Roman form of the cross. It has, however, been shown by M. Didron that both types were originally common to both churches, and it is plain that both forms were in use at the same time by the sculptors of the Scotch stones, just as we find Greek and Latin characters were used in the same inscription on early monuments and coins." The Greek cross sometimes appears in its true form, *i.e.*, with all the arms of the same length, as on the Rosemarkie cross. Sometimes it is prolonged into the Latin cross by an extension of the shaft, of a different ornamention, as at Nigg; or by a plain extension denoted by a cross-bar, as at Edderton. On other stones the extension is narrower than the upper part, as at Ulbster. The Shandwick stone bears the Latin cross ornamented with raised bosses.

Now though on many stones the cross has hieroglyphics arranged round it in such a manner as clearly to show that all formed part of one original design, there are also many cases in which we cannot reasonably doubt that the hieroglyphics were pre-existent on the standing stone and that the cross was an afterthought. And though the hieroglyphics may have no connection at all with the Pagan worship of our forefathers, it is a well known fact that they held the standing stones in high veneration. All over Western Europe this veneration seems to have existed until long after the introduction of Christianity, insomuch that not only in the British Isles, but also in France and Spain the thunders of the Church were fulminated at the idolaters who reverenced the monolith. That the early Celtic missionaries discountenanced such stone-worship we know, and it was only when they found this to be so deeply rooted in the habits and ideas of the people as to be very difficult of eradication, that they bethought themselves of the expedient of turning the standing stones to account as crosses, and thus making them serve to push their propaganda. St Patrick used to do this, and thus we read in the Tripartite Life of the Saint that "Patrick formed a cross in the stone over Cillmore Uachtair Muaidhe to the west; but Lia-na-manach* is its name at this day." Professor Daniel Wilson

* *Lia-na-monachd*, "the Monk's stone"; *Monachd* from the Latin *Monachus*.

says :—"We read in Evin's *Life of St Patrick* of his dedicating to Christ three pillar-stones which had been reared on the plain of Magh Selga;"* and Colonel Forbes Leslie also mentions this practice of the Saint. St Columba, St Kentigern, St Regulus, and St Cuthbert, were all cross-raisers.

But all the crosses must not be taken to be sepulchral, as there are numerous records of the raising of crosses upon certain spots to commemorate events, especially those connected with any of the popular saints.† Indeed, "wayside crosses" must

* Of this event Dr Stewart writes:—"St Odran was charioteer to St Patrick, and on a certain occasion, knowing that the life of his master was threatened because he had overthrown the great pillar-stone worshipped by the Irish in the plain of Magh Sleacht, he received the dart intended for St Patrick, &c." The tradition of St Odran therefore seems to imply that St Patrick first threw down the stone and raised the crosses after. I am not aware of Evin's authority. In another place Dr Stewart says: "We are told of Magh Sleacht, which is translated *Campus Stragis*, that 'ibi fuit præcipuum Idolorum Hiberniæ, nempe *Crom Cruach* et duodecim Idola Saxea circumstantia, &c.' This idol was overthrown by St Patrick." We learn, therefore, that *Crom Cruach* (the crooked heap), which was the god of all Ireland till the coming of St Patrick, was surrounded by twelve other stones, perhaps in the form of a circle. Of the stones raised by St Patrick, the Tripartite Life of the Saint says, "in uno *Jesus*, in altero *Soter*, in tertio *Salvator* nomen impressum legitur." These were their names.

† Dr Stewart says :—"The erection of crosses where the dead body of a saint or celebrated person had rested has been noticed in the case of Aldhelm. A place where the bearers of St Devinic's *(a)* body rested was called (no doubt from the cross raised to commemorate the circumstance) 'Crostan.'" Edward I. raised nine crosses, one at each of the spots where his wife Eleanor's body rested on its way to Westminster Abbey. The last two of the Eleanor crosses were at Eastcheape and the village of Charing, now Charing Cross. In Pagan times it was customary to raise a cairn in such places. Shaw, in his *History of Moray* (1775), speaking of the Druids, says :—"Their carns were very different from the carns or heaps of stones on high ground, gathered out of their corn fields, and cast loose in a heap; and different likewise from the small carns near to common roads, where men have been buried, or coffins laid down at burials, that the bearers might rest. These are called *Leacadh na Marbh*, *i.e.*, 'Stones erected in memory of the dead.'" That this ancient custom is not yet obsolete will be seen from the following, which occurs in a letter from Dr Arthur Mitchell to Dr Stewart :—"In all the parishes on the west side of the counties of Inverness and Ross, and also in many of those on the west side of Argyle and Sutherland, it is customary to erect a cairn at a spot where a funeral procession halts on its way to the churchyard. These cairns are generally small; but sometimes, if the deceased has been a man of mark in the district, a large cairn is erected, say five feet

*a* St Devinic was an arch-deacon, the co-temporary, and some say the successor, of St Machar, Bishop of Aberdeen. Colour is lent to this by the fact that the feast of St Devinic immediately followed that of St Machar. Adam King's *Calendar* (1588) has :—"Novembre 12.—S. Machare bischope and confessore vndér King Solu thius in Scotland. November 13.—S. Deuinike, bischop and confessor in Scotland, vnder King Soluathius, 887." The churches of Nether Banchory and Methlick were dedicated to S Devinic.

have been as common in Scotland as they are still in many parts of the continent. Not only were crosses cut on stones but on trees as well, and these served as landmarks.*

I have alluded in another paper to the Bible record of the raising of what may be called tribal stones and their use as land marks, as in the case of the "Stone of Bohan, the son of Reuben;" and also of personal memorial stones, such as the pillar set up by Absolom. In the middle ages crosses or stones were raised above the spot where a person had been slain,† just as

high and five feet broad at the base. . . . . The erection of these cairns is not in these parts of Scotland an occasional or rare, but an every-day occurrence. I subjoin a sketch of one, which is quite recent, and which was built to the memory of a man about whom I myself knew a good deal."

* Dr Stewart mentions a charter of Robert Bruce (1317), in which the march line of the property is said to extend "ad crucem et magnum lapidem in via regia," another, dated 1283, in which "standing stones" and "trees marked with crosses of old" are given as landmarks; and a third in which the boundary is "ad quercus qui habent cruces." In a note to his *Sculptured Stones*, he states:—The marking of trees and stones with crosses appears in very early records of the Frankish kings. Among other instances quoted by Ducange is a precept by Childebert I., A.D. 528, in which a boundary is defined "usque in vallem ubi Cruces in arbore et lapides subtus infigere jussimus . . . . ubi Cruces in arbores quasdam . . . . et lapides subterfigere jussimus." In a charter of the lands of Burgie to the monks of Kinloss by King Alexander II. in 1221, one of the boundary-lines is said to run from a great oak which Malcolm Earl of Fife at first caused to be marked with a cross. Again he mentions that in the Registry of Arbroath, it is stated that when the Abbot and Sir Thomas de Rettre (in 1253) were settling their boundaries, they cut a cross on a stone as a landmark.

† Dr Stewart says:—"Leland tells us that a cross was set up near a bridge at Wakefield 'to mark the place where the Duke of Yorke or his sun the Erle of Rutheland was slayne.' To show the spot at Pontefract whereon Thomas Earl of Lancaster had been beheaded, A.D. 1322, a wooden cross was set up; later, one of stone took its place. A stone cross was erected on the spot where King Alexander III. met his fate near Kinghorn." In describing the coronation of this King, Fordun incidentally mentions another use to which the cross was put. He states that the Barons of Scotland met at Scone "and led Alexander, soon to be their King, up to the cross which stands in the graveyard, at the east end of the church. There they set him on the royal throne, &c." This forcibly brings to mind the ancient Jewish custom. Abimelech was made King "by the pillar which was in Shechem;" Jehoash was anointed King by Jehoida, and "the King stood by a pillar as the manner was;" and Jephthah was elected ruler of Israel at Mizpeh, where Jacob and Laban had raised a memorial stone. In a like manner the Irish kings received homage by the stone which stood on the hill of Tara. The Macdonalds swore allegiance to their chief by the black stones of Iona, and on an islet in Loch-Finlagan, in Jura, Martin, at the end of the 17th century, saw a stone with a deep impression on it, to receive the feet of Macdonald, when he was proclaimed Lord of the Isles. Some crosses have been raised, if not on

wooden crosses are still placed where a murder has been committed in Spain and Italy. In Celtic times a cairn and monolith marked a grave, just as a headstone and earthen mound do now. It is thus that Campbell's Glenara exclaims—

Here let us place the grey stone of her cairn.

The Book of Leinster (1160) alludes to the practice, in stating what followed the death of Donn, who died, or was drowned, as he was sailing at the south of Irrus :—

There was raised *a cairn with the stone of his race*,
Over the broad sea,
An ancient stormy dwelling; and Tech Duinn*
It is called.

This was his great testament
To his numerous children,
To me, to my house, come ye all
After your deaths.†

Ossian sings in *Berrathon*:—"We passed away like flames that had shone for a season; our departure was in renown. Though the plains of our battles are dark and silent, our fame is in the four grey stones."‡

battlefields, at least in commemoration of battles. Speaking of the Forres cross, Professor Wilson says it "bears unmistakeable evidence of the commemoration of some great victory, long prior to the era of Danish invasion." Hardyknute, a ballad in the ancient style, but probably written about the year 1700, alludes to this custom.

Here on a lee, where stands a cross
Set up for monument,
Thousands fu' fierce that summer's day
Fill'd keen war's black intent.

* "Tech," I take to be equivalent to *Lech* or *Clach*, and "Tech Duinn" would therefore be simply—Donn's stone.

† Co tuarcbad corn la lia a cheneoil
As lir lethach,
Sen treb tontech conid tech Duinn
De don garar.

Ba h-esin a h-edacht Adbul
Dia chlaind chetaich,
Cucum dom tic tissaid uili
Iar bar n-ecaib.

MS. Trinity College, Dublin (H. 2, 18). See Skene's *Chronicles o the Picts and Scots*, p. 49.

‡ The Rev. Dr Hugh Blair, in his *Critical Dissertation on the Poems of Ossian*, says:—"The great object pursued by heroic spirits was 'to receive their fame,' that is, to become worthy of being celebrated in the songs of bards; and 'to have their name on the four grey stones.' To die, unlamented by a bard, was deemed so great a misfortune

It will be clearly seen from this and the foregoing that Donn wished his memorial stone to mark the burying-place of his descendants. In Christian times the custom of raising a family cross in a burying-ground was very common in the Highlands and Isles. Thus the shaft of a cross in Iona bears the following inscription :—"Hec est crux Lacclanni Meic Fingone et ejus Filii Johannis Abbatis de Hy. Facta Anno Domini

as even to disturb their ghosts in another state." It was only to the renowned warrior that the memorial stone was justly due. Thus, the dying Fillan adjures his elder brother Ossian :—"Ossian, lay me in that hollow rock. Raise no stone above me, lest one should ask about my fame. I am fallen in the first of my fields ; fallen without renown. Let thy voice alone send joy to my flying soul. Why should the bard know where dwells the early-fallen Fillan." Hector Boece in his *Croniklis of Scotland* says that King Reutha, who lived some two hundred years before Christ, "was the first King amang the Scottis that fand ingine to put nobill men for thair vailyeant dedis in memory, and maid riche sepulturis for the bodyis of thaim that war slane be Britonis in defence of this realme. He commandit als monie hie stanis to be set about the sepulture of every nobil man as was slane be him of Britonis. In memory heirof, sindry of thaim remanis yit in the hielandis, that the pepill may knaw sic men war vailyeant in thair dayis ; throw quhilk it come in use that the sepulturis of nobill men was haldin in gret reverence amang the pepill. On thir sepulturis was ingravin imageris of dragonis, wolfis, and other beistis; for no inventioun of letteris was in thay dayis to put the deidis of nobil men in memore." And again, in his treatise *The New Maneris and the Auld of Scottis*, he says of the Celts that—"Thay usit the ritis and maneris of Egyptianis *(a)*, fra quhome thay tuk thair first beginning. In all thair secret besines thay usit not to writ with common letteris usit amang othir pepil, but erar with sifars and figuris of beistis maid in maner of letteris, sic as thair epithafis, and superscriptoun abone thair sepulturis shauis."—See Stewart's *Sculptured Stones*, vol. i., p. 3, vol. ii., p. 44.

*a* Boece here alludes to the mediæval tradition of the Egyptian origin of the Scots, who set forth on their travels under the guidance of Gathelos of Greece and his wife Scota (daughter of Pharoah of Egypt who expelled the Israelites), from whom the Scots are said to derive their name. Referring to what Boece call "sifars," I am impelled again to refer to a lecture in which I described the famous Newton Stone, in the parish of Culsalmond, in the Garioch. I therein mentioned no less than seven different attempts to dicipher its inscription, Two gentlemen, Professor Mill of Cambridge, and Dr Davies, the explorer of ancient Carthage, both believed it to be Phœnician, but materially differed each with the other in the rendering. Of the remaining would-be solvents, one pronounced the legend to be Latin, another Greek, another Celtic, another Egypto-Arabian, and finally, one Hebrew, written in Arian characters. Though I cannot myself even attempt a solution of the inscription, there are certain points to be observed which cannot fail to strike the careful observer. Thus we find among the figures of the Newton inscription the Greek letters gamma, epsilon, iota, lambda, omicron, tau, upsilon, &c. Ancient Egyptian symbolical figures are usually classed in a general way as—1st, Enchorial (demotic) or popular ; 2d, Hieroglyphic or sacred. We find figures on the Newton stone akin to the former, as well as to the Greek. Thus the Greek "iota" in Egypt signifies one ; a figure nearly resembling the "gamma" (the third letter of the Greek alphabet) represents thirty ; and the "gamma" itself (which is equivalent to the ox-headed asp) is the pronoun him. Many other figures on the Newton stone exactly resemble Egyptian characters, such as the hatchet-shaped symbol which represents God. I must not omit to mention that the cross-shaped figure, with rectangular terminations to the arms, pointing *deasoil* or sunways, is a Gnostic talisman.

$m_o.cccc_o.lxxxix_o.$"* The Campbelton cross has the legend—"Hec est crux Domini Yvari M. Heachyrnai quondam Rectoris de Kyl Recan et Domini Andree nati ejus Rectoris de Kil Coman qui hanc crucem fieri faciebat."† Dr Stewart states Doctor Reeves to have fixed the date of this inscription about 1500. The Inveraray cross is inscribed—"Hec est crux nobilium virorum videlicet Dondcani Meicgyll Ichomghan Patricii filii ejus et Maelmore filii Patricii qui hanc crucem fieri faciebat."‡ Dr Stewart thinks this cross is of the same age as that at Campbelton. At Kilkerran are crosses to Colin $M_c$Eachern and Katharine his wife, and to Christian $M_c$T. and his wife. The cross of Alexander Macmillan stands at Kilmorrie; the Macleans had a cross at Iona, and examples might be multiplied.

* This is the cross of Lachlan Mackinnon and his son John, Abbot of Iona. Raised A.D. 1489.

† This is the cross of Sir Iver McEachern, formerly rector of Kilrecan, and of Sir Andrew his son, rector of Kilchoman, who caused this cross to be made.

‡ This is the cross of the noble men, namely, Duncan Macgill Mhic Choman, of Patrick his son, and of Maelmore, son of Patrick, who caused this cross to be made.

*(To be Continued.)*

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## ORAN DO DHUIN-UASAL GAIDHEALACH.

Lascuir uir a chuil reidh,
Gur e d' fhaicinn an de,
A chuir m' intinn gu gleus,
Chuir mi bhualadh na'n teud,
Fhleasguich uasail na 'm beus,
'S beag an t-iognadh thu fein,
A bhi d' righ thair gach treun buadhail.

'S math thig feile mu d' ghlun,
Sporran ban o's a chionn,
As an diolta na cruin,
Fhir a reiticheas cuis,
Fhir is aoidheala gnuis,
'S math thig gorm bhoinead uir
Air do dhonna-chamag dhlu dhualaich.

Gur tu Gaidheal na 'm buadh,
Sheasadh annradh air cuan,
'Nuair a b' airde an stuagh,

Muir a barcadh mu'n cuairt,
Cas a dhireadh na'n cruach,
'S eutrom shiubhlas gach bruach,
Anns an ard-chreachan fhuar,
Chluinnte caismeachd do luaidh buadhar.

Gaidheal rioghail mo ghaoil,
Leis 'm bu mhiann bhi 's an fhraoch,
Is a chuilbheir ri thaobh,
Anns an uir-mhadainn chaoin,
Nuair bhiodh driuchd air an fhraoch,
Is e'g iarruidh na gaoith
Air fear cabrach na'n caol luath-chas.

Nuair bhiodh pioban air ghleus,
Fiodhal 'dusgadh na'n teud,
Air an urlar ghlan reidh,
Gum bu luthor do cheum,
Fhir is binn thogas seisd,
Fhir is uaisle na d' bheus,
'S ioma aon thug dhuit speis,
'S tu gun samhla measg cheud uasal.

Gur tu 'n Gaidheal glan deas,
Nuair bhios t-airm air do chrios,
Fhir is ardanaich beachd,
Gur tu 'n ceannard air feachd,
Nuair a tharlas tu 'n gleachd,
Bidh a bhuaidh-chaithream leat,
Fhir nach duallach bhi meat,
'S tu fo fheile n' am pleat cuaiche.

Fhir ga'n nadur bhi suairc,
Se bhi baigheal do dhual,
'S tu air tarladh o'n t-sluagh,
Leis nach b'abhaisd a ghruaim,
Fuil na'n Granndach o'n tuath,
Ann a d' phorabh le buaidh,
Is fuil Righrean a chuain,
'G eiridh ard ann a d' ghruaidh shnuadhair.

'S ann a Lochlunn a nall,
Thainig por nach robh fann,
A bha 'm misneach neo-ghann,
An am srol chuir ri crann;
Mur an tuil-bheum na deann,
Tighinn roimh gharbhlach na'n gleann,
Bhiodh Cloinn Neacail na'n lann,
Nuair a thigeadh orr' am cruaidh chais.

MAIRI NIC EALAIR.

## CHARACTER OF OSSIAN'S POEMS.

THESE celebrated compositions have raised various questions, some of which are still unsettled. The first is, Were the poems professedly translated and published by James Macpherson in two volumes, in 1762 and 1763, forgeries of his own composition? This Dr Samuel Johnson immediately answered in the affirmative, and also denied the poems any merit whatever, declaring that "many men, women, and children," could compose such works. Several men of note have echoed Johnson's opinions, down to Lord Macaulay, who, in his History of England, has gone out of his way to attack the genuineness of these poems. Yet it is easy to ascertain that Macpherson was in reality merely what he originally professed to be, a translator. In fact we have the whole story of his labours in this matter given minutely by persons of unimpeachable veracity, from their own knowledge.

The testimonies of these persons have been answered only by sneers and sarcasms. Johnson attempted to destroy their credibility by the bold assertion that the witnesses were Scotch, and "a Scotchman must be a sturdy moralist who does not love Scotland better than truth." Laing, himself a Lowland Scotchman, would limit this alleged proclivity to lie for the honour of their country to Highlanders. He tried to prove that the poems could not be ancient, and then declared that "all the oaths in the Highlands" would not prove them so, when in fact not a single oath to that effect was ever made; the few depositions actually taken being confined to what the deponents heard and saw.

When we refer to the evidences, it becomes a matter of surprise that there should now be any doubt on the subject. Although we have not the explicit testimony of the individuals who gave Macpherson every one of the poems in his collection, yet we have such evidence regarding most of them, including the three longest. He got copies of *Cath-loda*, *Comala*, and *Carric-thura* from Captain John Macdonald of Breakish,* Isle of Skye. He got a copy of *Fingal*, complete, in manuscript, from Mac-

* Sinclair's "Ossian" (London, 1807), vol. i., p. ccv.

donald of Clanranald,* and he procured the contents of *Temora* from various persons in the Highlands.† The Rev. John Farquharson, a grand-uncle of Farquharson of Inverey, made a collection of Gaelic poetry prior to 1745, which contained many of Ossian's poems. He afterwards took the manuscript with him to Douay in France, in the seminary of which he had been appointed Prefect of Studies. "I have an hundred times seen him," says Mr James Macgillivray of Edinburgh, "turning over his folio when he read the translation and comparing it with the Erse; and I can positively say that I saw him in this manner go through the whole poems of Fingal and Temora. Although I cannot speak so positively of his comparing the other poems in the translation with his manuscript, I am convinced he had them, as he spoke in general of having all the translated poems; and I never heard him mention that any poem in the translation was wanting in his collection."‡

Such evidence effectually disposes of the assertions that the Gaelic is only a translation from the English of James Macpherson, and that the poems are, in substance, his composition, possibly based on ballads and scraps of Gaelic poetry. Indeed it is an undoubted fact that, outside of these poems, James Macpherson never wrote a line of Gaelic in his life, either in verse or prose, and that all his own poetical compositions are as dead as his translation of Homer. I may add that, to a person who possesses a fair knowledge of Gaelic, and compares the original poems with Macpherson's translation, such statements must appear absurd; for he will not only meet incessantly with errors arising from haste, ignorance, or a desire to improve, but he will readily perceive that the original author was a man of mental calibre very superior to his translator's.

Macpherson stated and believed that he had collected all the genuine works of Ossian which were then extant in the Highlands; and although he was mistaken in this, yet I believe that the Gaelic which he collected contains all the real works of Ossian now in existence, except possibly a few fragments of no great value. Con-

* Highland Society's "Report on Ossian's Poems" (Edinburgh, 1805), pp. 30-34, and Appendix, pp. 94-97, 277-279.

† John Clark's "Answer to Shaw's Inquiry, &c." (Edinburgh, 1781), pp. 17-18.

‡ Sinclair's Ossian, vol. i., p. xlix.

sequently by the works of Ossian, I understand his collection exclusively. There is abundant evidence that these poems were universally attributed to Ossian, the son of Fingal, and deemed very ancient—how ancient was not said.*

One of the manuscripts which Macpherson got from Clanranald, and which contained the poem of Fingal in the ancient character, was dated 1410; and there are various allusions to these poems found scattered among the works of Scottish authors, from the days of Barbour downward. When we study the poems themselves, three inferences are forced upon us.

1st. They are all the compositions of one person. The structure, style, and sentiments are the same throughout. It is all in rhymed octosyllabic verse, in a nervous melliflous style, far excelling the common run of Gaelic poetry in these respects; and the sentiments are everywhere lofty and martial.

2d. The author must have been a man of tender as well as lofty genius, for, notwithstanding the elevation of his style, his works abound with pathetic passages, expressed in suitable terms.

3d. The poems bear every indication of great antiquity. We find throughout not the slightest allusion to anything pertaining to the Christian religion, or to the more recent history of Scotland. The story is always simple, with an entire absence of anything like plot or art, although these are found in some of the compositions attributed to Ossian. The structure of the language is widely different from any other Gaelic composition. Not only does it contain obsolete words, but terms are used in antiquated significations, and the etymology as well as the syntax is occasionally different from that of modern times. Hence arises considerable obscurity, which has occasionally misled reciters, who have marred the sense by substituting for the original terms others which they understood. The allusions to manners, arts, and the state of the country, all indicate great antiquity.

We may safely infer that the poems are Ossian's, because they have been universally attributed to him, and we have never heard a word of any other countryman capable of composing them. There is no other Gaelic poet of the epic class whose compositions possess any merit. We have abundance of Gaelic

* See the Appendix to the Highland Society's "Report," already referred to, pp. 9, 31, and 38.

poetry excellent of its kind, but Ossian's works contain the only epics in the language worth reading; all other attempts of Gaelic bards in this line being complete failures, including some imitators of Ossian. The great contests of the Caledonians with the Romans and the Northmen for independence produced all the elements of the epic character, while long and close observation of surrounding scenes and incidents furnished all the requisite details. The petty wars and intestine feuds of subsequent ages were calculated to produce merely bitter invectives, and not epic poems. Hence we have many of the former, and none of the latter, after the heroic age.

Admitting that these poems are genuine, ancient compositions, a very important question still remains: Are they real historical compositions, or are they mere romances, like Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso?" The latter opinion was held by Dr Hugh Blair, as clearly appears from his preface to the edition of Ossian's works which appeared at Edinburgh in 1792. Macpherson, on the other hand, took them to be all historical compositions, though with poetical embellishments.

Internal evidence supports the historical theory. A lady who greatly admired the poems once observed to me that she did not like the poet's killing off so many of his heroes. I answered that I believed they were killed, not by the poet, but by the sword. A poet recording actual occurrences would of course have to relate the death of heroes killed in battle, while a mere romancer generally saves our feelings by letting them escape, at least with their lives. There are also many other incidents related in these poems which are heart-rending rather than romantic, while there is a general absence of the marvellous, the staple of mere romance. At the same time we meet with various narratives which possess no interest beyond their being records of actual occurrences worth preserving, and which consequently a romancer would exclude.

External evidence leads to the same conclusion. Many of the statements contained in these poems are corroborated by ancient historians, both domestic and foreign. Nowhere else do we find so graphic, full, and faithful a picture of an old Scandinavian sea-king, as that of Swaran, while Ossian's account of Odin and the Val-halla agrees with the oldest Norse authorities on

these subjects. It is true that he goes further than Greek or Roman historians regarding the victories of the Caledonians, yet even here ascertained facts sustain his statements. He admits and briefly records the defeat of his countrymen by Agricola; and if no classic author explicitly states Fingal's victory over Caracalla, the subsequent conduct of this individual, as stated by Herodean and Dion Cassius, shows that there must have been such a victory, while the earlier victories of Trenmor are proved by the sudden abandonment by the Romans of all the country to the north of the Forth. The incursions of the Caledonians into the Roman territories, during the reign of Commodus, are mentioned by Dion Cassius; and the enormous wall of Severus, upwards of 73 miles long, with its many towers, forts, and castles, and two legions to guard it, fully confirm all that Ossian says regarding the formidable character of Fingal and his warriors. The exploits of Fingal in Ireland are referred to both in Norse annals and in the oldest and most reliable of Irish chronicles.

We may therefore safely conclude that we have in these poems the oldest native authentic narratives relative to the history of Britain and Scandinavia. The ghost stories which occur in them ever and anon are not in the slightest degree inconsistent with this conclusion, for they are only such as were believed by the poet himself and his countrymen generally; and indeed a similar belief prevails extensively among their descendants at this day.

With regard to their form, the poems are all in lyric measures, and were evidently intended to be sung, and played on the harp; but as to their character, most of them are evidently of the epic kind, though some are dramatic, elegiac, or purely lyric.

As to their merits little need now be said. They are entirely free from anything of an immoral tendency. Even when the poet relates acts of cruelty or violence, he does this in such a way that the effect on the mind is never debasing. War is of course the staple of them all, but his descriptions of it are anything but attractive; and he attributes his forlorn condition in old age to the fact that "his days had been passed among battles." The composition is in a lofty strain throughout, while it abounds with pathos. At the same time it is free from the wild absurdities which abound in works erroneously attributed to Ossian. The

attentive reader is satisfied that the author adheres throughout to the simple truth, though of course related in poetic language and embellished with poetic imagery. Viewed as historic compositions, the poems possess the great advantage of being the works of a contemporary, who witnessed and actually took part in many of the scenes which he records, while he had accounts of the rest from eye-witnesses.

In these poems we meet with as much variety of incidents and characters as could be expected in the author's circumstances, and that we find nothing more is a proof of his truth to nature. In real life every individual has his peculiar character, and so, in the works of Ossian, no two characters are alike; while his descriptions of scenery and his metaphors are all such as harmonize with the age and country in which he lived.

The same remark is applicable to the tone of the poems. Those composed in his earlier years are in a buoyant spirit, free from any tinge of grief; while we perceive a mournful strain in the works of his old age, after he had seen his two valiant brothers and his more valiant only son killed in battle, and then lost his sight. This, however, does not prevent even these four poems containing various episodes and descriptions of a cheerful character, so that the total effect is generally pleasing as well as elevating.

One very striking feature of these poems is the author's moderation and justice in handling the character of opponents. If he represents Cairber as "base and bloody," he is quite justified in doing so, when even his own bards refused to sing his elegy. At the same time Ossian gives a very different picture of Camor, Cairber's brother, "the greatest chief of Erin's race," whose character is one of the finest in all the poems. Instead of railing at the Romans, as Tacitus makes Galgacus do, the worst he says of them is, "the strangers of lofty words." He seems to have been sufficiently observant to notice the estimable traits in the Roman character, and honest enough to give them due credit. Though they were ambitious, they compared very favourably with the Scandinavians, the other great enemies of his country. Even these, however, he does not represent as uniformly bad. Not only was Ossian as great an admirer of Scandinavian women as his father was before him, but he gives attractive pictures of

many of the Scandinavian men; and even Swaran, "strangers' ferocious foe," has several good traits attributed to him from boyhood to old age, for he must have been quite an old man when he encountered Fingal in Ireland.

Taking them altogether, these poems are wonderful productions. They contain the only epics of great merit which Scotland, Highland or Lowland, ever produced; and the strong statement of Sir Walter Scott, no mean judge, that "they gave a new tone to poetry throughout Europe," seems to be borne out by the facts, although at that time made known only in a too hasty and defective translation of Macpherson.

TORONTO, CANADA. PATRICK MACGREGOR.

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# Correspondence.

## GAIRLOCH CHURCHYARD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—In this month's *Magazine* I observe Mr William Allan very feelingly expresses his indignation at the state of the Churchyard here, where rests all that is mortal of his brother poet, William Ross, and of the no less famed John Mackenzie, of the "Beauties."

For some years back a few persons in the district, at their own expense, got the rank grass and nettles, in which the Churchyard abounds, cleared out once or twice annually. Last year, however, it was resolved instead to endeavour to get up a fund, the interest on which, applied annually, should be sufficient to put into and keep the Churchyard in decent order. I am sorry to say that in most of our townships the collectors for this fund, whether from their own fault or otherwise, were anything but successful; while others—prominently this same neighbourhood, Poolewe and Kinlochewe—subscribed handsomely. Sir Kenneth has not yet been applied to, but when he is, I am satisfied he will give heartily and liberally, as he always does to any worthy object.

If I might appeal to your numerous subscribers, at home and abroad, interested in the ashes mouldering in our beautifully situated, though hitherto sadly neglected Churchyard, I need hardly say it will give me great pleasure to receive and acknowledge their subscriptions towards this good cause.

I may further add that Sir Kenneth Mackenzie more than once, and also very recently, expressed to me his readiness, not only to give land *free* for an extension of the burying-ground—which is desirable—but also, at his own expense, to build the enclosing wall, provided the people lay the stones on the ground.—I am, &c.,

A. BURGESS.

THE BANK, GAIRLOCH, ROSS-SHIRE, 24th October 1881.

## THE REV. ALEXANDER MACGREGOR, M.A.

In our last we intimated the death of the Rev. Alexander Macgregor, M.A., of the West Church, Inverness, on the 19th of October last, from a stroke of paralysis. We then scarcely realised the great loss which Inverness and the Highlands had suffered, and we have not done so in its full extent even yet. It is, indeed, difficult to realise that we shall never again see him in the flesh. He who for years scarcely failed to make his daily call, until within the last twelve months, when he was perceptibly getting more frail and we were a little further out of his way. Even then he would pay a visit two or three times a-week, and have his interesting chat, his quiet, enjoyable laugh, and his puff, for he heartily enjoyed the calumet of peace, though he never carried pipe nor tobacco. His fund of anecdote, Highland story and tradition, was inexhaustible; and the various incidents in his own life-experience, which he enjoyed to recapitulate in his characteristically modest and charming style to his more intimate friends, were delightful and most instructive to listen to.

He was for ever doing good. The number of letters, petitions, and recommendations which he has written for the poor is scarcely credible. No one asked for such favours in vain from him. He was the means of starting many a young man in a successful career, especially young men from the Isle of Skye, among whom may be mentioned Mr Rowland Hill Macdonald, of the Glasgow Post-Office, and Mr Matheson, Collector of Customs at Perth. He often related the particulars of their humble beginnings; how he was instrumental in securing their first civil appointments, and how interested he continued to feel in their success in life; and, were this the place, the story would well bear the telling much to his and their honour. Among other acts of goodness he succeeded in securing pensions, of £100 each, for the late Misses Maccaskill, and for years before their death he personally drew the money for them.

In his ministerial sphere his labours were incessant. He was always in a hurry, visiting the dying, the poor, or the distressed in spirit; going to a marriage, a baptism, or a funeral. And it made not the slightest difference to what faith they belonged.

The sympathies of his large heart extended to every denomination, Catholic, Episcopalian, or Dissenter; while, at the same time, he stood firmly by his own beloved Kirk, and fully believed in her as *the* Church of Scotland. Though his own congregation in recent years largely increased—more than double during the last fifteen—he was as often consoling the last moments of the dying of other denominations as those of his own flock. He was ever in request at the supreme moment to sooth and encourage. He left those of his cloth who had been cast in a more contracted ecclesiastical mould to thunder out the law. His favourite theme was the Saviour and His Gospel of love and peace to men. He was constantly smoothing away any difficulties occurring between his friends, and he almost invariably succeeded in bringing them again together. Some of his most intimate personal favourites were adherents of other denominations; and you were as sure to meet him at the funeral of a Roman Catholic as at that of a Presbyterian. His large heart, his truly catholic spirit, his boundless charity knew not the mean, selfish, repulsive creed of those that would scarcely admit to Heaven any one but those who could see eye to eye with them in mere matters of ecclesiastical form and ceremony. When a boy we would run a mile off the road to escape meeting the minister. Children almost adored Mr Macgregor. They would run after him, meet, and cling to him. He loved them; they instinctively knew it; and they loved him in return; and there are no better judges of the man who deserves to be loved than they are. He endeared himself, in short, to all who knew him—old and young.

We must, however, now deal more with his career as a minister and a man who left his mark, deeply impressed, especially on the literature of the Highlands. And we cannot more appropriately introduce the subject than by quoting a letter from the Rev. Robert Neil, minister of Glengairn, a gentleman who occasionally corresponded with our revered friend in his latter years. Mr Neil writes under date of 28th October:—

I was truly sorry to hear of the death of your much esteemed contributor, the Rev. A. Macgregor, an event which has called up many tender recollections in this, his native glen. As there will, no doubt, be a lengthened notice of him in an early number of the *Celtic Magazine*, I beg to communicate certain facts in his family history in correction of several mistaken statements made in the newspaper notices of his death.

His father, the Rev. Robert Macgregor, came from Perthshire in the end of the last century to be Missionary on the Royal Bounty at Glengairn, and continued there until 29th December 1822, when he left to be minister of Kilmuir, in the Isle of Skye. During his residence in Glengairn he became exceedingly popular both as a preacher and as a member of society, and his memory is still fondly cherished by not a few of the older inhabitants who have a vivid recollection of his pulpit ministrations, and of the kindly way in which he mingled with them in their joys and in their sorrows.

His lately deceased son was born in the Mission House in 1808, I believe, and he is also well remembered by several of his surviving school-fellows, by whom he was much beloved.

Besides preaching in Gaelic and English, his father taught a school through the week, and, as he was possessed of no mean scholarly attainments, he was enabled to impart to his son in early life that sound education which in after days bore such ample fruits. His excellent management in financial affairs is likewise worthy of record. Although his stipend here never exceeded sixty pounds, yet on that small sum he brought up a large family, and saved what was considered at the time of his leaving for Skye no trifling amount.

Young Macgregor entered the University of Aberdeen when a mere boy, and matriculated at King's College at the early age of twelve, two years before his father removed to Skye. Here he made the acquaintance of the famous Celtic scholar, Ewen Maclachlan, then Rector of the Grammar School, and the leading spirit in the Aberdeen Highland Association of his day. Mr Macgregor delighted to relate the circumstances connected with his first interview with his distinguished brother Celt, and tell how, under Maclachlan's influence, was fanned the natural love which even then existed in his own youthful bosom for the language, literature, and antiquities of the Highlanders. He regularly attended the University, graduating in due course, after having carried away several valuable prizes for distinction in natural philosophy and mathematics. Having gone through the usual course in the Divinity Hall, he returned to Skye, was duly licensed as assistant to his father, and soon became a very popular preacher. In one day he received presentations to no less than three charges, one of which was to Applecross, and another to the Parish of Kilmuir, as colleague and successor to his father, which he accepted, and to which he was ordained in 1844. Here he continued for several years, imbibing the fountain of his affection in after years for his beloved "Isle of Mist" and its people, and gathering the vast stores of traditionary Gaelic legend and lore, with which he afterwards, in these pages and elsewhere, delighted so many thousands of his countrymen. He

continued in Kilmuir until his father's death ; but soon afterwards received a call to the Gaelic Church, Edinburgh, which he accepted. He then removed, with some reluctance, from his beloved Isle to minister to his Gaelic countrymen in the Scottish metropolis.

In 1853, on the death of the Rev. Alexander Clarke, he was presented to the West Church, Inverness, where he ceaselessly ministered to a devoted and steadily increasing congregation until a week before his death. He was the most loveable man, and the best beloved in the Highland Capital. As the *Courier* prettily and accurately puts it—

> His quiet and pleasant manner, and the kindly interest which he took in the concerns of his parishioners were not assumed for the occasion, but were natural and habitual traits of his character. It mattered nothing to him whether the persons who solicited his services belonged to his own congregation or not. He was incapable of refusing to do a kindly office, and he never dreamt of sparing himself trouble, He never acted as if conferring a favour. There was no formality in his nature. He chatted away with a frankness and simplicity that won universal confidence, and by their transparency kept guile at a distance.

Mr Macgregor, though one of the most eloquent and best Gaelic speakers of his time, curiously enough, did not, for many years, preach in his native language ; but though he did not use it in the pulpit, he did so constantly in his ceaseless visitations of the Gaelic portion of his own flock and the general body of the Gaelic population of the town and district, and found it a sure and ready means to reach and touch their warm Highland hearts.

Though he will be sorely missed in the Highland Capital as a man, a minister, and as a Christian of wide catholic sympathies and true charity, throughout the Highlands and the country generally, he will be specially missed as a genuine type of the fine old Highlander, as our best Gaelic scholar, and the first authority upon all questions connected with the history, antiquities, traditions, language, and literature of his countrymen ; and he was ever ready to give the benefit of his extensive knowledge to others. He has written what would form several volumes since he first commenced, in the parish of Kilmuir, to issue among his neighbours, his manuscript magazine, the "Kilmuir Conservative Gazette," written entirely in his own beautiful hand. He afterwards contributed to almost every periodical or newspaper that interested itself in any phase of

Highland life and thought. He contributed largely to "Cuairtear nan Gleann," edited by Old Norman Macleod. Most of his contributions are signed "Sgiathanach," or "Alasdair Ruadh," but many are only signed "S.," and, in several cases, not at all. On one occasion, during the absence of the editor, he wrote the whole number, and, he repeatedly wrote the greater portion of the monthly issue. He was afterwards a regular contributor to "Fear Tathaich nam Beann," conducted by the Rev. Dr Clerk, of Kilmallie. In his latter years he contributed largely to the *Gael*, published by Angus Nicholson, first in Glasgow and latterly in Edinburgh. To this periodical he contributed in all not less than some 270 closely printed pages of the purest, idiomatic Gaelic, between 1872 and 1877, while during the same period he wrote extensively for the *Highlander* and the *Celtic Magazine.*

It will be remembered that his name appeared on the title-page of our first volume as joint Editor, a fact which, no doubt, greatly helped to secure for the magazine its early popularity among educated Highlanders. His contributions are still fresh in the memory of the reader, but we may recal a few of the most important, such as "Destitution in the Highlands;"* "Highland Superstition," afterwards considerably extended, and published as an Appendix of 64 pages to the Second Edition of "The Prophecies of the Brahan Seer;" and the "Life and Adventures of Flora Maedonald," now passing through the press in volume form. In addition to these he wrote over twenty articles on other subjects connected with the Highlands, making altogether more than 230 closely printed pages of this magazine.

His "Parish of Kilmuir," published in the "New Statistical Account" in 1842, extends to 50 pages, and is one of the most valuable contributions to that work. What he had written for that publication would have made about 20 pages additional, but the Editor found it necessary to limit the various writers to a much smaller space than Mr Macgregor was actually allowed. We have perused the original MS., and can safely assert that some of the most interesting portions to Highlanders are left out. These have, however, found their way into print in our own pages and else-

* The History of his MS. of these papers on "Highland Destitution" is a most curious one; but having already given it, in a footnote at pp. 121-122, vol. ii., it need not here be repeated.

where in connection with other subjects. He translated the Apocrypha into Gaelic several years ago, at the request of Prince Lucien Bonaparte, who paid him a visit in Inverness, and afterwards published Mr Macgregor's beautiful translation in a handsome volume. The MS., apart from its high literary merit, was itself a work of art. Several of his most valuable contributions to Gaelic Literature were delivered at meetings of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, all of which are preserved in their Annual Volume of Transactions. Among these will be found a Gaelic Lecture of great value, delivered on the 24th of October 1873, on the Highlanders, their Language, Poetry, Music, Dress, and Arms. His knowledge of Highland music was equal to his other Celtic acquirements. He was an excellent performer on the great Highland bagpipes and on the violin, and he was almost invariably, for many years, one of the judges of Highland music at the Northern Meeting. He was a popular lecturer, and delivered several in Inverness, always to large and appreciative audiences, on Highland subjects.

He was scarcely ever in bed after five o'clock in the morning, which accounts for the great amount of work he was able to perform in addition to his ministerial and parochial duties. Before breakfast he had already done a fair day's work with his pen, and, unlike most ministers, he prepared and wrote his sermons on the Mondays and Tuesdays. He had thus the rest of the week at his disposal for his other duties. He was Honorary Chieftain and Life Member of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, and on one occasion presided at one of its Annual Assemblies. It was probably very much owing to his great modesty and retiring disposition, and perhaps in consequence of the neglect of his friends that his *Alma Mater* did not confer upon him some Degree of recognition in his latter days, a fact often referred to with regret in literary circles for the last few years.

About six weeks before his death he paid a visit to his son Duncan, a Medical Doctor in Yorkshire, who took advantage of his father's visit to take him to London, where he greatly enjoyed the wonders of the Metropolis. His experiences there, and the impressions made upon him, he humorously described in a Gaelic letter to the writer, which appeared in our October number.

No one was ever more universally and sincerely mourned,

not only in Inverness but throughout the Highlands, and even among his countrymen abroad, as we have a good opportunity of knowing. Scarcely a letter reaches us but contains warm expressions of regret for his loss.

The Rev. P. Hately Waddell, LL.D., who enjoyed an evening with him here a few years ago, writes, among hundreds of others :—

It gave me great grief to see that you lost so dear a friend and so valuable a contributor. The announcement of his death in the papers was a sad surprise to myself, for I was not aware that he was complaining, and it was by your own reference to them in the magazine that I understood at all about the circumstances attending it. The slight opportunity I had of his personal acquaintance at Inverness was enough to satisfy me that he was a most estimable man, and I am quite sure that his loss will be very deeply felt by the whole community.

The Secretary of the Gaelic Society received the following letters, among several others, expressing regret :—

Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch wrote—

I am glad the Gaelic Society is to attend the funeral of our friend Mr Macgregor. I certainly should have joined in the tribute of respect that will be paid to his remains had I been able to do so. Indeed, for him it will, I think, be something more than a tribute of respect; it will be one of affection. Others will succeed him, but no one will ever replace him, and I can hardly explain to myself how much I feel the loss of one who was to me a kindly, pleasant acquaintance.

The Rev. Mr Bisset, R.C., Stratherrick, wrote—

For Mr Macgregor I have always entertained, since first I knew him, feelings of the deepest respect. As an unworthy member of the Gaelic Society, I would have considered it a melancholy duty to attend the funeral of this most worthy man—a father and pillar of the Society, and a most genuine Celt.

Colonel Cluny Macpherson of Cluny, C.B., wrote—

I was very sorry to hear of the death of the Rev. Alex. Macgregor, for whom I have had a very great regard, and I regret extremely being unable to be present at his funeral, and to pay the last mark of respect to the memory of one so much beloved.

The funeral, which was a public one, was one of the largest ever seen in Inverness. The people began to gather at 4 Victoria Terrace, the residence of the deceased, at noon, though the cortege was timed to start at 1 P.M. The *Chronicle*, for which Mr Macgregor also wrote several Gaelic contributions, accurately describes the scene :—

Among the first to arrive were the members of the Presbytery of Inverness. Religious services were conducted in the house by the venerable Dr Macdonald. Meanwhile the muster outside grew larger and larger. All classes were represented. Landowners, magistrates, clergymen of all denominations, merchants, farmers, and

humble workmen assembled with the one desire to pay a last tribute to a man who had so well represented broad charity and universal brotherhood. Dr Mackay and the Primus, as well as Dr Macdonald, were there with their weight of years. The Rev. Mr Dawson, the Catholic priest, was there also, and so were Free and Established Church ministers from a distance. The Masons of St Mary's Lodge, of which the deceased was chaplain, turned out to the number of 120; and so, to the number of 100, did the Gaelic Society, headed by Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., one of their honorary chieftains. Mr Mackintosh of Raigmore was also present.

Shortly after one o'clock the procession started in the following order :—

The Town Officers.
The Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council.
The Lodge of St Mary's Freemasons.
The Lodge of St John's Freemasons (No. 6 of Scotland).
The hearse.
The chief mourners and immediate friends.
The Presbytery of Inverness.
The Kirk-Session of the West Church.
The Members of the Gaelic Society.
The public.

In this order the long procession moved slowly by Millburn Road, Petty Street, High Street, and Church Street to Chapel-yard, where the interment took place in the presence of thousands. The pall-bearers were :—

Mr Robert Macgregor, Edinburgh, and Dr D. A. Macgregor, Clayton West, Huddersfield—sons.
Mr James Menzies, Melrose, and Mr Duncan Macgregor, Inverness—cousins.
The Rev. Dr Macdonald, High Church, Inverness.
The Rev. J. Macnaughton, Dores.
Colonel J. P. Stuart, Inverness.
Mr A. A. Gregory, Inverness.

Along the route spectators lined the sides of the streets. The town bells and those of the High and West Churches were tolled. Shops, banks, and places of business were closed. In short, business was universally suspended, and it might be said that almost all the population was in the streets. Nothing could be simpler and nothing more impressive than the manner in which Inverness paid its last tribute to the man who had so long gone in and out among its people, unostentatiously doing good, and making friends of all and enemies of none.

Inverness shall certainly never see his like again, and for ourselves, we can only repeat what we said in our last issue :—In him the *Celtic Magazine* has lost its first and best friend; while the Editor personally has lost the society of one whose most intimate and personal friendship he valued above all others, and whose life and walk he admired as the most complete model of true Christian charity and gentleness it has ever been his lot to know.

His loss to his own family and more immediate friends is not for us to measure; but their cloud of sorrow has a silver lining, which ought to qualify their bereavement, in the universal regret and sympathy of a whole people. A. M.

## HIGHLAND CROFT CULTIVATION.

AS I object entirely to the popular assertion, that our climate, and average soil, render a crofter's existence in the Highlands, miserable, or even impossible unless he cultivates at least 10 arable acres, I shall now try to show that such assertions arise merely from ignorance of agriculture.

For, the usual crops, grown on our large Highland farms (wheat and mangold excepted, unless in sunny seasons) are about in every way equal to similar crops anywhere in Britain, or abroad. And on such Highland-grown crops, for generations, as fine a race of people physically, and morally, as the world can produce, have grown up. And yet we read, and too many believe, that "Crofters cannot live and thrive, where our farmers prosper!"

A child might see that were there any truth in this assertion, the soil and climate is not to blame, and that the crofter either mismanages matters, or has not enough land to allow him to thrive; while the simple truth is, that our crofters are bad cultivators, and consequently cannot be expected to produce as good crops as that of the well cultivated neighbouring large farm, which is often merely separated from the croft by a fence. Yet, on no better grounds for criticism than mere hasty eye-service, the thoughtless are assured that crofting means no rents, and pauperism.

Now I assert, that, as a rule, crofters properly cared for, can easily pay a good rent for their land, and live on it in comfort quite unknown to townsfolk of the same rank in society. But, everything depends on their cultivating their land wisely, and as a wise landlord ought to teach them; and as I write for all concerned, I may here detail what I mean by wise cultivation.

In the first place, the croft, not above 5 acres in extent (because no average family can cultivate properly, more than this, and can live in humble comfort on an average croft of this size, or even less), must be properly trenched, cleared, drained, and limed, without which good crops need not be expected.

2d. The land must be cultivated by the spade, grape, and hoe, only. Horse-laboured land is not cared for as land ought

to be cultivated for full profit. Yet, as in Belgium, the cow may be employed in a light cart, to bring home crop and carry out manure, for some hours daily, without any injury whatever.

3d. A proper stable for feeding and manure-making, must be provided about the centre of the croft, attached to the cottage and barn. These buildings in a corner of the croft will involve an enormously greater amount of daily labour than if in its centre.

A *small* liquid manure tank (for "the mother of heavy crops") must also be provided, to which, all liquid manure will flow, for daily use, either where crop has just been removed, or crop is to be laid down, or, as constantly seen in Belgium and Switzerland, whence the invaluable manure is to be poured over the top of a carefully-built solid manure stack beside and a little higher than the tank, till, in a short time, such a stack becomes a mass of greasy black paste ready to delight the heart of every plant allowed to make its acquaintance, and beyond all comparison more valuable than the ordinary large farm dunghills.

I say small tank, because a large one tempts its owner not to empty it daily, as he ought to do. I have heard of one, so arranged with an overflow pipe ending in the kitchen fire, that any overflow of the tank damped that fire, and made its owner look alive.

4th. The crofter must be taught that till winter stops the growth of plants, a bit of the croft without crop of some kind or other, tells that he is either ignorant of farming, or an invalid, or too rich. Otherwise, no sooner has a wise crofter (like a market gardener) gathered one early flying crop from his land, than another crop is ready, prepared beforehand, to replace it. So that some of his land thus gives him several crops in the year, instead of the one that contents the untaught crofter or large farmer.

For instance, when the croft strawberry bed ends its crop in July, the crofter should have seed-beds with varieties of the cabbage and lettuce tribe, frequently and carefully lifted and replanted, in order that their roots may become so bushy, that, when planted out anywhere and watered in with tank soup, they will grow away as cheerfully as if they never had been lifted. Such prepared plants should go to carefully-dug pits between the strawberry rows, where, before winter, they will give much

excellent food for man or beast. Then, before November, the strawberry rows, too old to be left for a crop next year, should be carefully dug down with plenty old manure; and rye sown (in drills) over them, to produce the earliest green spring cattle food, no British winter preventing such rye affording three heavy cuts of excellent forage before June.

In spring, moreover, when the stolen crop planted between the strawberry rows in the previous July has been eaten, early potato cuts should be dribbled in their place, so as to be coming on for summer use, when the consumed rows of rye will be carefully dug down to form excellent manure for the early potatoes.

Then, every day that a potato plant sends its crop to market, some kind of properly prepared cabbage or lettuce plant from the seed-bed must take its place, thus giving always three good crops from that land in the year, viz., rye, early potatoes, cabbage (or lettuce loved by pigs and people), or perhaps a late but valuable crop of carrots to be drawn as required during winter. And so with other parts of the croft, land not under some kind of crop being quite offensive to a well-taught gardening crofter's eye, so long as the weather permits plants to grow.

And, except to cut green for the cow's hay, no wise crofter will sow wheat, barley, or oats, but leaves that to rich people who don't care to take out of their land as much as a crofter should do. And if he cannot so manage his crops, and cows, and pigs, and tank, and manure, on a five acre croft, it is clear that his croft is too large, part of it not being properly and profitably cultivated.

5th. A well manured plot of land, sown with Lucern or Italian ryegrass early in march, will (if tanked after each cut), in ordinary seasons, give several heavy cuts before winter. Next year the Italian ryegrass, well tanked, will give more heavy cuts before winter than those who have not seen such farming would believe. It can almost be seen to grow when properly tanked, and will become a perfectly matted covering to the ground, which then can hardly be seen. I have seen such tanked grass yielding, in December, what its industrious owner assured me was the eighth crop in that year. A cart was then being loaded with the ryegrass, cut from a space about four times its own size, on very sandy soil, but irrigated with tank liquor after every cut.

Indeed, it is not easy to exaggerate the quantity of Italian ryegrass that irrigation with liquid manure will produce in a year. An idea may be formed of what an amount of food irrigated common grass even will produce, when cowfeeders cheerfully give £30 to £40 an acre for such a crop! Will any reader of this "good news to crofters" show why a crofter cannot do in this matter what others have done and do daily, merely from irrigating with liquid manure? Lucern also, untanked, in common soil, may be depended on for four cuts yearly, each about two feet high; for ten years from sowing if kept free of weeds.

Here I may also notice a newer, valuable, and quite hardy green crop plant, viz., Prickly comfrey, which all who care for green food for cows or horses from April to November should cultivate. It will grow anywhere, although it grows best in deep strong land, and will give a cut about three feet high, three or four times yearly, in ordinary seasons, even without being tanked. Moreover, it can hardly be rooted out of the land in which it has once been planted, although weeds will injure its growth.

But I may now leave details of cropping the land, except mentioning that, while grain crops may easily be over-manured, and are constantly damaged or destroyed by rain, green crops never suffer from water, even in our wet Highland west coast, and I shall be much surprised by hearing of clover, ryegrass, Lucern, comfrey, and drumhead cabbage being over-manured. Hence, the crofter who grows green crops only, is nearly free from all anxiety about losing his crops, which too often makes the grain-grower (at least in the Highlands) careworn and hungry. But I must now halt till next month, when I expect to conclude about crops, and wind up with cheap cottage-building practical views.

EILEANACH, INVERNESS. JOHN MACKENZIE, M.D.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.—"Scotland in Early Christian Times"—Second Series of the Rhind Lectures, from David Douglas; and the "Miller O'Hirn Collection" of Strathspeys, Reels, &c., by James Scott Skinner, from the author. These will be duly noticed.

## THE HIGHLANDS.

The Highlands! the Highlands! the Highlands!
The Bays, the Sounds and the Islands,
The Land of the purple Heather,
And lofty bens,
And lovely glens,
And lochs and lakes,
And sylvan brakes,
And brawling burns,
And lovely tarns,
And gorges wild,
And streamlets mild,
And mists and fogs,
And peats and bogs,
And pine and larch,
And oak and birch,
And whin and broom,
And wild-rose bloom,
And wee blue-bells,
And ferny dells,
Combined in beauty together:
And deer and roe,
And kite and crow,
And grouse and hare,
And blackcocks rare,
And erne and fox,
And bats and brocks,
And whaups and owls,
And barnyard fowls,
And shaggy kine,
And sheep and swine,
Browsing or flying together:
And ruined halls,
And castle walls,
And huts and cots,
And kirkyard spots,
And fields of fame,
And scenes of shame,
And matrons sere,
And maidens dear,
And men still brave,
And chieftains grave
And kilts and plaids,
And claymore blades,
And pibroch skirls,
And "Hoochs" and whirls,
And tale and song,
And whisky strong,
Live still in our grand Scottish Highlands!
The Land of the Heather! and Islands!

SUNDERLAND. WM. ALLAN.

THE

# CELTIC MAGAZINE.

*Conducted by ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A. SCOT.*

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## THE MATHESONS.

BY THE EDITOR.

### II.

SKENE holds that the MacMathans or Mathesons are represented in the manuscript of 1450 as a branch of the Mackenzies, and that their origin is deduced in that document from Mathan or Mathew, a son of Kenneth, from whom the Mackenzies themselves take their name.* Their genealogy is thus given:—"Muireachach mc Doincaig ic Donch ic Donch ic Muireachach mc Cainig ic Matgamna ic Cainig," that is, "Murdoch son of Duncan son of Duncan son of Duncan, son of Murdoch son of Kenneth, son of Kenneth," the last named, according to this authority, being the common ancestor of the Mathesons and the Mackenzies, his ancestor being "Aengusa ic Cristin ic Agam mc Gillaeon oig ic Gilleon na haird" ("Angus son of Christian son of Adam son of Gilleoin Og son of Gilleoin of the Aird"). In a note Dr Skene adds that "Kermac [Kenach] MacMaghan of the Earldom of Ross is mentioned in the public accounts of Lawrence le Grant, Sheriff of Inverness (then comprehending that Earldom) cir. 1263, in the reign of Alexander the Third."† The same author in his "Highlanders of Scotland" continues:—"This origin is strongly corroborated by tradition, which has always asserted the existence of a close intimacy and connection be-

* Highlanders of Scotland, vol. ii., p. 242.

† Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis, p. 62.

tween these two clans. The genealogy contained in the manuscript is also confirmed by the fact that the Norse account of Haco's expedition mentions that the Earl of Ross, in his incursions among the Isles, which led to that expedition, was accompanied by Kiarnakr son of *Makamals*, while at that very period in the genealogy of the manuscript occur the names of *Kenneth* and *Matgamna* or Mathew, of which the Norse names are evidently a corruption." This view is corroborated by the best authorities; and whether the Mathesons are descended from the Mackenzies or not, we have no doubt that both are descended from the Old Earls of Ross.

Another authority, with the concurrence, it is understood, of the leading Mathesons of our own time, gives the following account of the origin and early history of their ancestors:—The Mathesons derive their name from the ancestor and founder of the clan, whose name, in ancient Gaelic, is spelt Mathgamna, in more modern Gaelic Mathan, but pronounced Mahan. This name, which signifies originally a bear, has been usually considered equivalent to the English name Mathew, and has always been so translated; and the clan, termed in Gaelic Clann Mhic Mathgamna, or Clan Mathan, have always called themselves Mathewsons, or Mathesons; that is, descendants of Mathgamna, Mathan, or Mathew. Their earliest possessions lay in the western part of the modern county of Ross, and included Lochalsh, Lochcarron, and part of Kintail, originally forming a part of the ancient province of Earr-a-Ghaël, or Argyll, granted for the first time to the Earls of Ross by Alexander II. after his conquest of Argyll in 1228; and as the Mathesons are derived by ancient genealogists from the same stock as the Earls of Ross, and their ancestor, Mathgamna, must have flourished, according to these genealogies, about this period, while his son, according to the same authority, actually appears on record in the subsequent reign as a man of power and influence in the western part of the county of Ross, it seems probable that these districts were granted by the Earl of Ross to the founder of the clan soon after he acquired possession of them. He is mentioned both in the Norse account of the expedition of the King of Norway against Scotland in 1263, and in the Chamberlain's Rolls for that year in connection with that expedition. In the former it is said that in

the summer of 1263 "there came letters from the Kings of the Hebrides, in the Western Isles. They complained much of the hostilities the Earl of Ross, Kiarnach the son of Makanal, and the Scots, committed in the Hebrides, when they went on to Skye. In these Norse names, Kiarnach son of Makanal," our authority agrees with Skene that "it is not difficult to recognise, Kenneth son of Mathgamna. The notice in the Chamberlain's Rolls for 1263 is in these terms:—Item, Kermac MacMaghan, C.S., pro vigintio vacc, de fine comitis de Ross dat. eidem per comitem de Buchan et Alanum Hostiarium habentes protestatem dni. regis per literas suas patentes tempore aduentis regis Norwagie."* According to the same authority, the chief crime for which Matheson had to appear before James I. at Inverness in 1427 was the part he took in the sanguinary battle of Drumnacoub, in Sutherlandshire. He was, however, soon liberated, but was afterwards killed by the Mackays, with four of his sons, for the death of their chief by Matheson at that battle. This is scarcely consistent with Sir Robert Gordon's account of that engagement, who makes no mention whatever of Matheson or any other of the Western chiefs in his description of the battle.

Dugald Roy Matheson, treated of in our last, was succeeded by his only son,

MURDOCH MATHESON, commonly called "Murchadh *Buidhe*," or Murdoch with the yellow hair. He was so indignant at his father's treatment by Glengarry that he determined to be revenged upon him at whatever cost, and to enable him to punish him effectually he proposed to enter into an arrangement with Mackenzie of Kintail, and offered to cede to him the whole of Lochalsh in return for his aid in prosecuting his vengeance against Glengarry, retaining only to himself the reversion of Fernaig and Balmacarra. Kintail, according to one authority, "readily entered into terms so advantageous to himself, and which he, in due time, found means to convert to purposes far more favourable to himself than had been contemplated" by Matheson; while another informs us that he took possession of the lands in terms of the proposed arrangement, "but neglected to perform the other part of the agreement." Murdoch left issue—

* Lineage of the Matheson Family, in the supplementary volume of Burke's "Dictionary of the Landed Gentry," 1848.

1. Roderick, who after his father's death succeeded to Fernaig.

2. Dugald, to whom his father bequeathed Balmacarra.* He had three sons, the first two of whom, Murdoch and John, were twins. The third was called Dugald Og. Murdoch was liberally educated, his father intending him for the priesthood. He, however, did not adopt the clerical profession. A misunderstanding occurred between him and Mackenzie of Kintail, "on account of some money which Mackenzie took from him by force. For this cause he went and entered a complaint before the King, who told him that 'for as soon as he could be at home his money would be there before him, and that he might have Mackenzie's head if he pleased;' at which proceeding Mackenzie was so much enraged that, slighting the King's authority, he forced Murdoch to quit Lochalsh and to take lands in Sleat. His first wife dying there, he married next a sister of Roderick Mackenzie [fourth] of Davochmaluag, by whom he had one son named Alexander. In consequence of this marriage intercession was made for him to Mackenzie, and an agreement made that he should return to Lochalsh and pay rent for Balmacarra.† Alex-

* There is a decreet for certain sums at the instance of James Cowie against "Dougall Mathewsone in Apilcroce as heir served and retoured to the deceased Murdow Mathewsone in Bellmacarra" (who was still alive on the 28th of June 1681), dated and registered "At Fortrose, 7 March 1686."—*Fragment of Deeed, Sheriff-Clerk Office, Tain.*

† Murdoch Matheson of Balmacarra appears in the Valuation Roll of the County of Ross in 1644 as heritor of lands in the parish of Lochalsh to the value of £100 Scots per annum. There is a document in the Sheriff-Clerk Office, Tain, endorsed, "Inventar, Christane Clerk, confermit 1668," and which within it is described as "Inventar of guids, &c., which pertained to the deceased Christane M'Lennan, spouse to Murdo Mathesone in Bellmackarra, within the parish of Lochalsh, who died in August 1654, given up be the same Murdo her said husband in name of Dugall and Christane, lawful children procreate twixt Murdo and the defunct, exrs. dative to the defunct. The amount is £4666 13s, confirmed on the last day of July 1668, at Lochalsh, in presence of Colin Mackenzie of Kilcoy, commissar. In the same place there is another document, dated 1676—a summons, "Mathewson ag. Mathewson"—in which "the Sheriff states that it has been shown to him be Dugall Mathewson in Bellmacarra, only son of the first marriage of Murdow Mathewsone, his father, by the deceased Christane Clerk, his first spouse, and also executor dative decerned to his said mother deceased that by contract of marriage twixt the deceased Dugall Mathewsone, Chamberlayne of Lochalsh, for himself, and taking burden for his lawful son, the said Murdow and Mr Donald Clerk, minister of Lochalsh, and taking burden for his said umq$^{ll}$ daughter," of date 27 April 1631, certain sums were provided to the heirs of the marriage, which, not being paid by the said Murdow, he is desired to show cause for not doing so, on 15th February 1676.

ander, his son, left but one natural son called Kenneth. That Kenneth had a son called Murdoch, who died soon after marrying, leaving a son called Dugald, who was father to Donald, the late miller in Fernaig, and his brothers."* Murdoch also left a daughter, Agnes, who married Thomas Mackenzie, first of Highfield; and another, "who married to Kenneth Og MacQueen of Troutrome, in Skye, grandfather to the late Lady Raasay." John, the other twin (whom the midwife maintained to be the first-born, but who was denuded of his birth-right by his brother Murdoch, "who suborned witnesses against him for that purpose in order that all the patrimony left them jointly might fall to his own share"), was called Ian Og, denoting him as the youngest of the two. He married a daughter of John Mackenzie, fourth of Hilton, by whom he had three sons—Alexander, from whom the MATHESONS OF ARDROSS AND LOCHALSH, and of whom hereafter; Duncan, and Dugald, both of whom left issue, who settled in Lewis, Skye, Lochalsh, Lochcarron, and in Ireland. Dugald's third son, Dugald Og, had a son, John, who had six sons—Roderick, Donald, Kenneth, Murdoch, John, and Dugald, (known as "Dugald Beg MacIan Mhic Dhughaill.") Roderick and John left issue, whose descendants lived respectively in Kirkton of Lochalsh and Plockton. Dugald Beg left female issue only.

3. A daughter, said to have married Eachainn Cam, son of Hector Roy Mackenzie, first of Gairloch.†

Murdoch was succeeded by his eldest son,

RODERICK MATHESON, designated "of Fernaig." He inherited the family resentment against the house of Glengarry, and, in 1602, entered into a bond of amity with Kenneth, afterwards first Lord Mackenzie of Kintail, when the latter obtained a commission of fire and sword against Donald MacAngus of Glengarry. Matheson took a leading part in the terrible feuds which took place between the Mackenzies and the Macdonalds at this period, and signally distinguished himself at the final taking of Strome Castle from the grandson of him who treacherously inveigled and contributed to the downfall and death of Dugald Roy Matheson, his

* Iomaire MS.

† Bennetsfield MS. If this is correct she must have been a second wife. We have met with no trace of this marriage in the Gairloch Records.

grandfather.* From this period a warm friendship was maintained between the families of Mackenzie and Matheson.

He married a daughter of Donald Mor MacIan Mhic Fhionnlaidh, described in one manuscript as "Chief of the Finlaysons in Lochalsh." By her he had issue, an only son—

JOHN MATHESON, who succeeded him in Fernaig, and known among his own countrymen as "Ian MacRuari Mhic Mhathoin." The author of the Bennetsfield manuscript, referring to the charter obtained by Mackenzie of Kintail to the whole lands of Lochalsh in 1607, says that "we have by us, as the result of a gradual recognition, receipts for rents received by Seaforth to John of Fernaig of Lochalsh, a designation still retained by his successor even after he had acquired the estates of Bennetsfield and Suddy."

John married Anne, called "Anna Bheag nam mac mora," or Little Anne with the great sons, daughter of Alexander Roy,† a natural son of John Glassich, II. of Gairloch, by whom he had issue, an only son—

1. John,‡ who succeeded his father.

* For a full account of these terrible feuds, see "The History of the Macdonalds and Lords of the Isles," just published, and "The History of the Mackenzies," both by the same author.

† Iomaire MS. Captain Matheson, in the Bennetsfield Manuscript, attempts to prove that John married a daughter of Rory Mackenzie, I. of Redcastle. We have no hesitation in saying that he is in error. One of Redcastle's daughters married a *Dunbar* of Bennetsfield, and Captain Matheson must have confused this Dunbar with his own ancestor, who became the purchaser of the Bennetsfield property. The relationship of the children with Alexander Roy of Gairloch will be established in the text from the fact that John was educated by Alexander Roy's grandson and his own cousin-german, the Rev. Murdoch Mackenzie, chaplain to Lord Reay's Regiment, and afterwards Bishop of Moray and Orkney in succession. This fact is recorded even by the author of the Bennetsfield Manuscript, though he disputes the marriage connection.

‡ The author of the Iomaire MS. makes this John the second son, and says that there was a first son, Alexander, who lived in Duirinish of Lochalsh, and from whom the author of the manuscript was descended. Indeed the author claims for himself the chiefship of the clan, and if Alexander were legitimate his contention might possibly be maintained. That the chiefship is in the Bennetsfield family, descended from John named in the text, is generally admitted by the Mathesons themselves. We adopt this view in the text; but we shall deal with the question more fully when giving an account of Alexander's descendants later on. There is no doubt whatever that John succeeded his father in Fernaig, which fact is of itself pretty conclusive evidence that he was the eldest *legitimate* son. Farquhar is not mentioned in the Iomaire MS., while neither Murdoch nor Roderick Beg, whose names are given in the text, is referred to in the Bennetsfield Manuscript.

He married, secondly, a daughter of Cameron of Caillort, Lochaber, with issue—

2. Farquhar, progenitor of a family of Mathesons who settled in Glenshiel.

3. Murdoch, who lived in Achamore, and was an excellent swimmer. It is related of him that on one occasion, accompanying Mackenzie of Kintail to Lewis, he performed a remarkable feat. As they were passing the north point of Plockton, Mackenzie, who was amusing himself with his silver-hilted sword on the gunwale of the vessel, accidentally dropped it into the sea. Murdoch, noticing Mackenzie's regret for his valued blade, immediately leaped overboard, dived to the bottom, and soon appeared with what turned out to be only a tangle of sea-ware in his mouth. He soon repeated the performance, and, after a considerable search below, made his appearance this time with Mackenzie's sword between his teeth. For this service Mackenzie made him a grant of that part of Achamore called Glas-na-Muclach to himself and his heirs for ever; but having no charter for it, it was lost after the death of his son Ewen. A sunken rock near the spot where the sword was picked up is still called "Sgeir a Chlaidheamh," or the Rock of the Sword. Murdoch's descendants settled in Plockton and in Troternish, Isle of Skye.

4. Roderick, called "Ruari Beg," a celebrated swordsman, distinguished for his intrepidity and courage. He fought with Kintail in his conquest of the Lewis; and he is said to have challenged Ian Garbh Mac 'Ille Challuim of Raasay to single combat. He was invariably the leader in pursuit of the Lochaber men who on occasions paid a visit on the business of cattle-lifting to the west, and Ruari seldom failed to overtake them and recover the *creach*. He has been locally commemorated in this connection in the following lines:—

> Ruari Beag MacIan Mhic Ruari Mhic Mhurchaidh Bhuidhe,
> Dha math thig clogaide cruadhach is pic iughair,
> 'Bheireadh Creach a tir an namhaid gun aon umhail.

Roderick died without issue.

John Matheson was succeeded in Fernaig, by his eldest son, John, commonly called "Ian Mor."

*(To be continued.)*

## TALES AND ADVENTURES OF A BOTANIST:

### ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE MANNERS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

——o——

JESSIE MACLEOD.—*Continued.*

ONE morning, as the family were sitting down to breakfast, Jessie, who usually did the honours of the table, was amissing. As it was ascertained that she had left her apartment, the general opinion was that the fine morning had induced her to walk forth, as was her common practice, with her sketch-book, and that, in her amusing occupation, she had become so absorbed as to forget the breakfast hour. Hence, her absence occasioned at first but little surprise. When the morning repast, however, was nearly over, her mother began to express some uneasy feelings regarding her continued absence, and a servant was sent out to make inquiries. He returned without intelligence, which added still more to Mrs Macleod's apprehensions. But by this time the table had been deserted, and the several branches of the family had begun to disperse, as they were led by their respective inclinations or occupations. Aulduiny had occasion to ride to some distance on business, and not having the least apprehension concerning Jessie, whom he believed merely to have forgotten the time in the midst of her morning amusement, he mounted his horse, then waiting him, and immediately set out on his journey. His way led by Balanuair, and he could not pass without making a call for his esteemed friend, the Captain, though he had reason to suspect that he had already gone to the moors. He found nobody to answer his inquiries but a crazy old woman who usually acted as housekeeper in the proprietor's absence; and all he could learn from her confused tale was, that Captain Vaughan had that morning by daybreak left Balanuair for the south, and that he did not intend to return.

"The Captain gone without calling to bid us good-bye!" was Aulduiny's reflection as he again turned his horse's head to the road and resumed his trot. He rode some quarter of a mile, still musing on the unexpected neglect, when a sudden thought flashed upon his mind, which brought him to an abrupt and

total stand. For full five minutes he sat motionless, as if transformed into stone, upon his horse's back, while his thoughts were entirely absorbed in weighing together Vaughan's sudden departure and the unusual disappearance of his own daughter.

When the appalling suspicion first started up to his view, he could hardly persuade himself of the possibility of his beloved Jessie's behaving with such unpardonable levity as it implied, and he felt as if doing her an injury by permitting the idea to gain possession of his mind. But as he continued to revolve the various circumstances of the case—the assiduous and flattering attentions of the Captain, his daughter's evident embarrassment in that gentleman's company, her late unaccountable abstraction and change of manner, and many other peculiarities connected with her, his apprehensions soon assumed the character of active conviction. He then struck his throbbing forehead in the agony of his parental feelings, gazed wildly round to recall his unsettled thoughts, clapped spurs to his horse, and galloped as fast as he could in the direction which the fugitives must have taken. He slackened not his pace till he had reached, at the distance of some dozen of miles, the first stage where they were likely to make a halt. Here, in answer to his hurried inquiries, he could only learn that a chaise had passed there at an early hour in the morning; that it had stopped only till the smoking horses had swallowed a pailful of water; that during this brief space the blinds had been kept carefully shut, and that no glimpse had been obtained of the occupants within. Aulduiny waited to hear no more, but renewed his pursuit with increased expedition.

For the next few stages his information was of a similar tenor, except that at one place, on the great Highland road, the travellers had halted so long as to change horses; but still the outriders alone were visible. At Dunkeld he learned that a lady and gentleman, whose description corresponded but too exactly with that of the individuals he was in pursuit of, had alighted to take some hurried refreshment; that the lady seemed very disconsolate, and that she had been observed to apply a handkerchief to her eyes as she entered the chaise. When he reached Perth, whither he next directed his course, he could discover no traces of them; and in Edinburgh, where he arrived next morning by

the mail, his examination of the waiters at all the more respectable hotels met with no better success.

He now suspected that he had passed the culprits on the road, or had pursued a wrong route; but believing that they would pass through the Metropolis, if they intended, as he thought most probable, to continue their flight southward, he spent the day on the diligent outlook for their arrival. All he gained, however, when the shades of night began to overspread the bustling city, was but the increase of his distress and perplexity. Though dreadfully harassed, both in mind and body, by all that he had suffered since he had left Aulduiny, yet his eyelids refused to close. He passed the restless night partly in distracting deliberations as to his future proceedings, partly in writing an affectionate letter to relieve the double anxiety of those at home on account of the unexpected absence both of Jessie and himself.

Next morning his first step was to have advertisements inserted in the public papers, calculated, if they met his daughter's eye, to recall her to a sense of her duty, and induce her to return to her unhappy family. He then set himself to collect all possible information respecting Vaughan and his connections, with the hope of being thereby enabled to trace him to some of his accustomed haunts. But in this part of his investigations he could obtain no more satisfaction than he had obtained in all the steps he had yet taken. The regiment had left the horse-barracks some time ago, and none of Mr Macleod's friends knew anything more of Vaughan than he did himself. In similar fruitless attempts, and in the same doubtful state of mind as to his future measures, several days passed away; in the course of which he received a letter, in answer to his own, from his disconsolate wife, in which was enclosed a brief note dropped by Jessie herself in her flight. In this note she expressed her sorrow for the distress which her disappearance, under such circumstances, must have caused to her affectionate parents and family. She entreated them to forgive an imprudent step which the violence of her feelings, too powerful for her reason, had induced her to take. She had, indeed, been persuaded, she said, to elope with Captain Vaughan; but not till she had received the most solemn assurances of his honourable intentions, and she was confident that he was incapable of deceiving her. His reasons, she added, for this

clandestine procedure were such as had entirely satisfied her, and she had no doubt would equally satisfy them, when circumstances permitted a full explanation. If, however, she continued, it were possible that the Captain's intentions were not honourable, they might be assured that she had spirit enough to baffle his treacherous views, and that she would sooner part with her life than with her honour. She hoped to write soon as Captain Vaughan's wife, and in the meantime she requested that no pursuit would be kept up after him and her, as they would be far out of reach before the receipt of her letter, and she was not at liberty to discover the route they were taking.

The intelligence thus conveyed to Mr Macleod was nothing but what he expected; but though prepared in some measure for it, yet the full confirmation of all his fears by his idolized Jessie's own hand, and her attempt to palliate her undutiful, disgraceful, and ruinous conduct, put his parental fortitude to the sorest trial; and, in the bitterness of his heart, he had almost included his child in the deep execrations which he poured forth on her base, ungrateful, heartless companion.

His farther pursuit of the fugitives he now saw to be hopeless. Yet to reconcile his mind to give up his still dear, though undutiful child, without one effort more for her recovery, and to return without her to the bosom of his distressed family, he felt to be equally unnatural and impossible. He therefore adopted a sudden resolution to set out directly for London. Having, made some hasty preparations, and written in consolatory terms to his family—though indeed they could hardly stand in greater need of consolation than himself—he took his place in the next mail, and before the lapse of many hours had crossed the Tweed on his disconsolate journey.

We shall not attempt to follow him in all his fatiguing and fruitless researches. Vaughan had taken his measures with too much precaution and address to be baffled in his perfidious purposes; and while the heart-broken father was posting with impatient speed to the English Metropolis, those for whom he was in pursuit were still within the boundaries of Scotland. No wonder was it, therefore, that all Mr Macleod's persevering exertions, and all his numerous and variously expressed advertisements in the London papers, were attended only with dis-

appointment. Without some clue to guide him, he perceived at length the utter hopelessness of his endeavours, and he therefore came to the resolution, though it cost him many a painful struggle, to return home and abandon his undutiful daughter to the consequences of her folly.

In Glen-Uaine the disgrace that had fallen on the family of the much respected Laird of Aulduiny had awakened in every bosom no less sorrow than surprise. Such an event was quite unexampled in the annals of the glen so far back as the recollection of the oldest native extended; and for several days after the news had transpired, the majority could scarcely be persuaded to view it in any other light than that of a malicious calumny, which some enemy of the family had originated. But nobody, not even the nearest relatives of the young lady, could feel more acute distress from her defection than the pious and kind-hearted minister at Arnisdale. Mr Macintyre had beheld the lovely Jessie grow up and expand her charms under his eye. He had watched with secret pleasure the increasing attachment between her and his own Frank. He had felicitated himself on the prospect of their future union, and already regarded the daughter of his friend as one of his own children. Frank had never acquainted him, indeed, with the full extent of his engagements with Jessie having probably been restrained more by bashfulness than the fear of disapprobation. But their correspondence was no secret to him, and the sagacious old man never doubted that, when his son returned, as he trusted he soon would, with his Captain's commission, and beheld once more the lovely companion of his early days now adorned with all the graces of matured womanhood, he would be induced to make her proposals which, from the very friendly intercourse of the families, he had no fear of being rejected. The disappointment, therefore, of his own long cherished hopes conspired, with his sympathy in the afflictions of his much valued friends, to render doubly distressing to the worthy clergyman this woful step of his favourite, and his grief was still the more aggravated that he would have deemed her utterly incapable of such a deplorable dereliction of duty. Mr Macintyre, however, had taken much care to discipline himself in that control of the passions, and that pious submission to the will of Providence, which he was so assiduous in recommending

to his flock. Having, therefore, in some degree got the better of his own grief, he bent all his powers of mind to alleviate the anguish of soul under which the fair culprit's mother laboured; whose feelings, when once she became fully convinced of the extent of her daughter's folly, were such as human language cannot describe. This was by far the most delicate and affecting piece of duty which he had ever by the nature of his office been called upon to discharge. Yet his prudence and good sense enabled him to act in such a manner as to produce a very soothing effect on the mind of the poor sufferer. By unceasing kindness and a judicious seizing of such opportunities as occurred to suggest suitable ideas to her, he had the satisfaction, in the course of a few days, to see the extravagance of the heart-broken mother's sorrow beginning to subside, and a resigned and patient state of feeling taking its place.

As for Aulduiny, after all his harassing and unavailing travels, when once more he found himself approaching his now unhappy home, the conflict of emotions in his bosom caused a melancholy contrast with that serenity and lightness of heart which on former occasions he had experienced when returning after a temporary absence to his domestic hearth. His meeting with his family, especially with his beloved and faithful wife, put his fortitude to a more severe trial than it had yet had to sustain; and for the first time in Mrs Macleod's recollection, she felt his warm tears mingle with her own as she received his sorrowful but affectionate embrace.

Aulduiny's life had hitherto been little diversified with pathetic incidents, and his opportunities of exercising himself in the management of the more acute emotions of the soul had accordingly been but few. When once aroused, therefore, these emotions were most violent and wasting in their operations. So long as his mind was kept in a state of activity by the efforts which he felt himself called upon to make for the recovery of his daughter, the excitement thus occasioned enabled him to support the severity of his sufferings. But when this stimulus was withdrawn, and his spirits were allowed to sink down to the melancholy calm of hopeless sorrow, it was then that the effects of the outraged feelings which preyed upon his heart began to manifest themselves. Hence it happened that a few days after his return he was obliged to take to bed, and many weeks elapsed before he was again in a condition to leave it.

During this period every attention which connubial and filial affection could suggest was assiduously bestowed upon his case; and it is unnecessary to add that these efforts of his own family to soothe his troubled mind were warmly seconded by those of his indissoluble friend, the clergyman. The latter, when his other clerical duties would permit, usually spent several hours a day by his bedside, and made use of every art he could command to withdraw his thoughts from brooding over his misfortunes. Mr Macintyre was too well versed in human nature to have recourse to direct exhortation or advice when he engaged in the delicate task of comforting the miserable. He knew that undisguised admonition, in whatever circumstances given, is always more or less unpleasantly felt by the party for whom it is designed, and that though in affliction most people are sufficiently disposed to admit the justness of such precepts of religion or philosophy as bear upon their case, yet the very necessity which this mode of presentation implies of keeping the cause of their distress ever before their view in a great measure defeats its own benevolent aim. Besides, however much the pride of the sufferer may seem to be broken down, there is still something in his nature that shows a reluctance to submit to the charge of moral weakness on his part, and the assumption of a certain degree of superiority on the part of the adviser which it implies. The shrewd minister of Arnisdale being aware of all this, went to work in a way more becoming a skilful physician of the soul. In his hands not only was the unpleasant flavour of the medicine rendered imperceptible, but even the administration of it was effected without the patient's knowledge. By artfully leading his morbid reflections into a different channel, he so managed his mind that it was led, apparently of its own accord, to take hold of views which gradually wrought a change in his feelings.

Aulduiny was duly sensible of what he owed to the devoted attentions of this truly excellent man. When he had so far recovered from his distemper as to be again able to converse without any painful effort, he one day seized Mr Macintyre's hand, and, in his overflowing gratitude, confessed that he had long hoped to see their families more closely united; but since the fond scheme which he had cherished had now been destroyed, he had only to wish his dearest friend a much happier alliance.

Not long after this avowal, and while the fate of Jessie was still unknown, letters arrived from Frank Macintyre, both for her and for his father. Jessie had hitherto shewn to her family only such of Frank's letters as she could consistently with that obligation to secrecy which she had imposed on herself respecting her engagement with him. When this, therefore, was broken np, her parents had the additional sorrow to discover that she had added infidelity to her other delinquencies. Her betrayed and confiding lover, after expressing much surprise at her long concontinued silence—for at the date of his letter her last one had not reached him—he hastened to acquaint her that the change in his condition, which he had so long expected with impatience, had now arrived; that he had gained the rank of Captain, which he valued only as it might be a step towards the accomplishment of the grand object which was ever nearest to his heart. He intended to apply immediately for leave to visit Europe, and hoped soon to have the happiness of again beholding the idol of his affections and all others dear to her and to him in his native land. He should then, he said, take the liberty to remind her of certain promises which had passed between them, but renewed his former assurances that should she testify the slightest wish to be relieved from their obligation, though it would cost him a pang equal to that of the separation of soul and body, yet he would rather relinquish all those fond hopes which he had cherished from his childhood than insist on anything that might cause her a moment's pain.

His letter to his father, together with the news of his promotion, and the usual topics, contained a frank avowal of his long-continued attachment to Jessie Macleod, a passion which he doubted not would meet with his father's approbation. He therefore requested him to break the matter to Aulduiny and his wife, and endeavour to gain their consent to the proposals which he intended to make, in form, to their daughter as soon as he should again see her.

Mr Macintyre had occasion for all his self-command during the perusal of this epistle. He was also in great perplexity how to frame a suitable reply. If he were to acquaint his son with the real state of things he dreaded the effects which the shock might produce on his mind and constitution. Yet he could not

reconcile it with his own character to dissemble with him, or conceal entirely from him what must soon come to his knowledge through other channels, and with more dangerous influence, as the intelligence would thus be unattended by the salutary counsel which his own paternal counsel would annex to the announcement. With his usual prudence, therefore, he wrote to Frank in terms more than usually affectionate and tender. He spoke with cautious reserve concerning his affairs of the heart. He took no notice of his Jessie's culpable conduct, but warned him against setting his soul too much on that connection, as he perceived very strong reasons against the probability of its being ever accomplished, and had, therefore, hesitated in broaching it to Aulduiny.

This letter, so well calculated to prepare Frank for the death-blow that awaited his long-cherished hopes, was too late to reach him before his departure for Europe, which event had actually taken place before it was written. The voyage, with the exception of its tediousness, which gave much annoyance to the impatient lover, was in other respects sufficiently prosperous; and in less than six months from the time of the ship's sailing from Calcutta, letters were received from Frank at the manse of Arnisdale, conveying the happy tidings of his safe arrival in London, and of his intention to set out as soon as possible for the place of his nativity.

*(To be Continued.)*

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SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF SCOTLAND.—At a recent meeting Mr Henry Cockburn Macandrew, Sheriff-Clerk for the County of Inverness, and Mr Kenneth Macdonald, Town-Clerk of Inverness, were elected Fellows of the Scottish Society of Antiquaries.

MONUMENT TO JOHN MACKENZIE OF THE BEAUTIES.—We beg to acknowledge, with thanks, £1 1s, in addition to a previous Subscription, from William Allan, the poet, towards the cost of placing an iron railing round John Mackenzie's Monument.

# THE SCULPTURED STONES OF ROSS AND CROMARTY.

By Captain COLIN MACKENZIE, F.S.A. Scot.

——o——

## IV.

THE easy transition from the pillar stone to the cross has been mentioned, but one fact must be particularly noticed, viz., that while the symbols and hieroglyphics are common to both, the crosses are very frequently enriched by carvings of what seem to be battles and hunting scenes, and which no doubt are intended to represent stirring events which occurred in the life of the person commemorated. The cross called "Sueno's Stone," near Forres, is an example of this. Of the antiquity of the custom we have testimony afforded us in Layamon's *Brut* (1204), which gives the Welsh legend of how Rodric, King of the Peohtes or Picts, brought that nation out of Scythia into Scotland, and how he was overthrown by King Maurius. "They fought most fiercely, and the Peohtes fell, and Rodric was there slain, and afterwards drawn in pieces by horses. There did Maurius the King an exceedingly marvellous thing; upon the same spot where he destroyed Rodric he caused anon to be reared a most wonderful stone pillar; he caused thereon to be graven strange characters, how he slew Rodric, and with horses drew him in pieces, and how he overcame the Peohtes with his fight. Up he set the stone; yet it there standeth; so it will do as long as the world standeth. A name the King shaped to it, and called the stone West-mering."*

* Ther dude Maurius the King :
a wel swuthe sællech thing.
uppen then ilke stude :
ther he Rodric uor-dude.
he lette a-ræren anan :
enne swuthe sælcuth stan.
he lette ther on grauen :
sælcuthe run-stauen.
hu he Rodric of-sloh :
& hine mid horsen to-droh.
& hu he tha Peohtes :
ouer-com mid his fæhtes.
Vp he sette thæne stan :
Zet he ther stondeth.
swa he deth al swa longe :
swa tha woreld stondeth.
Nome him scupte the King :
& hehte thene stan West-mering.

—MS. Cottonian (Claudius D. ii.) British Museum. See Skene's *Chronicles of the Picts and Scots*, p. 156.

There remains but one other subject to touch upon, viz., the art which characterises the sculptures on the Pictish crosses. The similarity existing between the illuminations in ancient Irish missals and the decorative designs on the Pictish crosses has been already alluded to, but Dr Stewart calls attention to what he terms a "foreign influence," which is manifested in the more natural rendering of the figures of men and animals on the cross-slabs. We might feel inclined to refer this influence to the incursions of the Scandinavian rovers, but we must remember that the battle scenes, &c., occur in connection with ogham characters, as well as the curious hieroglyphics, and, as Professor Wilson observes, "we look in vain for any traces of their characteristic symbols among the monuments of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, or on the runic crosses of the Christianized Northmen in the Isle of Man." While the Irish figures are stiff, stilted, and out of proportion, those on the Pictish crosses exhibit flowing and graceful lines, and no small knowledge of anatomy. The rage for ascribing a foreign origin to everything ancient within the bounds of these islands has not yet died out amongst antiquaries; but I see no reason why this art—this faculty of naturally delineating the human figure—should not have generated amongst the people of the north and east of Scotland independent of any foreign influence whatever. True, the formal interlaced and knotted patterns are common to all the Celtic race; but the men who sculptured the Pictish crosses were men of skill, intelligence, and more than ordinary inventive genius, and I therefore see nothing improbable in their having struck out a new path for themselves in sculpture, just as Raphael revolutionised the art of painting.*

* The subjects depicted in these sculptures generally refer either to battle or the chase. Men with targets and spears as at Dupplin; horsemen, bowmen, spearmen, and trumpeters as at Forres; two men fighting with targets and swords as at Shandwick. Horsemen, trumpeters, and hounds fastening on a stag as at Hilton of Cadboll, and Aberlemno; bowmen shooting deer, boar, &c., as at Shandwick, St Vigeans, and Meigle. Also figures of men, perhaps Celtic judges, seated in chairs; ecclesiastics; animals devouring a man; two dragons fighting for the body of a man: persons in a boat; persons in a chariot; angels, &c. Scriptural subjects also occur occasionally, such as David slaying the lion, at St Andrew's and Drainie; and David playing on the harp, at Dupplin and Monifieth. A very well defined sculpture representing the consecration of the eucharist occurs on the beautiful Nigg slab.

Owen Jones in his *Grammar of Ornament* states that—"The peculiarities of the Irish style consist, first, in the entire absence of foliage or other phyllomorphic or vegetable ornament—the classical acanthus being entirely ignored; and secondly, in the extreme intricacy and excessive minuteness and elaboration of the various patterns, mostly geometrical, consisting of interlaced ribbon-work, diagonal or spiral lines, and strange monstrous animals and birds, with long top-knots, tongues, and tails intertwining in almost endless knots." Mr Westwood says that "the principles of these most elaborate ornaments are, however, but few in number, and may be reduced to the four following:—1st. One or more narrow ribbons, diagonally but symmetrically interlaced, forming an endless variety of patterns. 2d. One, two, or three slender spiral lines, coiling one within another till they meet in the centre of the circle, their opposite ends going off to other circles. 3d. A vast variety of lacertine animals and birds, hideously attenuated, and coiled one within another, with their tails, tongues, and top-knots forming long narrow ribbons irregularly interlaced. 4th. A series of diagonal lines, forming various kinds of Chinese-like patterns." All these remarks apply equally to the ornamentation of the Irish MSS. and the Pictish crosses, and it is by the fixed dates of the former that we are able to arrive at the approximate date of the latter. Notwithstanding this, however, the Pictish crosses have certain distinctive characteristics of their own, and Professor Wilson says that they have "features very clearly distinguishing them from the early Christian monuments of England, Wales, and Ireland."

Among all the four styles of Celtic ornament given by Mr Westwood, the first, viz., the interlaced ribbon or knotted pattern, is the commonest, and affords the greatest variety of example. It occurs on the Tarbet, Shandwick, Nigg, and Rosemarkie stones, and in the filling in of the two single discs and the double disc and sceptre ornament on the Hilton stone. Professor Wilson says:—"The interlaced ornament or 'runic knot-work,' as it is customary to call it, is not unfrequently referred to as of Scandinavian origin; but of this there is not the slightest evidence. It was familiar to the Greeks and Romans, and in its classic forms is known to architects by the term *Guilloche*,* borrowed

* Literally the "engine-turned" pattern.

from the French. A beautiful and early example of its use occurs on the torus of the Ionic columns of the Erechtheum at Athens. It pertains, in like manner, to all the Northern races of the last Pagan era; while it forms a no less characteristic ornament of early Celtic and Anglo-Saxon Christian art. In Scotland especially it is the commonest decoration of a remarkable class of monuments, more particularly referred to hereafter, but of which it is sufficient meanwhile to say that they rarely occur in localities where the Scandinavian influence was longest predominant in Scotland, and its relics are still most frequently found." He traces its origin to "the knitting and netting of primitive industrial arts," while Dr Stewart thinks it may have been formed "by working from *a model* formed of ropes and twigs." The second style mentioned is the spiral, and this occurs on the Hilton and Shandwick stones, and in a modified degree on that of Nigg. Of this ornament, Mr Kemble, addressing the Royal Irish Academy in 1857, said:—"There is a peculiar development of the double spiral line, totally unknown to the Greeks, the Etruscans, and the nations of the Teutonic North, which is essentially characteristic not only of the Scoto-Keltic, but the Brittanno-Keltic population of these islands. If the lines are allowed to diverge, instead of following one another closely in their windings, they produce that remarkable pattern which, since a few years ago, we have been in the habit of calling the trumpet pattern. . . . . When you have those singularly beautiful curves—more beautiful perhaps in the parts that are not seen than in those that meet the eye—whose beauty is revealed in shadow more than in form—you have a peculiar characteristic—a form of beauty which belongs to no nation but our own, and to no portion of our nation but the Keltic portion. . . . The trumpet pattern is neither Greek, nor Roman, nor Oriental. There is nothing like it in Etruscan art; there is nothing like it in German or Slavonic art; there is little like it in Gallic or Helvetian art; it is indigenous, gentlemen; the art of those Keltic tribes, which forced their way into these islands of the Atlantic, and somewhat isolated here, developed a peculiar but not the less admirable system of their own." The third style mentioned by Mr Westwood is the serpentine or dragonesque, and the most casual observer will be struck with the similarity

between the Pictish and Scandinavian examples of this class of ornament. Whence then was it imported? Professor Wilson says:—"The devices most frequently employed in decorating gold, silver, and bronze relics of this period, are what are called the serpentine and dragon ornaments. They are common to works of the Celtic and Teutonic races, and may be referred to the same Eastern origin as the wild legends of the Germano-Teutonic and Scandinavian mythic poems, in which dragons, snakes, and other monsters, play so conspicuous a part." Mr Westwood and Dr Waagen, however, have pointed out that the style of the ornamentation of the early Irish MSS. differed from that of any others then known in Europe. The latter remarks:—"It may be assumed as a settled fact that the style of ornamentation, consisting of artistic convolutions and the mingled fantastic forms of animals—such as dragons, snakes, and heads of birds—of which we discover no trace in Græco-Roman art, was not only invented by the Celtic people of Ireland, but had obtained a high development."* This view receives strong corroboration. Dr Stewart remarks:—"Mr Westwood reminds us, that of the

* Dr Stewart thinks that in many cases where animals, &c., occur without any distinct relation to each other, as we frequently find on the crosses, they "are introduced for pictorial effect and to cover the surface. . . When the Celtic artists were not copying objects or animals, they showed their skill in the invention of grotesque and unnatural animal forms, which are generally introduced as mere ornament, and often shaped to fill up a certain space." An inspection of old Scotch ecclesiastical edifices will soon satisfy the enquirer that such a form of decoration long survived, as, for instance, in the figure of the sow playing on the bagpipes, and other kindred absurdities. S Bernard, writing to sundry Norman priories in the twelfth century, inveighs against this "ridiculous monstrosity," this "deformed beauty," this "beautiful deformity." He exclaims—"What filthy apes? What savage lions? What monstrous centaurs? What semi-men? What spotted tigers? What fighting soldiers? What horn-blowing huntsmen? &c." All of these figures can be found on the sculptured cross-slabs of our own country. Dr Stewart, however, thinks that "some of these grotesques may be the embodiment of the popular belief in actual monsters, of which notices are found in the early Celtic annals." Any one who is familiar with Campbell's *Tales of the West Highlands* will readily agree to this. Many curious legends might be cited in support of Dr Stewart's opinion, but one local one, of the Lovat family, which he notices, will suffice. It is chronicled that in 1500, when one of the family was hunting in Glenconie [Glenconvinth?] among very rank heather, he shot with an arrow a creature which burned everything around it. "It wes mair nor tua elis of lenth, as greit as the coist of ane man, without feet, haifand ane meikill fin on ilk syde, with ane taill and ane terribill heid, his greit deir doggis wald not cum neir it. It had greit speid; they callit it ane dragon."

copies of the Holy Scriptures sent into England by St Gregory with the mission of St Augustine, two are still preserved, and that they are different in the character of the writing from the Irish, as well as remarkable for their wanting the ornamentation which is so prominent in these." Mr Owen Jones says:—"All the most ancient Italian manuscripts are entirely destitute of ornamental elaboration." We can therefore hardly resist coming to the conclusion that the dragonesque ornament was the creation of the inventive genius of the Celtic race; and that it was adopted by the Scandinavian sea-kings, who, from pirates and buccaneers, became in later times settlers among them, and intermarried with them. It occurs on the Tarbet, Shandwick, Hilton, Nigg, and Rosemarkie stones.* The fourth style is the diagonal, and this is perhaps the simplest of all. It occurs upon the Shandwick, Nigg, and Rosemarkie stones, and in the filling in of the crescent and sceptre ornament on the Hilton stone.† It greatly resembles many of the well-known Chinese patterns. In conclusion I shall quote Mr Westwood:—"This style of ornamentation, so characteristic of the illuminations of the early Irish manuscripts, is to be found also on the ornamental metal-work of the period, and is reproduced on the cross-pillars of Scotland, and on some of the Irish crosses. [The designs] are, in many cases, so entirely the counterparts of those of the manuscripts as to lead to the conclusion that the designers of the one class of ornaments supplied also the designs for the other. So completely, indeed, is this the case in some of the great stone crosses, that we might almost fancy we were examining one of the pages of an illuminated volume with a magnifying glass. The ornaments with which a considerable number of these monuments [the Pictish crosses] are sculptured correspond almost entirely with those which are found in the finest Irish and earliest Anglo-Saxon MSS. The interlaced ribbon pattern, the interlaced lacertine or other zoomorphic pattern, the spiral pattern,

* Dr Stewart says that the Hilton stone is the only one which exhibits the Anglo-Saxon scroll-work of birds and leaves; but I am inclined to think that a fragment at Tarbet also does this. The pattern being an involved one like the dragonesque, I have classed it under the same head.

† A fifth style should most certainly be added, which might be called the "diapered." It appears on the stones at Nigg and Rosemarkie. It is, however, without doubt, much later than the others, and of foreign origin.

and the diagonal pattern, are all found on these [the Scotch] stones, as elaborately and carefully executed as in the Book of Kells or the Gospels of Lindisfarne; occurring sometimes as surface decorations of the cross, or at others as marginal borders or frames to the design, being arranged in panels, just as in the MSS." The Irish monks designed and executed the beautiful illuminations of the Irish gospels, and it therefore stands to reason that the Pictish crosses were designed and carved by the Pictish monks of the rule of St Columba. I am all the more inclined to ascribe a native origin to most of the Celtic ornamentation, seeing with what tenacity the Highlanders, the descendants of the Picts, have clung to its ancient forms. Dirk handles, ornaments, and jewellery at the present day, still exhibit many of the primitive designs, and it can easily be proved from extant examples that this is no resuscitation of the old style, but simply a form of art which has been handed down from generation to generation during a period extending considerably over one thousand years. Professor Wilson, in the *Prehistoric Annals of Scotland*, figures a beautiful powder-horn with the date 1685, from the collection of Mr James Drummond, R.S.A., which exhibits many of the old Celtic patterns. One in my own possession, bearing the date 1572, is another example, and is figured by Mr Macintyre North in his recently published work. I pen these lines in Belmaduthy House, where there is a fine old oak press, with the date of 1620, which was brought from Kilcoy Castle when the family ceased to inhabit it. This press, which bears the arms of the Mackenzies of Kilcoy, as also those of the Frasers and Grants quartered, is ornamented with panels which are filled with some of the identical patterns found on the Pictish crosses. Having now, I think, made the history and style of these crosses sufficiently plain to the reader, I shall proceed to the description of those found in the united counties of Ross and Cromarty.

*(To be Continued.)*

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THE NON-OSSIANIC POEMS OF THE DEAN OF LISMORE'S BOOK, by the Rev. A. C. Sutherland, B.D., will appear in our next.

## SONG:

By the late ANGUS MACDONALD, Glen-Urquhart, on the Rev. GEORGE MACKAY, D.D., Free North Church, Inverness.

—o—

Orm bha smuirean air an t-sabaid,
Bha mo chaileachd air a claoidh,
Nuair a chunnaic mi am Baillidh
'Seasamh 'n aite dheagh MhicAoidh.

Ho mo ghaisgeach, he mo ghaisgeach,
Ho mo ghaisgeach, tha mi caoidh ;
He mo ghaisgeach, dh' fhalbh do Ghlasgo ;
Gheibh iad taisgeal o MhacAoidh.

Ach slan gu 'm pill an Leomhan tapaidh,
An aghaidh fhrois is sgairteachd gaoith,
Le sgeul an aiteas chaidh do Ghlasgo,
Mur bu taitneach le MacAoidh.
Ho mo ghaisgeach, &c.

Bheir e cuairt le buaidh, Dhuneidinn,
Caithir cheutach nan treun-righ,
Bi'dh trompaid airgiod binn a' seideadh
Fonnmhor, gleust o bheul MhicAoidh.
Ho mo ghaisgeach, &c.

Bidh bagraidh oillteal tigh'nn gun dearmad,
Air cealgairean is daoine daoi,
Ri fior-chrabhaich cha bhi farmad,
Gheibh iad tarbhach o MhacAoidh.
Ho mo ghaisgeach, &c.

Gheibh na h-an-misich lan dioladh,
Seididh fialaidh an deas-ghaoith ;
Cluinnear fallain, glan an diadhachd,
'Tigh'nn gu ciallach o MhacAoidh.
Ho mo ghaisgeach, &c.

Cluinnear teagasgan bhios ainmeil,
Grath do'n aingidh, gradh do 'n t-saoidh,
Puing-chreidimh bhios ro thuigseach, gairmeal,
Ann an searmoinean MhicAoidh.
Ho mo ghaisgeach, &c.

Mar chaidh an t-Urras steach do'n chumhnant,
Lan umhlachd thug do lagh an Righ
Riaraich claidheamh ceartais duisgt'
Na chridhe ruisgt', o bheul MhicAoidh.
Ho mo ghaisgeach, &c.

Chuir urram, 's dh-ardaich e gach reachd dhi,
Anns gach cleachdadh naomh do taoibh;
Labhrar sud gu gleusta, beachdail,
Ann an teachdaireachd MhicAoidh.
Ho mo ghaisgeach, &c.

Na chaidh ghealltuinn anns a gharadh,
'S gus an d' thainig an da Dhruidh,
Bi'dh gach gealladh air a charadh,
Tha mu' n t-Slanuighear, le MacAoidh.
Ho mo ghaisgeach, &c.

Mu'n ghaisgeach threun a' teachd o Edom,
'S bho Bosrah 'n eididh sgeumhaich, aigh,
Na chulaidh 'dhatha 'siubhal treubhant,
Cluinnear ceutach o MhacAoidh.
Ho mo gnaisgeach, &c.

An trusgan fada, geal, ro oirdhearc,
Anns an comhduichear gach aoidh,
Foillsichear gu soilleir, ordail,
Nuair a thoisicheas MacAoidh.
Ho mo ghaisgeach, &c.

Mu'n fhireantachd is e IEHOBHAH,
Comhdach gloirmhor nigh'n an Righ,
'S am faigh i stigh gu neamh fadheoidh le
Labhras sonruichte MhicAoidh.
Ho mo ghaisgeach, &c.

Mu'n ioc-shlaint a bheir sabhailt beo i
O gach doruinn rinn a claoidh,
An fhuil Rioghail, neamhaidh, ghloirmhor,
Labhrar doigheil le MacAoidh.
Ho mo ghaisgeach, &c.

'Cuireadh pheacach le deagh dhurachd,
Seasamh cuiseil crun an Righ,
Fo bhratach Leomhan treun treubh Iudah,
Tagraidh cliuiteach le MacAoidh.
Ho mo ghaisgeach, &c.

Mar dhuisg an claidheamh n' aghaidh Bhuachaill,
Lot is bhruiteadh e na thaobh,
Le feirg do luchd a ghaoil bha dualach
Labhrar buadh'or le MacAoidh.
Ho mo ghaisgeach, &c.

Na aonar chuir E 'n cath bha euchdach,
Dhorch a ghrian, bha speur gu'n aoidh,
Nuair ghleachd an gaisgeach an crann ceusaidh,
Thig sud ro ghleust o bheul MhicAoidh.
Ho mo ghaisgeach, &c.

Nuair thug E buaidh air uile naimhdean,
Brat-roinn an teampuill * reub ri ghlaodh,
Bha peacadh, bas, is Satan ceannsaicht' ;
Bidh sud lan-rannsuicht le MacAoidh.
Ho mo ghaisgeach, &c.

Dh-eirich E le caithream buadh'or,
Nuair bhlaith'ch E n' uaigh da uile naoimh,
Chum na deas-laimh thogadh suas E,
Gu h-oirdhearc chualas o MacAoidh.
Ho mo ghaisgeach, &c.

An tagraich† deas ri Athair naomh E,
A bheannachd taomaidh E s' cha mhaoigh,
O chunnart dionaidh E gach taobh iad,
Thig sud ro ghaolach o MacAoidh.
Ho mo ghaisgeach, &c.

Bi'dh muillainibh de naoimh le 'n clarsaich,
'Seinn le gairdeachas a chaoidh,
Don Ti a shaor o pheacadh, 's bas iad,
'Sa measg an aireamh deagh MhacAoidh.

Ho mo ghaisgeach, he mo ghaisgeach,
Ho mo ghaisgeach, tha mi caoidh,
Ho mo ghaisgeach, dh' fhalbh do Ghlasgo,
Gheibh iad taisgeal o MhacAoidh.

* The veil of the temple. † Intercessor.

## GLEN-URQUHART.

G len-tioral, my home, loved vale of my birth,
L och-Ness, lake of beauty and pride of the North,
E ver sparkling thy waters like gems in the sun,
N ow, hark ! what a change ! the storm is begun.

U p over the hills of Stratherrick and Foyers
R oars the wild wind, playing havoc on turrets and spires ;
Q uaking the forests and rending the pine,
U plifting the shade of Clan Alpine's dark line.
H ow grandly the thunder peals loud on the rock,
A nd proudly Mealfourvonie echoes the shock ;
R ushing down in white torrents, the rills how they flow,
T he Raven-spout * swelling as onward they go.

M oving swiftly along to its bed in Loch-Ness,
Y onder Coilty goes dashing from its caverned recess ;

H overing light on the billow the seafowl shrieks shrill,
O n the heath-covered summit the blackcock rests still.
M ore bright comes the evening, dispelling away
E very cloud that had shadowed the light of the day.

I.M.

* Stoail an fhidhich.

# Correspondence.

—o—

## OSSIAN, ARIOSTO, AND THE TWEED.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—I had intended some time ago, if you had space, to ask admission in the *Celtic* for a few farewell remarks on the authenticity of Ossian; and as an interesting paper by Mr Macgregor of Toronto on that subject has just appeared, I think it better to send you the accompanying without further delay—more especially as Mr Macgregor has incidentally referred to the romances of Ariosto by way of contrast to the historical epics of Ossian, and as, by a strange coincidence, I shall have occasion myself to quote from the very romance specified by him, in confirmation of the truth of Ossian; not in the way of controversy or discussion, however, but solely in the way of interesting topographical illustration.

The only point of importance in this country, at least so far as my own previous researches enable me to judge, which requires yet to be determined in order to complete the topography of Ossian, is the position of Alteutha, the scene of *Calthon and Colmal*, on the Tweed—one of the most interesting of Ossian's minor poems, both from the pathos of the tragedy itself and the almost incredible character of the adventure implied; being no less than a journey by two young persons, one of them a girl in disguise, from the banks of the Tweed to Fingal's residence at Selma, and their return again to Alteutha with help under the command of Ossian to effect the deliverance of a captive there. The possibility of such an achievement—which certainly looks more like a romance than a reality—I have elsewhere demonstrated on the hypothesis, undeniable now, that the Clyde, at the date in question, must have been a navigable frith as far inland as Hamilton, which would leave but a comparatively short distance from the nearest point on the Tweed to be traversed on foot by the youthful heroic adventurers. But the difficulty was still to assign the position of Alteutha with anything like reasonable prospect of identification; and having no means of prosecuting research in that region at the time, I relinquished the idea of it in despair. Since then, however, partly by an old engraving in Cardonnel's *Picturesque Antiquities*, and partly by the Ordnance Survey of the ground, the clearest evidence has been obtained of the identity in question, although no opportunity for actual personal survey has yet occurred. To understand the position exactly, the following points must be attended to:—

1. Alteutha—more properly perhaps Balteutha, or the lofty stronghold of the Tweed—was the residence of Dunthalmo, a petty king or robber-chief among the Southern Gael, or Border Britons, notorious alike for his treachery and cruelty. This man having made a raid upon Rathmor, the most distinguished chieftain of the Clyde—in the neighbourhood presumably of Lanark—was defeated; but having returned again by stealth at night, murdered Rathmor, burned his residence, and carried his two orphan sons back with him as prisoners to Alteutha. As they grew up to manhood they became aware of these facts, and to prevent the possibility of reprisals on their part he had them separately immured in two dismal caves or dungeons about the precincts of Alteutha. His daughter Colmal, however, being in love with one of them, effected his escape, and in the disguise of a youthful warrior fled with him to Selma, to seek help from Fingal there for the other who was still imprisoned. Ossian returned along with them at the head of three hundred warriors, but on their arrival at Alteutha they saw the unfortunate youth murdered before their eyes, before they could

cross the river to relieve him. Having crossed, however, they avenged his death; and Dunthalmo paid the penalty of this as well as of his other crimes, being slain by the hand of Ossian almost at the castle gate. Alteutha, therefore, must have been on the south side of the Tweed, and most probably at the turn of that river nearest to the river Clyde.

2. The fortress itself, as its name implies, and as we are expressly informed in the poem, was on the summit of a steep hill and in close proximity to an elevated ridge of rock, with low lying ground or meadowland between that and the river. This ridge is called the *Rock of Lona* by Macpherson, but *Carraig an lòin*, or *Rock of the Plain*—as more correctly translated by Dr Clerk—in the original.

3. To right and left of the fortress, apparently, there were two dark caves—semi-subterranean, it should appear, and facing to the north—for "the sun did not come there with his beams, nor the moon of heaven by night;" one close to the river and the castle on the right hand, the other at some distance in the ridge of rocks to the left: in the first of which Calthon must have been imprisoned, for Colmal had easy access to it; and in the other Colmar, his brother.

4. The Tweed itself in that neighbourhood, opposite the fortress, must have been fordable, so that even young persons, like Calthon and Colmal, would not be endangered by crossing it: and

5. Fingal must have been known by repute, or by actual presence there, as the friend of the forlorn and the avenger of all that were oppressed.

In proceeding now to identification, we have to remark:—1. That the only position on the Tweed corresponding to this, and corresponding exactly, is that of the old ruined fortress called Thanes or Tinnis Castle at Drummelzier, which is on the south side of the Tweed, and at the nearest turn of that river to the river Clyde. Almost nothing now remains of it but the foundation, as represented in Cardonnel's work; but it was a place of great strength and antiquity, being traceable as far back at least as the reign of Malcolm II., beyond which all record of it seems to be lost. It must have been the stronghold, however, in succession, of many a petty sovereign—Thane, as its name implies, or robber-chief like Dunthalmo—down to the fourteenth or fifteenth century; and notably of one Meldred in the sixth or seventh century—from whom Drummelzier takes its name; who resembled Dunthalmo in one respect at least, that he had a retinue of marauders about him, both shepherds and soldiers, always at command—a circumstance expressly referred to by Ossian in Dunthalmo's case, where he distinguishes between the soldiery proper, or "warriors" as they are called, and those who had charge of the "lowing herds of Teutha."

2. This stronghold stood on "the summit of a very steep hill," as Alteutha did, overlooking the Tweed, and near the end of a rocky ridge with a sloping breadth of meadowland between it and the river. This ridge at Alteutha, as we have seen, was called *Carraig an lòin*, or *Rock of the plain;* and by the native Lowlanders of the district, unconsciously transposing the syllables without understanding their meaning, is called Logan Craig—not Logan's Craig, but *Logan Craig*—till this day!

3. Whether any cave remains entire in this ridge of rock has yet to be determined; but that a cave or grotto once existed in the waste or moraine below the castle, near the junction of the Pawsail Burn with the Tweed, which had served the double purpose long before of a hermit's cell or dismal prison, aad finally of a grave, we have indisputable evidence in the text of Ariosto—*Orlando Furioso*, c. iii., s. 10—where he refers to the captivity of Merlin by the vindictive caprice of his rival and lady-love, the Enchantress Vivien, and which we may thus roughly translate:—

That was the grotto, both old and renown'd,
Where the wise wizard Merlin ensconced him;
And where, I've heard tell, as the record went round,
The Lake-lady caught and entranced him.

The Merlin thus referred to was the Scottish Merlin of course—a celebrated wizard and soothsayer of the sixth or seventh century. who frequented the forests of the Tweed; at which date, the reader will observe, the grotto where he lived was both old and renowned; and in all probability it would be in this very cave, not yet a grotto, that Calthon had been imprisoned by Dunthalmo.

4. The Tweed at Drummelzier is still fordable except in floods, as it was in Ossian's day, a fact which is noteworthy in the circumstances; for if, according to Clerk's translation, the river had been "raging" or even "rolling in full flood" at the date of Calthon and Colmal's adventure, not only would such young persons have been utterly unable to ford it, but even Ossian and his warriors would have been overwhelmed, and the entire sequel of the poem rendered unintelligible. In conclusion, I have only further to remark,

5. That Fingal or his people must have been well known in the neighbourhood of Drummelzier as temporary visitors or friends, for a glen above the rocky ridge retains his name to this day. The *Finglen* there must have been his rendezvous, and the Roman road, to which he can be shown to have penetrated in some of his warlike expeditions, crosses the country at a short distance westward from the locality. All which circumstances, if they had been purposely arranged, could not have more clearly demonstrated the identity of Thanes Castle with Alteutha than they do, or vindicated more emphatically the integrity of Macpherson, to whom they were absolutely unknown—who does not even venture to assign a position to Alteutha at all, and who would never have translated *Carraig an lòin* by the Rock of Lona if he had known that *Craig Logan* was there.

I cannot, however, dismiss the subject entirely without acknowledging my obligations to Mr Stuart Glennie, in whose *Arthurian Localities* the interesting particulars about Merlin's grave are to be found. According to the various traditions and authorities quoted by Mr Glennie, there seem to have been two very different accounts of the Wizard's death. According to one account, he was slain by the shepherds of king Meldred above referred to, when flying for his life from the battle of Arderyth; according to the other, he was entranced in the cell or grotto where he lived by the Enchantress Vivien—not so much from vindictive jealousy as from disappointed love, and that he might be with her "for evermore." This was the tradition accepted by Ariosto in the fifteenth century, as being commonly current in his own day and sometimes even rehearsed in his hearing; but in which also, as a matter of course, there would be some poetical romance and exaggeration. All which being allowed for, the probability is that Merlin, in his life-long wanderings by the Tweed, having discovered that dismal retreat with strange sad memories of imprisonment connected with it, fitted it up as a sort of residence for himself; and having fallen in some mysterious trance, was found dead or dying by the shepherds of Meldred and entombed there; in which case the shepherds and the enchantress, with whom he was known to have been associated, would have to bear the obloquy of his disappearance, by violence or by sorcery, between them. In any case, the cave itself, whether as prison-house or as sepulchre, was there, and had been there for centuries before Merlin was born—but with what strangely contrasted memories! In the one case we have a wizard entrapped or made-away-with by a jealous, distracted, and vindictive enchantress; in the other,

a young orphan prince delivered from captivity and rescued from death by the courage and devotion of a heroic girl—daughter of the very despot, treacherous and implacable, who had doomed him; with names and localities remaining unchanged till the present hour in verification of the authenticity of Ossian!

O grotto, thou by river Tweed, beside the castle strong;
O grotto, thou by river Tweed, the scene of many a wrong;
O grotto, thou by river Tweed, of Ariosto's lay,
Where mighty Merlin slept entranced, and dreamed his life away!
Where Vivien, fell enchantress, had closed her victim fast,
And where she sat and listened till she heard him sigh his last!

O grotto, thou by river Tweed, beside the castle strong;
O grotto, thou by river Tweed, of Ossian's noble song,
Where Dunthalmo, the relentless, left an orphan prince to die,
But Dunthalmo's dauntless daughter came to bid him rise and fly!

A princess she in warrior's garb, but yet divinely true,
And with Calthon for companion to Morven on she flew;
Then Ossian came avenging, and Dunthalmo pressed the plain,
But not till Calthon's brother dear had first been basely slain!

O grotto, thou by river Tweed, beside the castle strong,
What memories of love and hate to thy dark bounds belong!
A wizard's grave, a despot's cave, a scene of princely woe;
Be sacred still, as grave or cave, while river Tweed doth flow!

GLASGOW, December 2, 1881. P. HATELY WADDELL.

## DALTULLICH BURN.

Oft by the windings of the stream
That murmurs at our feet,
We sat, as now, when love's first gleam
A halo cast o'er young life's dream,
Of visions rare and sweet.

There 'neath those branches covering wide
That knoll of gowans gay,
Our two fond hearts used fain to bide,
Heedless of day's departing tide:
'Twas Love that lit our way.

With lingering steps we strayed along,
In sunshine and in shade,
Mingling our accents with the throng
Of Nature's full harmonious song
That filled the hallowed glade.

Here sought I once, how could I fear
The answer gently press'd?
The whisper faded on the ear,
'Twere lost, but for the glancing tear
That told of deepest rest.

Fair mirrored in its waters deep,
Each pool its secret holds
Of two young forms that, imaged, sleep,
While tender foliage round them creep;
Yet who can break these folds?

Sweet rill, farewell! peaceful thy flight
In joyful stages run;
Be thine *our* course, pure, clear, and bright,
Till our life-streams like thine unite,
And make of two but one.

TORRIDON. JOHN MACKENZIE.

## HIGHLAND CROFT CULTIVATION, AND EVICTION DIFFICULTIES.

WISE landlords, in the light of what has been already stated, will see their crofters fairly started on a rational, profitable plan of cultivation, and they will soon learn to persevere in its simple rules when they observe the wonderful returns got from green crop farming.

I am assured also that a good strawberry crop has returned £100 per acre, near Inverness, and wherever there is a thriving population, there is little fear of too many strawberries being grown for the demand; just like milk and eggs. And the growing and selling a strawberry crop will leave the owner at liberty to attend to other occupations most of the year. Should he be far from a fruiterer, he may easily convert the crop into jam, which, if well made, will be always most saleable, and return a price for the pound of strawberries, even deducting the cost of the sugar, that will surprise the grower and maker. Indeed few crops will pay better than strawberries, gooseberries, and currants, made into preserves by the crofter.

Much money can also be made by growing eggs, provided the best breed of egg-laying poultry is only kept, and the hens are carefully fed and housed by their own special attendant, and as many kept as will give full daily employment to the henwife; for, keeping fewer than this, is sure to disappoint the owner in the vigorous health of the poultry and their crop of eggs. As to the most profitable breed to keep that can easily be discovered. It is enough here to say, that while a popular kind like the handsome Dorking hens are proud of laying, say 60 to 80 eggs in the year, and then proceed to hatch, or black Hamburg thinks little of laying even up to 250 eggs in the year, if properly cared for, and leaves hatching to hens that have nothing better to do. The trouble and expense of feeding is the same for both breeds, while the profit from each kind differs marvellously.

Bees also, properly managed, ask for very little outlay, and although there are bad as well as good years for honey, may almost certainly be looked upon as coiners of money for their owners, if he or she is wise.

And one great advantage of crofting, with its many sources of income, is, that supposing the breadwinner (as he is often called) being sent for from above, hands weaker than his (who ought to have been about him) of all ages can quite well carry on the concern profitably; the labour being so light and divided in comparison of the large farm—rough horse and plough work.

To those who may object to the cultivation here proposed that it is market-gardening, I ask why should not a croft be managed like a garden, if it will thus produce very much more food than crofts usually do, and employ far more hands profitably? Depending, in the one case, in the old way sadly on weather for success, while under the green crop gardening plan, fine weather is of much less consequence, and, with irrigation, the Highland garden crofter is nearly independent of weather, in all ordinary seasons.

A landlord owning crofters then, and wishing them to commence thriving, should at once see that no one has more than five acres, with the cottage, stable, and barn in the centre of the land as this will save a vast amount of labour taking home food and taking out manure, all the year round. And when all is rightly settled, he should get an intelligent, good-tempered gardener to see that the crofters, however prejudiced at first, carried out the rules of management in every way—till the pupils, old or young, became so prosperous as to induce their landlord to thank God for their prosperity.

As some folks prefer to act as others direct, and some landlord may shrink from the prospect of great outlay in housing their crofters suitably, it may perhaps be of use that I now touch on this subject, and show that few landlords need be alarmed by the prospect of the cost of crofters' buildings. As to attracting the evicted people back to the country, the usual excuses for not attempting this blessed revolution are that "they are now beyond reach," or "they prefer a town life," or "their crofts now are part of large farms," or "they have no money for their required buildings."

The last is the only excuse worth notice. It is true that architects' cottages are too often very expensive. But, till evicted, thousands of crofters and cottars lived in health and happiness in very humble bothies in the Highlands, generally built by their own hands; and similar cottages, built by themselves or their landlords, would, on reasonable terms, soon again find thriving, happy tenants.

Let a landlord mark out a croft, and offer a lease of it at a reasonable rent, either building on it, or agreeing to the tenant's buildings, on plans approved by the landlord, who will pay their value up to a fixed sum at the tenant's outgoing. Let this be made fully known in the district, and there must be some serious objection to the locality or to the landlord if many applicants do not soon come forward—tired of a town or village life, with its searching for precarious employment, often far from the dwelling, which is generally expensive, and in many respects inferior to a country cottage.

Supposing then that it is desired to attract the labouring classes in towns back to the country, I shall try to remove the landlord's dread of great consequent outlay in building cottages, by detailing my own experience in this matter.

When I entered on a large farm in the north-west, I found only three very small and miserable turf bothies upon it, with only three or four persons capable of helping in the farm work, and no other labourers within reasonable distance. So I was obliged to attract other families by building cottages for them—and, my landlord being a minor, and his guardians averse to such outlay, and my bank credit being slender, I was obliged to plan and build in a style that would shock most architects.

Having much newly trenched land requiring to be cleared of its stones, which dyke builders were busy erecting into enclosing walls, I carted the required stones to the site of the four cottages I resolved to build, and employed my "dykers" to set up the walls, which they did, if not so neatly as regular masons would have done, quite as strongly, and at a very different price; very little more than I was paying them for the running yard of the dykes enclosing the fields. But I provided them with a labourer, and with clay to fill up the openings in the centre of the wall, leaving the outside chinks till I got a mason and some lime to "point" them up. And when the roof was on, he also clay-plastered the inside walls to a level surface, which in due time was whitewashed, and looked quite tidy. And these walls, six feet high, were as wind and water-tight as if they had cost £10 the rod, and quite strong enough for their roof, which was made of larch poles, covered with turf, and thatched.

Each cottage was 26 feet long by 12 feet 6 inches wide in-

side the walls. The centre living room was 12 feet by 12 feet 6 inches, with clay floor, and was entered direct from the outside, without any porch. Not solely from economy, but because when there are two doors to such a room both of which are never shut at the same time; and, when in the army, I lived most comfortably during the severe winter of 1826, in a cottage in an English village, the parlour of which had only one door between it and the road. And when my cottages were occupied, although the prophets said the plan would never answer, my four families (from different parts of the country), were quite agreed that but for having often to shut the outer door, they never lived in such comfortable houses.

One window, built into the wall by my dykers, having two panes of thick glass, each about 2 feet long by 18 inches wide, and a wooden one of the same size, hinged to open when required, gave ample light and sufficient air to the living room.

Each end of the cottage was divided from this room by about six inches thick "cat and clay" partitions, (*i.e.*, larch poles between the floor and the roof, having straw ropes, thoroughly coated and mixed with clay, wattled between them, and plastered smoothly on each side); giving thus, at first, 3 rooms to the cottage, each end-one 6 feet 6 inches wide between the gable wall and cat and clay partition. A similar partition divided one of the end rooms into two of equal size, giving thus three bedrooms and one living room to the cottage. The two closets were therefore 6 feet by 6 feet 6 inches, 6 inches of the width of the house being allowed for the centre cat and clay partition between the closets. And in these small bedrooms, with a door opening from the living room to each; and windows with one glass and one wooden pane, and floored between the three feet wide bed shelf and the cottage wall, with suitable shelves and pin boards for hanging up clothes, &c., my labouring friends lived and slept as well as they would have done in rooms four times the size, and that had cost £100 each. I would, of course, have prefered larger rooms, only I could not afford to build such, and having lived at sea in far less cosy berths, I knew such closets were quite sufficient on land for decency and health.

The other end of the cottage was also divided from the living room by a cat and clay partition, which was 6 feet 6 inches

from the gable, had a window similar to those of the closets, a door in the partition, and, for the cottage master and mistress, a bed-shelf wider than the others. The only ceilings to any of the rooms were spars for putting away boxes, &c., not often required for use.

When the primitive but most efficient fire-place was formed against the centre of the living room partition wall, by fixing strongly to it a square "cat and clay" hanging chimney, coming down to within 3 feet 6 inches of the flat stone on which the fire lay—the bottom of its frame strong enough to bear an iron bar with hooks, on which a pot, or a girdle for cakes, could be hung—the chimney, thus hanging from the roof and partition, and not coming down to the floor, allowed full enjoyment of the three sides of the fire at once; far better for warming or drying than a fire sunk as usual in a gable wall, and therefore highly esteemed by all concerned round their charming peat fires; and all the more so that, owing perhaps to the position of the outer door, there never was any trouble from smoke in one of my cottages.

Then a cast-iron plate, properly fixed, formed the back of the fire, protecting the partition, and giving sufficient warmth to the bedroom beyond it; thus saving expensive gable vents, that otherwise might have been required. Critics warned me that these hanging vents, ending in a small cask above the thatch, would be sure to take fire, but no one ever heard of a clay plastered vent giving such trouble. A rail fixed along the partition walls 6 inches above the floor, and another 2 feet 6 inches above, allowed 3 feet long thin laths to be nailed to them, protecting the cat and clay near the ground from blows that might easily damage it; and the cottage was then ready for its tenants.

As my own people did the cartage, and I found the straw, clay, &c., my landlord letting me have the larch poles gratis, and I kept no note of days' wages, &c., paid to those employed, I cannot say exactly what each cottage cost me (now well on to 40 years ago), but I am satisfied that each cost well below £20. And most landlords have some one in their service who could easily from my details give a near estimate of what such cottages would cost anywhere in the north. But since I built those mentioned and others, Mr John Rhind, archictect, Union

Street, Inverness, has built for one of my friends a double cottage on a similar but improved plan, by regular mason's and carpenter's contracts, lime, quarry stones, timber, and everything bought, for, I think, £90 or less; say £45 for a really good cottage, which outlay surely need not deter landlords from planting crofters or cottars on their estates, whether on part of their large farms or on their waste lands. And from such families the farmers would get labour as required, at a very different figure from engaging men and women for the season at almost fancy prices, wet weather or dry; with discontent and discomfort to all concerned, comparatively unknown under the good old cottar system.

Now, when some friend leaves his estate to *me*, with fine modern offices, but on each farm only a barrack for lads and another for girls for field and farm work, and neither crofters nor cottars on the estate, I should be very much surprised if, after drawing a week's breath of surprise, I was not busy arranging for so many cottages such as I have described for families to take the place of the horrid bothy rooms; with a garden to each cottage, to occupy spare time when there was no farm work in a hurry, the number of cottages depending on the size and number of the farms, and other circumstances. Were there waste moorland on the estate worth being reclaimed, that would be divided into crofts of various sizes, but none exceeding five acres for each family planted there on leases (not required by the cottars on the arable farms), who would need suitable buildings for growing all edible foods except grain.

And when these cottages and crofts were occupied, and the people well directed in their work by my gardener, I would thank God for allowing me to put my hand to a wiser, rational, national plan for growing people to love and serve Him than is the rule at present on most estates, Highland or Lowland.

EILEANACH, INVERNESS. JOHN MACKENZIE, M.D.

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FEDERATION OF CELTIC SOCIETIES.—This month we present our Subscribers with a separate Supplement, gratis, giving a full Report of the proceedings at the Annual Meeting of the Federation, held on the 16th ult., at Perth.

# THE REV. JOHN FARQUHARSON, PRIEST OF STRATHGLASS.

IN my introductory remarks to "Lord Lovat's Warning," in the November *Celtic Magazine*, I expressed my belief "that the Rev. Mr Farquharson was of the family of Inverey in Braemar, and nearly related to the chief of the Clan Farquharson." The expression called forth several communications from Braemar, Strathglass, Stratherrick, and elsewhere. With your permission I will quote a few extracts from these letters, and supplement them with statements which were made in my presence by trustworthy people who remembered Father Farquharson in Strathglass. A genealogist from Braemar writes :—

"Lewis Farquharson of Auchindryne, a (younger) son of Farquharson of Inverey, succeeded to the estates of Inverey and Balmoral and Ballater on Deeside, and became chief of the Clan Farquharson. He was brother of the two Jesuit Fathers—Father John Farquharson in Strathglass, and Father Charles Farquharson in Glengairn. He married Claudia Innes, daughter of the Laird of Innes, in Morayshire, whose father had come to Aberdeenshire. Lewis Farquharson and Claudia Innes had only one child, a son, Alexander, who succeeded to the estates and became chief. He was nephew to the Jesuit Fathers. He married a Miss Anderson, heiress to a property in Buchan. Their eldest son, James—they had three sons—inherited Inverey, Balmoral, and Ballater. The second son, Alaister, got the Buchan property, worth a thousand a year, from his mother. The third son, Lewis, got the estates of Balnacraig, Ballogie, and Midbeltie, which were left him by Lewis Innes of Balnacraig, nephew of Claudia Innes. Lewis Farquharson was his name-son and first cousin once removed. He took the name of Innes with the estates. This Lewis Farquharson Innes was Mrs Captain Chisholm's (of Glassburn) grandfather—her mother's father. The two Jesuit Fathers were his grand-uncles (the uncles of his father, Alexander Farquharson of Inverey and Balmoral, who married Miss Anderson). Lewis Farquharson Innes had one son and four daughters. This Lewis Farquharson also inherited the properties, but died when about thirty years old, and some time after the properties

were sold, and the price realized was divided between the three surviving daughters, the heirs-portioners. There is a short memoir of the Rev. John Farquharson, the priest, in Dr Gordon's "Catholic Church in Scotland," where it is said that "Father John Farquharson was born on the 19th April 1699. He entered the Society of Jesus at Tournay, and became an excellent scholar. Towards the end of October 1729 he landed in Edinburgh to serve the mission. On the 2d of February 1736 he made the solemn Profession of the Four Vows."

In the "London and Dublin Orthodox Journal," April 1836, we are told that Fathers Charles and John Farquharson were natives of Braemar, and belonged to the very ancient and respectable house in Inverey, which suffered so much for its attachment to the Stuart family.

To avoid detection as a priest, Father Farquharson used to dress in the kilt and tartan hose like the men of the district, and was so dressed on one occasion when celebrating Mass in his scerdotals, in the old meeting-house at Balanahaun, when a party of soldiers entered the building. Over and over again I heard an eye-witness, at that time a young lad, and who was along with his mother on the occasion, describe the distressing scene as follows:— As soon as the red-coats came in at the door, one of them whom he called Sergeant Rushard (Richard) rushed up to the altar and told the priest that he was his prisoner. At this moment all the men in the house started to their feet and vowed that they would bury every one of the soldiers in the floor of the house. Now came the priest's difficulty to keep his congregation from attacking and slaughtering his captors. By his great command over his people he succeeded. But seeing the men forming into a solid phalanx outside and determined to release him, Father John turned round, drew an imaginary line on the ground, and forbade any man present, on pain of instant excommunication, to follow him across that line. The ladies of the congregation construed the threat as directed only against the men, and they accompanied their pastor for about a quarter of a mile, to a spot where they had to cross a small burn called Alt-a-bhodaich. Here Mairi ni 'n Ian Ruaidh, great-grandmother of the Rev. Hugh Chisholm, now priest at St Miren's, Paisley, darted in, close to the side of Father John, and took the maniple of his arm. Encouraged by her success,

an aunt of the late Bishop Macdonell of Canada (Mairi ni'n Ailean) got hold of the chasuble, and when in the act of pulling it over the priest's head she received a sabre blow from one of the soldiers, which cut her head, and felled her, bleeding, to the ground. The wound did not prove fatal, but Mairi ni 'n Ailean felt its effects for the rest of her life. When her grave was opened, many years after her death, to receive the body (I think of her husband), her skull was discovered to have been cut, and the two edges of the bone seemed to have joined again as if dovetailed together like the teeth of a hand-saw. After this sword-stroke the soldiers crossed over the old wooden bridge at Fasnakyle, and handed Father John a prisoner to the Chisholm on the green at Comar House. By this time a great crowd had gathered. The Chisholm invited Mr Farquharson to walk upstairs and join the ladies, while he himself had his influence taxed to the utmost endeavouring to keep his people and the soldiers from imbruing their hands in each other's blood. The above statement I heard repeatedly from an eye-witness, Colin Chisholm, sen., formerly tacksman of Lietry, Glencannich.

Father Farquharson was sent from Comar to Fort-Augustus, where he had to appear before the officer in command. Whether that functionary sent him farther or not is not known, but Father John was back again in a few days among his people in Strathglass. The tradition in the district is, that the Chisholm, then at Comar, had something to do with his immediate return; and the supposition gains strength from the fact that two of the Chisholm's brothers, James and John, held commissions in the 21st Regiment, or North British Fusiliers. John died with the rank of Captain; James attained the rank of Major, and was Governor of Fort-Augustus, and died (I think) in Moniack Castle. Whether Father John's immediate return was owing to the good offices of his friends, or whether he was allowed to return on his own bail of honour, I am not able to say; but certain it is that he afterwards experienced some difficulty in carrying on the functions of his sacred calling in the most public parts of Strathglass. So he withdrew to the Brae of Craskie in Glencannich. About half a mile above the house of Mrs Chisholm, now at Craskie, a temporary residence was prepared for him under the cliff of a big boulder. In this primitive tabernacle he was joined by his

brother, Father Charles, and the Rev. Alexander Cameron, a son of Lochiel. The three were priests of the Society of Jesus.

Their watch-tower commands a view of the road leading from the plains of Strathglass to Glencannich for about three miles. Here they were safe so long as they chose to remain in it. Tradition says that Father John used to emerge occasionally from his domicile to administer to the wants of his neighbours. The people residing on the plains of Strathglass used in turn to go and receive the consolations of religion in Glencannich. It is morally certain that Father Farquharson, like his predecessors, baptized infants about that time in a capacious cup-stone, formed by some freak of nature into a rude baptismal font. This font, "Clach-a-Bhaistidh," is said to have been used for baptisms from time immemorial. It has been placed by some well meaning hands at a convenient place in Glencannich. But when or by whom are subjects that will probably remain for ever enshrouded in the mists of antiquity.

When in Strathglass last autumn I saw this cup-stone at the Catholic Chapel, Marydale, whither it had been taken down from the glen to protect it from further dilapidation. In the humble tabernacle at *Glaic-na-h'eirbhe* above Craskie the three Fathers seemed to be happy enough in the circumstances, until Father John one day assured his companions that their pursuers were on their way to capture them. "Let us go to meet them then," said Father John, "and save them the trouble of coming all this way for us." Fathers Cameron and Charles declined to adopt this course. He then bade them farewell, and proceeded alone; crossed the River Canaich, and met two of the Chisholm's men on a field called "Achadh-beulath-an-tuim." One of the men (Ian Bàn) told him that he was wanted at Comar, and in delivering his message he had the bad taste to raise his hand and tap the priest on the shoulder. "Alas! John," remarked the latter, "that you should have raised your hand against one of the priests of God; but so sure as you have done it, that hand will give you trouble before you leave this world." From that day or soon afterwards his hand began to annoy Ian Bàn and continued to keep him in painful recollection of what the priest had foretold him. He afterwards emigrated to the United States with his fine family; became a Catholic, and died from some disease in that hand which he had raised against the priest.

Father John Farquharson was transported to Hanover. The Captain of the vessel that took him to that penal settlement was a man of discernment, who rightly judged that he might benefit by the company of his prisoner. So he provided him with a separate berth and had him at all meals in the cabin with himself. Before leaving, the vessel lay in the Thames, off Gravesend, twenty-eight miles below London, when a very remarkable incident occurred. The Captain had occasion to go on board one of the river hulks, from the hold of which he heard some one calling loudly for a priest. He informed Father John of what he had heard, and both of them went to see who he was. Imagine the happiness of the dying prisoner, the Rev. Father Cameron, on recognising his old companion, Father Farquharson, with whom he had so recently parted in Glencannich. The generous Captain immediately took steps to have Mr Cameron removed to his own vessel, where he died a few days afterwards in the arms of his friend, Father John, who had him interred in the nearest cemetery on the banks of the Thames. After a favourable passage, the Captain landed Mr Farquharson in Hanover, and in doing so whispered in his ear that his engagement was now at an end; that he would be leaving Hanover at such a time, and that he would be very happy of his company on the homeward voyage. The hint was enough. As soon as the vessel got clear of the Hanoverian coast, the priest suddenly appeared at the Captain's table, and he was brought safely back to his native country without having incurred any real danger or expense.

He soon made his way to Strathglass, where he remained until he was selected as Prefect of Studies for the Catholic College at Douay. He deposited his large MS. of Gaelic and Ossianic poetry (the history of which is already well known to those who know anything of the Ossianic controversy) in that college when he left it in 1772. For the next ten years he was Chaplain to his nephew, the Laird of Balmoral. This good and holy priest is buried in the churchyard of Castletown, Braemar. On his gravestone may be read this last memento of *Maighistir Ian*:—"The Rev. John Farquharson spent the evening of his days as chaplain to his nephew, Mr Farquharson of Inverey, and died at Balmoral, 22d August 1782." And we have again this record on the priest's gravestone in Castletown Churchyard:—"The Rev. Charles Far-

quharson (brother of the above) served the Catholic Mission for many years, and died at Ardearg, 30th Nov. 1799."

I thought these incidents in the life of a man so well known in connection with Celtic scholarship and the Ossianic controversy might prove interesting to many of the readers of your Magazine. If you think so, they are at your disposal.

INVERNESS, December 13, 1881. COLIN CHISHOLM.

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# Literature.

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*SCOTLAND IN EARLY CHRISTIAN TIMES (Second Series). THE RHIND LECTURES IN ARCHÆOLOGY FOR 1880.* By JOSEPH ANDERSON, Keeper of the National Museum of the Antiquaries of Scotland. Edinburgh: David Douglas 1881.

IN this volume we have a second series of lectures by Mr Anderson on the artistic remains of our early Christian ancestors. To us the great interest in the study of these remains consists in the extent to which we are able to extract from them an answer to the question. What manner of men were these ancestors of ours in their every day life, in their homes, in their loves and marriages, in their dress and in their food? History, as a rule, dwells so much on battles, and feuds, and slaughters, that we are apt to forget that these are after all but occasional episodes in the lives of even the most warlike people. In this aspect the present volume is not so interesting as the previous one, which we noticed in May last, but still it has an interest of its own, and amply repays perusal. From the previous volume we learned that the old Celtic monks, living in the rudest houses and worshipping in the rudest churches, were diligent and skilful scribes and workers in metal, and had originated and developed a style of art peculiarly their own, and of very high merit. In the present volume we are only led to contemplate the application of this art in new directions. The objects described in the first volume had, too, this advantage, which is wanting to those dealt with in the present, that we were able with more or less probability to connect the objects with well-known men who lived and moved upon the earth. To contemplate an elaborately and

beautifully ornamented copy of the gospels, the known work of a very early age, is interesting, but how much more interesting does it become when we are told that the elaborate ornamentation and beautiful caligraphy was probably the work of St Columba himself. An old Celtic crozier, covered with beautiful and delicate work in silver, is an object well worthy of attention, but how intense does our regard for it become when we know, on evidence beyond all question, that it is the actual pastoral staff which St Fillan carried with him across the back-bone of Scotland, when he carried the light of the gospel to the inhabitants of Strath Fillan and Glendochart, and which leant against the rock beside him when he baptised in his famous pool; and can believe, on probable grounds, that long centuries afterwards it was carried before the hosts of Bruce on the glorious field of Bannockburn.

The art objects dealt with in the present volume are articles in metal, principally, if not entirely, articles of personal ornament and use, and sculptured stones.

Of the articles in metal, that of which the most numerous examples remain, is the brooch. Of this ornament our ancestors had developed a type peculiarly Celtic, and more Scottish than Irish. The form of this brooch was what is called penannular—that is, it was a round or flat piece of metal bent into the form of a ring, but not joined at the ends, with the pin loosely looped on to the ring. Mr Anderson does not connect this type with the Roman fibula—"the clasp that fixed the Roman gown." It seems to us obvious, however, that whether our ancestors borrowed it from the Romans or not, the original idea of the Celtic brooch existed in the Roman fibula. In the hands of the Celtic jeweller, however, the piece of wire with round beads at the ends bent into the form of a circle, developed into a flat ring with flat expanded ends; the sides and edges being divided into panels covered with the most beautiful tracery in fret-work, interlaced work and spirals, and ornamented with bosses of amber or precious stones. In the highest examples of this ornament which remain, the Hunterston and the Tara brooches, the opening between the ends of the ring is closed by a panel; and from this Mr Anderson traces the degradation of the type to the form of the common round Highland brooch of recent times. In the

two brooches we have named, we have as beautiful and artistic pieces of workmanship in metal as exist anywhere; which, so far as actual workmanship, the most skilful jeweller of the present day cannot surpass, and which, in design, they cannot equal. Such were the ornaments which our remote ancestors thought—

> Might beseem the fairest fair,
> Whether she graced a Royal chair,
> Or shed, within a vaulted hall,
> No fancied lustre on the wall,
> Where shields of mighty heroes hung,
> Where Fingal heard what Ossian sung.

The age when these beautiful ornaments were produced was undoubtedly some time between the sixth and the twelfth centuries, when the art of the Christian church, as shown by the manuscripts, reliquaries, shrines, and other ecclesiastical remains, had reached its highest development. The style of art decoration is identical with that of the manuscripts. The age and the art of the brooches are therefore Christian. But, beyond this, we can learn little about them. As to what manner of men conceived and executed them we ask in vain, and are left to conjecture that they may have been monks; and although, no doubt, the owners were the heroines of many a romantic tale, these are lost to us. Yet some of the brooches have in a way something to tell. On the Hunterston brooch there are some runic letters scratched which have been interpreted to mean "Maelbritha owns this brooch," and "Olfriti owns this brooch." Maelbritha is a Celtic name, while Olfriti is Scandinavian. This brooch was found near Largs. Can it be that it was the plunder of some Norwegian raid rendered back to its native soil by some one who fell at the battle when the rule of the foreigner over Celtic soil was finally ended? Some of these brooches have been found in the graves of Vikings in Norway, telling their tales of rapine and plunder. And in one of these graves there was found on the breast of the skeleton of a woman, a piece of metal-work beautifully ornamented in the Celtic style of art, which had evidently been part of a shrine or reliquary, roughly converted into a brooch. Does not this seem to lift a curtain and give us a glimpse into the far past; letting us see the rough and cruel Viking burning, plundering, murdering in some Hebridean or Irish monastery; yet,

struck with the beauty of the work of some desecrated and broken shrine, and carrying home a piece of it to be converted into an ornament for the woman of his love, who in her turn adorned herself with it when she took her place beside him in his grave.

In sculptured stone monuments Scotland is peculiarly rich. But it is singular that not one of them, which can be assigned to the time of the Celtic Christian church, is in any proper sense historical—that is, can be associated with any known person or event in history. The most remarkable class of these sculptured stones is one which is found only in the eastern part of Scotland, from the Forth to Caithness. They are all of the same type, and consist of a shaped slab, ornamented by carvings in relief, exhibiting on the obverse a cross ornamented with tracery of fret-work, and interlaced work and spirals, in the style of pure Celtic art, associated with carved figure subjects and symbols, and on the reverse figure subjects and symbols. The form of the cross on these monuments is one which is purely Celtic, the peculiarity being that it has semi-circular hollows at the intersections of the arms with the shaft and summit of the cross, and that the arms, shaft, and summit are sometimes connected by a circle. This form of cross has been used by no other people. The style of art ornament used on these crosses is precisely the same as that of the manuscripts and metal work, and in many instances it is most elaborate and beautiful. From the nature of it, it is seen that this style must have been first elaborated with the pen, and that the application of it to stone must have been a later development. This leads us to assign these monuments to the later period of the Celtic church. The most singular feature is however, that these monuments are confined to the area which was peculiarly Pictish, and we are led to infer that this elaborate carving in stone was a Pictish development of art.

That these monuments were Christian there is, of course, no doubt, but whether the erection of them was a continuance and development of an ancient Pagan custom, is a question that admits of some discussion. On these monuments, and associated with the cross and other Christian symbols, are certain symbols or hieroglyphs which have been found nowhere else in the world. Of these there are a number, but the most striking are a double

disc joined by lines sometimes straight and sometimes curved and a crescent, and these are sometimes crossed by a bent rod with floriated ends, sometimes in the shape of a letter V., and sometimes in the shape of a Z reversed. Associated with the cross, bearing elaborately carved stones, are rude unshaped stones bearing these symbols rudely cut into the stone—sometimes associated with the cross and sometimes not. These are evidently earlier than the elaborately carved crosses, and some have, therefore, inferred that these symbols were originally Pagan, and were adopted into Christian symbolism, just as the dragon, the centaur, and other heathen representations are seen to have been on the Christian monuments in the Catacombs. We must say that there appears to us to be much plausibility in this view, but Mr Anderson very decidedly repudiates it, and says positively that there is no well authenticated instance of a carved monument connected with a Pagan burial. Whether Pagan or Christian in their origin, it is singular that our Pictish ancestors should have originated a set of symbols peculiar to themselves. That these had a meaning, and told something to those who carved them and to their contemporaries, is obvious, but what that meaning is no one has yet deciphered with any show even of plausibility, and Mr Anderson has not attempted it.

The figure subjects on the monuments represent men, animals, angels—sometimes singly, sometimes in groups, sometimes treated pictorially, and sometimes conventionally. One would naturally expect that these sculptures would represent events in the lives or history of the persons to whom the monuments were erected, but Mr Anderson rejects this theory, and by an elaborate examination, shows that all these representations are merely modifications of the conventional and symbolical representations of events in scripture history, which are characteristic of the sepulchral monuments of the Church of the Catacombs, and which spread from them all over the western world. Even such a natural-looking representation as a stag pursued by dogs and men, is shown by reference to *The Divine Bestiaries* and other authorities, to have various symbolical meanings, one of them by a representation of a soul driven to take refuge in the church.

But if these elaborate monuments do not tell us anything of

the individuals in whose memory they were erected, they do tell us that our remote Christian ancestors were a people who paid much reverence to the mighty dead, who could appreciate art of the highest kind in the monuments which they erected, and who had among them a class of men with the culture, the skill, and the leisure to conceive and execute art monuments, the relics and fragments of which, which alone have come down to us, constitute an art treasure such as no other nation possesses. As Mr Anderson well remarks, had they been carved with Egyptian or Assyrian hieroglyphics, they would long ago have been carefully collected and preserved; but being only Celtic they are left to decay in neglected churchyards, in fields, and at roadsides. While, too, if we accept Mr Anderson's theory, we cannot hold the sculptures to represent historical events, we may safely assume that the costumes, weapons, and other accessories may be accepted as representations of those of the time, and in this aspect they do illustrate the life of our ancestors. To quote the work before us—

> They exhibit the dress of the huntsman, the warrior, the pilgrim, and the ecclesiastic. They furnish representations of the forms of the chariot, and the ship, the housings and harness of horses, instruments of music, arms of offence and defence, the staff of the pilgrim and the crosier of the ecclesiastic. Such implements and weapons of the period as the axe, the knife, the dirk, the sword, the spear, the shield, the bow, and the cross-bow, are all represented, and, so far as I know, no other representations of them exist. Customs and fashions of which there is no other distinct evidence are also represented. For instance, we learn from a comparison of all the different representations that the horsemen of that period rode without spurs or stirrups, cropped the manes and tails of their horses, used snaffle-bridles with cheek rings and ornamental rosettes, and sat upon peaked saddle-cloths; that, when journeying on horseback, they wore peaked hoods and cloaks, and when hunting or on horseback, armed, they wore a kilt-like dress, falling below mid-thighs, and a plaid across the shoulders; that they used long-bows in war, and cross-bows in hunting, that their swords were long, broad-bladed, double-edged, obtusely pointed weapons with triangular pommels and straight guards; that their spears had large lozenge-shaped heads, while their bucklers were round and furnished with bosses; that they fought on foot with sword and buckler, and on horseback with sword, spear, and shield; that when journeying on foot they wore trews or tight-fitting nether-garments, and a plaid loosely wrapped round the body, or a tight jerkin with sleeves, and belt round the waist; that they wore their hair long, flowing, and curly, sometimes with peaked beards, at other times with moustaches on the upper lip and shaven cheeks and chin; that they used covered chariots or two-wheeled carriages with poles for draught by two horses, the driver sitting on a seat over the pole, the wheels having ornamental spokes; that they used chairs with side-arms and high, curved backs, sometimes ornamented with heads of animals; that their boats had high prows and stern-posts; that the long dresses of the ecclesiastics were richly embroidered; that they walked in loose short boots, and carried crosiers and book-satchels.

Of inscribed monuments previous to the twelfth century we have very few. The earliest form of Celtic writing is supposed to be the Ogham, a system in which the letters are represented by straight lines arranged on each side of and across a stem-line. Keys to this writing are given in the Book of Ballymote, the Book of Leccan, and the Book of Leinster, but, notwithstanding, few of the inscriptions in this character have yet been deciphered. In one or two cases within the Celtic area there are monuments with inscriptions in Ogham and in Roman characters, which may be assigned to the time immediately succeeding the Roman occupation. Little can be learned from these monuments, however, beyond this, that they show that there was a very early form of Celtic writing in use most probably before the Roman invasion of Britain, and that even at that early time culture had made more than a beginning among us. There are also monuments sculptured in the style of Celtic art, but having inscriptions in Runic character, and telling, what however we know from other sources, that at the time of the Norwegian incursions into this country and Ireland, the inhabitants were much more civilised and cultured than the invaders, and that the invaders used and adopted the art of the conqured people.

Such is a brief account of some of the matters treated of in this volume. Had space permitted there are many other matters treated of which we should have liked to notice, and there are some conclusions of the author which we should probably have called in question. It is a volume, however, which no student of early Scottish history can afford to neglect—and, as in the case of the previous volume, the style of the letterpress and of the engravings leaves nothing to be desired.

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THE LATE REV. ALEXANDER MACGREGOR, M.A.—It appears that some mistake has been made regarding the age of our late friend. In all the notices which appeared of him, it was stated that he was born in 1808, and consequently only 73 years when he died. The Rev. Robert Neil, minister of Glengairn, sends us an "Extract from the old Register of Baptisms for the Parish of Glenmuick, Glengairn, and Tullich, kept at Ballater," to the following effect:—"1806, May 26th: Rev. Robert Macgregor, Dalfuil, and his wife, Janet Menzies, had a son born, named ALEXANDER." Mr Neil says "I am not certain whether the 26th May be the date of his birth or baptism; at all events, there can be no doubt our venerable friend completed his 75th year in the month of May last." He further explains that "Dalfuil" was the name of the croft on which the Mission-house in which Mr Macgregor was born, was built; so called from a piece of haugh land near a deep pool in the River Gairn. We are much indebted to Mr Neil for this information.

THE

# CELTIC MAGAZINE.

*Conducted by ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A. SCOT.*

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## THE MATHESONS.

BY THE EDITOR.

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### III.

JOHN MOR MATHESON, who, although he afterwards, as will be immediately seen, purchased extensive estates in the Black Isle, always continued to style himself of Fernaig, in Lochalsh. He was liberally educated under the superintendence of his relative, Murdoch Mackenzie, grandson of Alexander Roy, a natural son of John Glassich Mackenzie, second Baron of Gairloch. Murdoch, who was an Episcopalian, served as Chaplain in Lord Reay's Regiment in the Bohemian and Swedish service, under Gustavus Adolphus; and on his return home he was presented to the parishes of Contin, Inverness, and Elgin, in succession. In 1662 he was elected to the Bishopric of Moray, and subsequently, in 1677, translated to the See of Orkney.* The author of the Iomaire manuscript states that John "was taken up" by the Bishop of Moray, "who resided at Kinkell.† The Bishop kept him for some time at school, and gave him 500 merks Scots to traffic therewith. After following the mercantile line for some time, in which he was very successful, he began cattle dealing, by which he became master of a good deal of money." Starting in life under such auspices, it is not surprising to find John Mor cutting out a career for himself. His friend, the Bishop, pointed out the source of wealth which might open up to him if he could

* For Murdoch's descendants, see "The History of the Mackenzies," by the same author, p. 314.

† Hence we presume the name *Bishop*-Kinkell.

succeed in driving some of the superfluous herds of black cattle which then abounded in the Highlands to the southern markets, and which were then of scarcely any value among his own countrymen, but, on the other hand, often served as a temptation to spoliations and feuds among themselves. John Mor at once saw the force of his cousin's advice. But there were various obstacles in the way at that time not easily surmounted, the most formidable being the opposition and danger certain to be met with from those powerful chiefs and clans through whose territories his droves would necessarily have to pass on their way to the southern markets.

The most powerful chiefs in his course were the Marquis of Huntly and Mackintosh of Mackintosh, each of whom had extensive possessions in Lochaber, through which Matheson would have to drive his herds. These gentlemen at the time had differences among themselves, and were jealous of each other. Matheson, ascertaining this, hit upon a ruse by which he succeeded in playing off the one against the other. To each he wrote a letter under pledge of the strictest secrecy, that the other was preparing a foray to plunder his property. "Mackintosh proceeded immediately thither, and by this precaution seemed to confirm the feigned intelligence to the other. Huntly lost no time in following. John Mor, seeing his stratagem succeeded so well, he collected as many cattle and followers as he could, and forced a route through Badenoch [in Mackintosh's absence in Lochaber] to the low countries." Our authority, while expressing a doubt as to the morality of these proceedings, commends the patriotism of his ancestor for "having driven the first herd of black cattle across the Grampian hills from the North, which exhibits him as a benefactor to the wilds of his nativity; and he found ample recompense in success, insomuch that some time after his return he purchased the lands of Bennetsfield, on the Moray Firth, as a low-country grazing and shelter for his future herds. He was now joined in his traffick by Sir William Gordon of Embo, in Sutherlandshire, but was prevented from ever residing permanently on his purchase by a fastidious reluctance of his wife to conform to the mode of living on corn, then more widely adopted in the more cultivated districts, in consequence of which he purchased the place of Easter Suddy for his son in 1688; and it is to be

observed that though John was long before possessed of Bennetsfield, he continued to adopt the style of Fernaig, while his son appears in the first Parliament of William and Mary, during the life of his father, as a Commissioner o the County of Ross, under that of Bennetsfield. John's continued success appears in the various large sums of money which he was able to advance to his relatives and friends. He purchased the estate of Applecross, which had been forfeited in 1715, in the person of Alexander, IVth Laird, who had joined the Earl of Mar, which he procured to be re-conveyed to Roderick Mackenzie of Kinwhillidrum, his son and heir, and who carried on the line of Applecross." Besides these John Mor granted many other extensive loans, "some of which still rank among a set of old fruitless actions at the instance of his grandson."*

While it is quite possible that John Mor Matheson may have been the first, as his representative here claims for him, who had sent cattle to the southern markets from his own particular part of the Highlands, official documents exist which show that from Argyll and other districts cattle were so sent considerably more than a century before he ever thought of starting in the business of a Highland drover.

In 1565 we come upon a complaint "on behalf of Allane Fischear, Thomas Fischear, and certane thair collegis," dealers in cattle from the West Highlands, against Patrick Houston of that Ilk, for taking the cattle from them, when "according to thair accustamat maner" they brought them from Argyll "to be sauld to thair Hienesses liegis in the lawlands," when it was ordered by the Privy Council that such parties were not to be molested, provided that they did not "transport na victualis into Ergyle" in return.† In the following year a proclamation was issued that none presume to molest the Highlanders resorting to the markets in the Lowlands. Modernised in spelling it reads :—

At Edinburgh, 17th July 1566.—Forasmuch as through the troubles occurring the last year, the inhabitants of the county of Argyle, Lorne, Breadalbane, Kintyre, and the Isles, were afraid to come into the Lowlands for fear of invasion and such other impediments as then occurred, which trouble, thanks to God, is quieted, to the honour

* Bennetsfield MS.

† This was in consequence of the opponents of the Queen's marriage, who had taken up arms, having been obliged by the Royal forces to retire to Argyle, and a proclamation was issued, dated the 3d of November 1565, forbidding the supply of any provisions to the rebels under severe penalties.

of our sovereigns and wealth of their subjects: And since it is not only needful that good neighbourhood and abstinence from all displeasure and invasion be observed among all the lieges; but that either of them sustain and relieve each other's necessities by interchange of "the excresence and superflew" fruits grown in the Low and High lands; o that necessarily markets must be kept, and all men, indifferently, without exception, repair thereto for selling their goods and buying again of such necessaries as are unto them needful and requisite: Therefore ordains letters to be directed to officers of the Army, charging them to pass to the Market Crosses of Perth, Stirling, Dumbarton, Renfrew, Glasgow, Irvine, Ayr, and all other places needful, and there, by open proclamation, command and charge all and sundry our Sovereign Lord and Lady's lieges, that none of them take upon hand to invade or pursue others, whether they be Highlandmen or Lowland; or to offer or make provocation of trouble, or tuilzie to others, notwithstanding any offence, quarrel, or question falling in the time of the said troubles, under the pain of death: Discharging all Sheriffs, Stewards, Bailies and other Deputies and officials, and all Provosts and Bailies of Burghs, of all staying, arresting, stop trouble, or impediment-making to the said Highlandmen in bodies or goods in their coming to the said markets, remaining therein, or departing therefrom; for any crime, action, cause, or occasion, committed during the time of the said troubles, or proceeding thereon, and of their offices in that part; but that all men pursue justice by the ordinary civil manner as appertains.*

In the Bennetsfield manuscript a curious and interesting account is given of the way by which the family ultimately obtained possession of Invervaine, in Strathconan. The manner in which this property was acquired by the family of Fernaig betrays the depressed state at that period of the lately affluent and powerful Barons of Kintail. In writing to Kenneth, III[rd] Earl of Seaforth, his contemporary, Lord Tarbat, says, "his estate was overburthened to its distractione;" and his tenacious adherence to Charles II. did not tend to enhance his prospects. It was when under this pressure that John Mor Matheson, then indifferently designed of the two Fernaigs and Ach-nan-Cleireach, or of Bennetsfield, returned from one of his lucrative excursions to the south. The produce, according to the custom of the times, was in gold; and this was carefully concealed, and the place of its deposit only known to the members of his own family. Through this channel, however, the Earl of Seaforth found means of ascertaining the secret, which led him to appropriate clandestinely so expedient a succour in his extreme need. A sister, named Mary, resided under John's roof; his precautions did not escape her vigilance, and she carried information to the Earl of Seaforth which disclosed to him the place in which her brother's treasure was concealed, whereupon his Lordship carried it all away. The treachery

* Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis, pp. 151-153, where other curious documents relating to the same subject may be consulted.

as well as the chief actor was soon detected, and, while she was consigned to the execration of her own clan under the designation of Mairi 'n oir, or Mary of the gold, John selected a faithful band of followers with whom he marched secretly to Brahan Castle, then in a feeble state of defence. Arriving, he immediately walked in and found the Earl, who at once rose to salute his friend, at dinner, when John instantly declared that "he had business of some importance which must precede further ceremonial, and drawing his sword gave the astonished Earl the alternative of instant restitution of the property carried away, or instant death; showing him that his house was surrounded, and resistance or escape impossible. It was no time for deliberation, and a bond was drawn out for the amount, which was renewed by his Countess after the Earl's death, as appears by a writ of assignation, 'Siclike and forasmuch as the deceast Isobel Countess Dowager of Seafort as prin^le^, and Kenneth Lord Marquis of Seafort, her son, as cautioner for her, by their Bond of the date the twenty-second day of June, one thousand six hundred and ninety-eight years, bound and obliged themselves and their heirs to have contented and paid John Matheson of Bennetsfield, etc., all and hail the sum of six thousand merk Scots,' in lieu of which follows an obligation to infeft and seize the said John Matheson in all and hail the town and lands of Invervaine of Glenvaine, in Strathconan, which afterwards was re-conveyed by contract of marriage to his grandson, John of Bennetsfield, and his lady, Elizabeth Mackenzie of Belmaduthy, 1730. And here for the first time, do we find the designation of John Mor exclusively restored to that of Bennetsfield; that of Fernaig as the last relic of his patrimonial territory in Lochalsh having passed into disuetude" among his successors.

In the disposition in his favour by Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, of the lands of Easter Suddy, dated 1688, he is described as "John Matheson of Meikle Fernaig in Lochalsh, for himself and Marie McCra his spouse, in life-rent, and Alexander, his eldest son, in fee." He was generally known among his neighbours as "An Ceannaiche Mor Fada fo Chrios," or the Big Tall Merchant, the last two words in the Gaelic indicating that he was long-legged, or long below the girdle—an article of common use and indispensibly necessary in those days to any one in the habit of carrying money or other treasure about with him on his person.

He married early in life Mary, daughter of the Rev. Donald Macrae of Dornie, minister of Kintail, by his wife Isobel, eldest daughter of Murdoch, V. of Hilton, with issue—

Alexander, his heir, and several daughters, one of whom, Isobel, married Kenneth Mackenzie, first of Alduinny, third son of John Mackenzie, II. of Applecross, with issue; and another, Mary, who married Donald Murchieson of Auchtertyre.

He took sides with the Chevalier and was actively engaged in forwarding his interest at the date of his own death in 1715, when he was succeeded by his only son,

ALEXANDER MATHESON, first designed of Bennetsfield, who during his father's lifetime resided at Easter Suddy as one of the partners and acting manager of his father's extensive business and estates. He married early in life a lady of the Clan Mackenzie; settled down upon his Black Isle property, and, according to the family chronicler, "resigned any pretension to the place of his nativity and seat of his forefathers," judging it "more prudent to settle among his acquired relations than to return to undefined claims, and to engage in interminable contentions under the now paramount Earl of Seaforth." He was, however, still anxious to possess a substantial Highland property, and having already the small property of Invervaine in Strathconan, he took a wadset from Alexander Mackenzie, VI. of Davochmaluag, of the lands of Lubriach and Island Mor, in the same place, as also of the Middletown of Auchnasheen, by contract dated at Wester Fairburn, on the 26th of June 1732. During the pasturing season he or some member of his family generally resided at Invervaine or at Auchnasheen.

On the advice of Alexander Mackenzie of Inchcoulter, and Sir George Mackenzie of Rosehaugh, at the time Lord Advocate for Scotland, his wife's uncles, Matheson before his father's death entered into negotiation for the purchase, jointly with his father, of the property in the neighbourhood of Bennetsfield, belonging to Sir George, for the sum of £78,011 10s 5d Scots, or about £6,500 sterling; but finding the house, yards, and parks of Pittonachty set down in the valuation at £1200 Scots, he withdrew from further negotiation. In a note of the valuation of these properties made at the time, Scatwell is entered at £36,731 16s 1d; Bennetsfield at £13,887 10s; Belmaduthy at £9,708

8s 5d; Avoch and Milne thereof at £11,630 9s 5d; and Drynie at £6,053 6s 6d—all Scots money—making a total, as already said, of £78,011 10s 5d Scots, or £6,500 1s 10d sterling.

Alexander, though very successful in his earlier years in adding to his means, latterly involved himself in difficulties by extensive advances to friends in the shape of loans, the attempted recovery of which entailed upon him in his old age, and afterwards on his posterity, interminable and expensive lawsuits, with scarcely any advantageous results. The most prominent trait in his character, it is said, "besides his prudent economy, was his liberality in the education of the children of his followers and adherents, while his writings and business habits show these were not neglected in respect to himself."

He married, in 1705, Isobel, second daughter of Roderick Mackenzie, first of Avoch, in 1671 sub-chaunter of Ross, and son of the Rev. John Mackenzie, Archdean of Ross, natural son of Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Coigeach, Tutor of Kintail, second son of Colin Càm Mackenzie, XI. of Kintail, and progenitor of the Earls of Cromarty. Roderick's wife, and Isobel's mother, was Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Simon Mackenzie of Lochslinn (fourth son of Kenneth Mackenzie, first Lord Mackenzie of Kintail), by his second wife, Agnes, daughter of William Fraser of Culbockie, relict of Alexander Mackenzie, first of Ballone, brother of Sir John Mackenzie, first of Tarbat, and son of Sir Roderick Mackenzie, Tutor of Kintail. By this lady, Isobel Mackenzie of Avoch, Bennetsfield had issue—

1. John, his heir.
2. Roderick, who died without issue.
3. Alexander, a W.S. in Edinburgh, who, in 1739, died without issue.
4. Donald, who married Margaret, daughter of John Miller of Kincurdy.
5. Kenneth, married, without issue.
6. James, who married Mary, daughter of John Macrae of Dornie (by Anne, daughter of Alexander Mackenzie, III. of Applecross, and relict of Alexander Mackenzie, II. of Kinchullidrum), with issue.

He died, far advanced in years, in 1754, when he was succeeded by his eldest son.

*(To be Continued.)*

## TALES AND ADVENTURES OF A BOTANIST:

### ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE MANNERS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

——o——

JESSIE MACLEOD.—*Continued.*

DURING all this period the fate of Jessie was divested of none of the deep mystery in which it had all along been involved. Her father's feeble state of health, brought on by her misconduct, disqualified him from all farther active efforts to discover the place of her concealment; and the only additional attempts for that purpose were made through the newspapers and by the several connections of the family settled in different parts of the kingdom. It was in London, however, that the most diligent search was carried on by those who took an interest in her recovery, for there it was still believed she must be secreted. But though once or twice her friends believed they had got certain intelligence of her retreat, their hopes still ended in all the sadness of disappointment.

Captain Macintyre remained yet in profound ignorance of the fatal wound which his own happiness and the honour of the family of Aulduiny had received. He still fed his soul with the flattering hope that his beloved and faithful Jessie was sighing for his return. He trusted that everything relating to their marriage had already been arranged between her parents and his. He delighted in contemplating, in sanguine anticipation, their rapturous meeting; clothing every circumstance with a gorgeousness of fancy, and enjoying even in prospect an ecstacy of feeling which no language can express. He also longed to embrace once more his revered parents and their numerous family, to each member of which his heart clung with fraternal tenderness. His imagination dwelt on the joyful commotion which his appearance would excite in the peaceful manse of Arnisdale, and the sacred and enviable tears that the good old people would shed over the happy meeting.

From Aulduiny's family too he looked forward to a scarcely less interesting reception. Nor did the more humble companions of his boyhood, nor the aged patriarchs of his clachan, whose

withered hands had been lifted up to bless him, when he left his father's dwelling, escape his affectionate remembrance amidst the many pleasing anticipations that rushed upon his mind. The local scenery of his native glen, too, and the renewal of many of his favourite amusements, contributed not a little to enhance his expected enjoyments. The mere idea of the lakes, and rivers, and purple heath of Caledonia had often refreshed his spirits when sinking under the exhausting influence of the broiling atmosphere of Hindostan; and he now indulged the pleasing hope, that promised to be soon realised, of renewing his acquaintance with all these objects of interest so dear to him in former days.

Full of such anticipations as these, Captain Macintyre lost no time in making such preparations as he deemed necessary for leaving London immediately. So intent was his mind on being soon in Glen-Uaine, that he could not prevail on himself to call even on some near relatives who lived in the Metropolis, lest they should devise some means of detaining him longer in town than he could think of submitting to. In this state of mind he had secured his passage by sea to Leith, and had seen all his travelling accompaniments safely arranged on board the vessel in which he was to sail next day, and was returning, in the dusk, through the crowded streets to his hotel for the night, when, as he passed the entrance of an obscure lane, he found himself addressed by a female, who issued from that place in such a manner as irresistibly arrested his attention, being so different from anything he expected in such a locality. As he turned his face towards her to ascertain the nature of her distress and assure himself of the propriety of listening to her appeal to his sympathy, that moment his glance seemed to produce on her the effect of a thunder-shock; and before he could obtain a distinct glimpse of her features, she had sunk, seemingly lifeless, at his feet. Obeying only the impulse of pity, he conveyed her instantly into an adjoining tavern. As he was there consigning her to the care of the waiter, he happened to cast his eye on her pale visage, now distinctly seen in the strong light to which it was exposed. It had said more for the strength of Frank's nerves than the liveliness of his sensibilities to be able to sustain for a moment that dreadful sight. "O, misery! O, my Jessie!" he only exclaimed, and in the same instant lay prostrate on the floor. The higher his blissful an-

ticipations had been previously wound up, with proportionate weight and intensity of pain did the blighting stroke descend upon his soul.

When he became conscious of his bitter existence, he found himself laid on a sofa and surrounded by some half-dozen waiters and others who had been attracted by the tumult. He made an effort to collect his frenzied thoughts; he darted a wild and frightful glance around the apartment, but nowhere discovered the object which he sought; he started up, in spite of every effort to detain him, and with the air of a maniac demanded what they had done with his Jessie. Being informed that she was in an adjoining room, he insisted on being immediately conducted thither. He next desired to be left alone with the unfortunate lady, and with some difficulty succeeded in getting rid of the lingering attendants.

On recovering her sensibility, after the nervous shock which the unexpected appearance of Frank had given her, Jessie for some minutes manifested all the symptoms of total derangement. Her eyes opened only to fix their staring gaze on vacancy, while she seemed equally unconscious of her own existence, and insensible to external objects. In this state she continued till Frank entered the room. The sound of his well-known voice broke her awful reverie. She started, but not daring again to encounter his glance, she covered her face with her hands, and reclining her head on her knees, sought relief from the agony of her feelings in a copious flood of tears. Frank took hold of her hand and attempted to address her, but his powers of articulation failed him. He could only throw himself down on the sofa beside her, and accompanied her sobs and tears with his own. This heart-rending scene continued for a long time, while each deeply heaved pang seemed sufficient to burst open the fountains of life in their convulsed frames, and free their struggling souls, as they both most earnestly wished, from corporeal thraldom, and at once terminate their lives and their sufferings.

When Frank had so far recovered himself as to be again capable of utterance, he endeavoured, by means of the most soothing expressions, to allay the tumult which agitated the bosom of the personified image of distress still sobbing aloud by his side. But all his well-meant attempts seemed only to pro-

duce a contrary effect, till, becoming apprehensive for her reason, he thought it advisable to leave the unhappy penitent to herself till the poignancy of her feelings should have somewhat abated He therefore withdrew, and, summoning the landlady, engaged her, by the most powerful motive that such persons know, to bestow all possible attention for the night on her afflicted guest.

By her kind offices Jessie was at length restored to some degree of composure, and was even prevailed on to take some slight refreshment, of which her emaciated features seemed to testify her need. Soon after she allowed herself to be conveyed to bed, where, exhausted as she was with the harassing incidents of the evening, she by-and-bye sunk into tolerably sound repose. Frank, however, could not undress or close an eye that night, but spent the lingering hours in sleepless, solitary brooding over the inextricable occurrence, which, from being the happiest of men had in one fatal moment rendered him the most wretched and hopeless.

Having heard next morning that the poor broken-hearted sufferer was more calm than could have been expected, and had tasted a little breakfast, he acquainted her, by means of the hostess, that he waited her pleasure for an interview. He was immediately admitted into the parlour where she was. She rose with a melancholy smile to receive him. But still finding herself unable to meet his eye, she turned aside her face and hid it in her handkerchief, while she permitted him to take hold of her hand and press it to his lips. He conducted her back to her seat and placed himself by her side, still retaining his hold of that trembling hand. Her breast again began to heave convulsively, her pale complexion changed to crimson, and Frank became apprehensive of a renewal of last night's paroxysm of grief.

By degrees, however, she became more composed, wiped away her tears, and once more exposed to view that fair countenance which distress, though its inroads on it were but too apparent, had not been able to rob of all its loveliness. After several unavailing efforts at speech, she was at last enabled to say, in a soft and tremulous voice, "Alas! alas! Frank. You can never forgive the injuries I have done you." Here her rising sobs again interrupted her utterance.

"My dearest Jessie, I forgive, from my soul, every injury which you could commit against me."

On hearing these gracious words, she threw herself on his breast, which she bedewed with her gushing tears. A considerable period elapsed before she was able to utter another syllable; and it was not till after many unsuccessful attempts, and at a subsequent meeting, that she found means to inform him of the various particulars of her acquaintance with Captain Vaughan, and its lamentable consequences. But as the details of this distressing narrative were intended for Frank's private ear alone, we are obliged to be satisfied, in addition to what we already know, with the brief outline which he thought himself at liberty to communicate to his friends.

From this source we learn that after his well-concerted escape from Glen-Uaine, Vaughan had taken Miss Macleod to London, where he took lodgings for her in a respectable locality, until, as he said, he could make arrangements for their marriage; meanwhile treating her with so much respect that her attachment to him was considerably strengthened. He represented to her that he was totally dependant on his uncle, Sir Henry Vaughan, who he feared would not readily sanction his marriage, which was the reason of his acting so secretly. He hinted at the advisability of a private marriage, but to this proposal Jessie would not listen for a moment. He then pretended to have gained his uncle's consent, and showed Jessie a letter which he said he had received from the baronet, giving his cordial consent, and inviting his nephew to bring his bride to visit him as soon as convenient after their marriage.

Jessie was now visited by two seemingly very respectable ladies, whom the Captain presented as members of his own family, resident in London. He next begged to introduce a younger brother of his, who had attended him to town for the purpose of being present at the nuptials, and who was now in waiting in an adjoining room. At the first glance Jessie was convinced that she saw in the features of this young gentleman a very strong resemblance to the looks of the Captain, and in her simplicity never once suspected that there could be any deception in the case. Every obstacle having been thus satisfactorily removed, the necessary steps were taken, with impatient haste, to have the indissoluble knot tied in due form. Before many days of farther delay elapsed, the long-expected ceremony was performed, in a manner which the happy

bride's ignorance of the forms of the English Church prevented her from discovering to be grossly irregular.

Jessie now wished to communicate immediately intelligence of her happiness and good fortune to her anxious friends, of whom she had heard nothing since her elopement—for Vaughan had carefully kept all their public advertisements from her eye. But by his advice she deferred writing them till after her visit to Sir Harry, when she might have it in her power to give a more satisfactory account of her affairs. A few days afterwards, however, when she expected they were to set out for the baronet's seat, she had the mortification to learn that, in consequence of distressing news from a friend in another part of the country who had been taken suddenly ill, and desired to see Captain Vaughan before his expected death, she must still wait the course of another untoward run of disappointing circumstances. The Captain left her, as he said, for a short space under the charge of his brother, whom he requested to neglect no means that might contribute to her comfort and amusement till his return; and in the event of his happening to be detained a few days more than he expected, he trusted that she would not distress herself on that account. As the affair was urgent, Jessie, who now considered herself as Mrs Vaughan, could oppose no obstacle to her lord's departure on such a humane and pious errand, however much she lamented the unseasonable separation.

The probable time for his return, together with the additional days specified by him, passed slowly away, and the Captain still appeared not. She waited a day or two longer, when her patience began to fail, and she experienced a considerable degree of alarm. The circumstances of the case, however, suggested many excuses for his continued absence, though she thought it strange and ominous that he did not write her. His brother, meantime, affected to consider all her apprehensions as groundless, and was at no loss for reasons to account both for the Captain's delay and his seeming neglect. Before the close of another day, he ventured to predict that she would either see him in person or be favoured with intelligence from or concerning him.

The evening of that other day also arrived, and she began to suspect the claims of her pretended brother-in-law to the gift of prophecy, when the landlady, to whom she expressed her un-

easiness, made answer, in a tone that might seem intermediate between jest and earnest, that she had better rest satisfied with one brother instead of another. This was the first hint she had received tending to alarm her suspicions. She pondered much upon it during the tedious and restless hours of the following night, and had not time next morning to question her landlady as to the precise meaning of her ambiguous expressions, when that person unceremoniously entered her apartment and proceeded to undeceive her regarding her connection with Captain Vaughan. Jessie retained not sensation to hear the base woman to the conclusion of her distressing announcement, and her ears were therefore spared for the present the additional pain of listening to the infamous proposals with which she had the effrontery to insult her. The horror occasioned by the full view of the irretrievable disgrace and ruin into which she had fallen was too much for her mind to sustain, and for several days she remained in a serious state of derangement.

She gradually recovered her reason only to feel more poignantly her incurable sufferings, which were doubly aggravated by the unfeeling methods taken to comfort her by the landlady and the other instrument of her ruin, the pretended brother of Vaughan. She determined, as soon as she recovered sufficient strength, to make an effort to escape from this detested house, and without much difficulty effected her purpose one evening while the spies set about her, believing her to be in no condition for flight, had remitted their usual vigilance. Without knowing whither she went, she made all the expedition which her fleeting trepidation would allow, till she thought herself beyond all danger of pursuit. She then halted to breathe at the entrance of an obscure alley, and to deliberate about what step she should take next.

She found herself alone—friendless and without a sixpence in her possession, amidst the bustle and tumult of the crowded streets of London. She had, indeed, some relations in that place, but she had never seen them nor knew where they lived; and even had it been otherwise, all the world could not have induced her to make herself known to them in her present condition. Her first object was to procure lodgings for the night in some respectable house. But how to accomplish this, an utter stranger

as she was, and totally destitute of money, defied the utmost stretch of her ingenuity. Meantime she shuddered to hear the mingled words of blasphemy, strife, and licentiousness, which proceeded from the interior of the alley where she lurked partially concealed, and was no less alarmed by the suspicious characters who continually passed her, and from whom nothing but rudeness was to be apprehended.

In these trying circumstances, she at length made up her mind to accost the first respectable and humane-looking gentleman that might pass by—for ladies of that character, there and at that hour, she could not expect to meet—and endeavour, by a plain statement of her destitute and miserable condition, to interest him on her behalf. It was so wonderfully and seasonably brought about by Providence that the only person to whom she could prevail on herself to approach was her own much injured but still affectionate Frank Macintyre whom she had addressed before she could recognise him, altered as his appearance was since she had last seen him, and who had been sent, by divine interposition, to snatch her from the jaws of despair.

To palliate in some degree the charge of inconstancy which she had so manifestly incurred, though she did not attempt to exculpate herself, she protested to Frank that had he not left her at liberty to follow her own choice, and had not Vaughan taken advantage of that circumstance (even after she had informed him that she had renewed her engagement by letter) to fill her mind with doubts as to Frank's desire to fulfil the obligation on his part, she believed that the other arts of her deceiver would have been in vain. Of his very generous offer she confessed that she had taken a most ungenerous advantage, and that she now suffered the well deserved retribution which had come upon her for her unpardonable levity and infidelity.

Such was the substance of Jessie's affecting narrative, in the course of which her voice had often been arrested by the violence of her grief, and Frank had as often started to his feet to vow revenge, in the overflowing indignation that boiled in his breast, against her diabolical seducer. His first intention, after having heard her to a conclusion, was to go directly to the house which had been the scene of such deplorable villainy, in order to threaten the landlady, and oblige her to make known to him the resi-

dence of Vaughan or his pretended brother. But Jessie assuring him that it would be altogether in vain, as the landlady knew nothing of either but as occasional lodgers; and as he perceived that Vaughan was too much an adept in his art to suffer her to possess any clue to his movements, he was, though with much difficulty and reluctance, dissuaded from the attempt. Neither her arguments, however, nor her tears could prevent him from going immediately to the War Office to obtain Captain Vaughan's address. To his mortification he there learned that that gentleman had received orders some time ago to join his regiment immediately in Ireland, and that before now he was certainly across the Irish Channel.

This intelligence obliged Frank to defer the gratification of his revenge till he had conducted the unhappy victim of such heartless villainy to some place of security. She could not be prevailed upon to return to her friends in Glen-Uaine. She had heard nothing of the distress and anxiety they had endured, or of the unwearied efforts of her poor father and others to recover her; and she supposed their prevailing sentiments regarding her must be more allied to indignation and hatred than to forgiving tenderness. Even if she had been assured how ready they were to receive her with open arms and to bury all her offences in oblivion, she could not have brought herself to appear again in her father's house after having so much disgraced its hitherto spotless name. The bare idea of even presenting herself again in the Parish Church of Arnisdale was sufficient to overwhelm her with shame. Yet she desired to return to her native land, and there spend the remainder of her unhappy days in solitude and penitential tears; for her infidelity to the most deserving and devoted of lovers, and her desertion of the kindest of parents, filled her soul with such a painful sense of baseness that she wished to hide herself from human view, and lie prostrate before her Judge in ceaseless supplication for pardon. Finding her so fixed in this state of mind as to be inflexible, Frank took measures to carry her along with him to Scotland, intending to humour her desire of concealment till the bitterness of her grief should yield to the soothing hand of time.

*(To be Continued.)*

# THE NON-OSSIANIC POEMS OF THE DEAN OF LISMORE'S BOOK.

—o—

AT the first glance we see that the poems in the latter half of Dr Maclauchlan's edition of the Dean of Lismore's collection are different not only in subject, but in spirit and style, from the Ossianic poems in the same book. We must not jump to the conclusion that all the Ossianic poems are older than the mediæval ones, and that all the mediæval poems are comparatively modern. We have non-Ossianic poems in this book which go back to the tenth century, or which, at least, celebrate men who lived in that remote age. For example, Gormlay, daughter of Flann, is credited with two sweet and tender elegies to the memory of her husband, Nial of the black knee, King of Ireland, who fell fighting the Danes in 919. That the language of this poem is easy and modern in comparison with some poems in the volume of a comparatively late date, need not force us to the conclusion that some other poet nearer our own time composed these elegies and ascribed them to the widowed daughter of Flann. Popular poems change with the changes of the spoken language, unless they are committed to writing. This Gormlay may have actually *crooned* these touching lines, to soothe her sorrow for the untimely fate of her royal husband. On the other hand there are Ossianic poems bristling with all the old names of the Feinn, which were almost fresh from the poet's imagination when they were swept into the industrious net of the Dean, and saved from the devouring flood for posterity. The distinction then between the Dean's Ossianic and non-Ossianic poems is to be found, not in their antiquity, but in their contents, their sentiments, and their point of view. Both kinds of poetry were frequently composed at the same period, and indeed by the same authors. In the one case the bard drew his materials from a pre-Christian time filled with men whom popular story glorified into mythological and superhuman beings. He loved to roam in search of food for his poetic faculty into the far past, away from the littleness, the hardness, the limits, the prosiness of the present. The golden age is always far away from us, more especially from the poet. Thus arose our Ossianic poetry. But then,

on the other hand, the bard was moved to sing not of the idealised past, but of the actual men and women of his own day, of their deeds, their sufferings, their amusements, their outgoing and their coming in. Thus we are introduced to the habits, the likes and dislikes, the rivalries, the passions of our countrymen, five or six centuries back. As we look back upon those days through the glass of the poet, we see many things that we don't wish to have a practical acquaintance with, and we are glad to be at such a safe distance from them. Some of the poets themselves were shocked with the times they lived in—out of joint as they were. These long for the days of the Feinn, just as some foolish people among us long for the days when the clans cut each other's throats, and when the priest ruled supreme; though there are, by the way, indications in these poems that the priest never found it an easy matter to do so. Such poets indirectly tell us when they glorify the past, what the things are which irritate them in the present. When they proclaim in mournful strains that it is a calamity that the stronghold of the Feinn is in bondage to the clerics, and to the songs of the men who turned over leaves of books, then we may be sure that they hated the priest and his doings a great deal more than they loved MacCumhail and his myrmidons. A most interesting poem of this description is given in the *Gael*, p. 62. Evidently rosary and psalter, pastoral crooks, church bells, and collection plates,* were not at all to the taste of this vigorous bard. He even ventures to say that if Conan were alive he would strike down the priest, not with his sword, but with his fist. Clearly, before the coming of Bishop Carswell, there were priests who frowned upon the old songs, and wished to supersede them with the songs of David and the hymns of the church, which latter the bard calls "howling songs!" Then, too, we can gather from such poems that some priests wished to degrade from their place of honour, hunting in the field and revelry in the hall. Possibly the asceticism of the time, in the Highlands as in other places, put its stern ban on everything in the way of amusement, and on all kinds of culture not strictly and formally religious, just as at this moment there are men full of spiritual power who regard a tune on pipe or harp as essentially sinful. With such men the poet, with his keen sensibilities, has

* So I venture to translate *bortwis*, which seems to be the same with the Scotch *brod*,

been and always will be at war. Still, the poet's love of excitement has its dangers, and we must be thankful to the old clerics who dethroned MacCumhail, not with sword or spear, but with the "book," contemptible as it was in the eye of many a bard. Whatever their merits or demerits, however intolerable to free men many of their doings were, however incredible much of their teaching, they were much better than the old Feinn whom the bards delighted to honour. Still, we are glad to find that when the church was most powerful, there were men who ventured to tell her that she must not strain the loyalty of men too far. There are men who tell us that the Celt has always been crouching before Catholic altar, or Protestant pulpit. A knowledge of our popular poetry and proverbs would serve to correct such an impression. There we find many stinging epigrams, at the expense of clerical weakness, which could not have been sharpened on anvils belonging to men whose reverence knew no bounds. The Dean himself, in admitting the poem referred to into his collection, seems to show that he at least was not unwilling that the power of his order should be made to feel that the unsparing bold tongue of the bard was ready to expose it when it went beyond just limits. Possibly enough, this Macgregor, in spite of his cassock, loved his hounds, his horses, as well as did the bard who resented any interference with such pleasures.

But we shall say no more of the bards who, like the Roman historian Tacitus, glorified the past as the only way in which they could safely give expression to their indignation with the present which disgusted them, but turn our attention to those poems which find their inspiration in matters of every day life.

We will begin with the religious poems. These are few but of some interest, and make us regret that they are not more in number. We fear it must be said of the mediæval religious poems, as well as of many modern ones, that they are not equal in power and melody to the secular poems. How is it that we have so few really good Gaelic hymns? Is it because of our habit of eager introspection, our restless self-analysis that prevents us looking straight out upon a religious truth without relation to our own personal moods at the moment? This may give us good sermons, but not good hymns. But if we have no good hymns, let us be thankful that we are spared much of the

irreverent, familiar, unchastised productions which pass elsewhere for spiritual songs. We must confess, however, that as a whole the witchery of style which marks the secular Gaelic bard has been, with the exception of Buchanan, denied to his religious brother. The point of Rob Donn's remark to Donald Matheson, a contemporary religious poet, holds good along the whole line of Celtic poetry, "Is tusa an duine is diadhaidh, ach is mise am bard a 's fhearr."—You are the more pious man, but I am the better bard.

Three of these poems carry the signature of a famous name, that of MacVurich, the ancestor of the distinguished bards and musicians of the Clan Ranalds. One of the most delightful poems in the volume is a dialogue between this Murdoch MacVurich, who, because he came to Scotland, was known as Murdoch Albanach, and an Irish friend of his, when together they took the vow of a religious life, which in those days was regarded as impossible in the ordinary avocations of men. The poem represents them as urging each other to whet the blades—the sword of the one and the knife of the other—with which they were to remove from each others heads the beautiful locks emblematic of the world's pride and lust to make way for the symbol of Christ's crown of thorns. The poem breathes a keen sense of the charms of natural life, of its beauty, of its pleasures, of its excitements in war and peace. The two friends betray a strong consciousness of their own power of shining in the life they are to leave behind them. With manifest reluctance they take the terrible step, but cheerfully under the strong internal pressure of the feeling that gives even the fruit of its body for the sin of its soul. They felt, too, that the work before them, the realization of a pure life, was no easy task, and so they pray to Mary to preserve their now bare heads in heat and cold; in the heat of passion which will not fall to the keen knife as the locks of the head have done, all at once; in the cold, which is ever ready to touch with its icy fingers and to cool down the warmest enthusiasm. The same sense of the necessity of conflict with sin, if victory is to be obtained, pervades the two poetic prayers of MacVurich. There must have been a strong vein of scepticism in his intellect. "If, O Trinity," he says, "I am in the way of lies, reveal to me the true way." Nor could he bend to authority

as such in matters of knowledge, for he declares that no man can teach him but God alone. Evidently Murdoch Albanach, to use his own description of the material of which man was made, had "fire and earth" in him in abundance, but the fire in him subdued not without difficulty to its own nature his grosser earth. According to Sheriff Nicolson, Murdoch is the first representative of the Macphersons. He made a pilgrimage to Rome, and on his return, resting foot-sore and weary on the banks of Loch Long, he exclaimed :—

Mi 'm shuidhe air cnocan nan deur,
Gun chraicionn air meur no air bonn,
A Righ, 's a Pheadair, 's a Phoil,
Is fada an Roimh o Loch Long !

We are very thankful for these brief confessions (notwithstanding much in them which we have outlived) of an earnest, fighting, doubting, believing, manly soul that 700 years ago sacrificed its pleasures to its duty in the strength of God.

There is another religious poem by one who is also designated Albanach. It is a very feeble production, and its only interest lies in its subject—the seven deadly sins. The poets and prose writers of those days were in the habit of personifying the leading virtues and vices, which thus were sometimes represented on the stage and in private masques and pageants. Spenser in his *Færie Queen* gives by far the most powerful description of these seven mortal sins. Dunbar, nearly a century before, depicts them in lines of terrible strength. They dance before Satan on carnival evening with "shrews that were never shriven," for their partners. That we may see the difference between feebleness and strength, let us take their respective descriptions of Covetousness. The Gaelic bard says of Covetousness :—

A Dhia 's mairg a fhuair dhabh guin,
Furtachd chan fhaigheam ri m' re
Gu'n riochd cre' air mo mhuin.

The Saxon says on the same subject :—

Next him in dance came covetise,
Root of all evil and ground of vice
That never could be content.
Caitiffs, wretches, and ockeraris,*
Hoodpikes, hoarders, and gadderaris,

* "Usurers," from the Gaelic *ocair*, interest.

All with that warlock went:
Out of their throats they shot on other
Hot molten gold, we thocht, a futher (cart-load)
As fire-flaucht maist fervent;
Aye as they toomit them of shot,
Fiends filled them new up to the throat
With gold of allkin prent.

There is nothing in Duncan Og and his "seven deadly sins" that can approach that, the work of a contemporary of the Dean, who hated the Celt even to the pitch of exposing him to the danger of falling into one of the sins he describes—that of Anger, "whose hand is aye upon his knife." The dance of these warlocks is followed by a Highland procession, the noise of whose Gaelic and bagpipes so "deaved" Mahoun, that in the deepest pit of hell "he smoorit them a' in smoke." But we must not part with Duncan Og without saying that he is by no means pithless. Witness what he says of Envy. It never shoots at anything but it hits it, and it never hits anything but it kills it. This is a pretty little jewel which adds to our moral wealth. To a good deal in these religious compositions the pregnant aphorism of shrewd Phelim Macdougall, who rhymed in sagacious adages, is not inapplicable, "Cha mhaith crabhadh gun aithne," *i.e.*, Devotion without knowledge is not profitable.

We now pass on to inspect the *Elegies* which the Dean has preserved for us. This kind of poetry has always been very attractive to the Celt. His strong attachment, amounting almost to devotion, to his leaders in war, in social life, in religion, has often inspired him to soothe his own feelings in singing their virtues when they died. Like epitaphs, elegies too often express what their subjects should have been, rather than what they really were. Every bard can't say of his eulogies over the grave of his hero what Rob Donn said, that he described nothing but what he actually observed in his friend. So, no doubt, some of the Dean's old poets idealise the good qualities of those whose death called forth their mournful laments.

Those who are familiar with the more modern and far better elegies of more recent times, will find in their mediæval precursors many characteristics of style and diction which will show them very forcibly that in this favourite department of poetry, the old and the new have very much in common. To many,

much of this similiarity, much of this general turn of mind, will argue poverty of thought and expression. Our elegists have, as a rule, been too vague, and fail to bring clearly before us the distinct character, the peculiar attributes of their heroes. Then they dwell too minutely on their own grief, sometimes with an elaboration that suggests insincerity, and the oration of the paid advocate. It seems too that it is almost impossible to have a Gaelic elegy without common-place reflections on death which any one can make; and it seems equally difficult for the bard not to say something about the "messenger" who told him that the great man was dead. These peculiarities are several centuries old, and are not yet extinct.

There are four elegies in the collection before us—two of them by poetesses, Gormlay NicFlann, and Eafric NicCorqudale. Both these ladies pay touching and tender tributes to their departed husbands, the one, King of the North of Ireland, to whom reference has already been made, who fell fighting for his country, the other, the last MacNeil who held Castle Sween on the shores of Loch Sween. These widows have bequeathed to us pretty pictures of their lost domestic happiness. Gormlay's muse is tinged with a gentle melancholy which moves the heart, and makes one wish that time had preserved for us more of the fruit of her charming genius. She at once enlists our sympathies when she addresses the monk who is burying her husband, and bids him not to heap the earth so high, and not to press it with his foot, for it covers MacNeil of the finest gold, now a prisoner to death, but not with her will. Gormlay, for all her tenderness, seems to have been a woman of true queenly dignity, for even in her sorrow she forgets not to remind her subjects that, though the king is dead, she still governs, and not weakly, but with the boldness of the race she sprung from.

Eafric NicCorqudale is much more modern, and does not bring us further back than 400 years. The Scotch poetess seems to have had a more vigorous intellect and higher descriptive powers than Gormlay NicFlann, but not so much tenderness, and consequently she does not, for all her strength, interest us so much in her sorrow. Still, if all she says of her MacNeil is true, she had good cause for speaking of her grief as she does, and for lamenting his short if noble life, in terms of the warmest affection.

At the same time she awakens a wider interest than that which centres in the princely person, and social accomplishments of the "Lion of Mull" and the handsome "Falcon of Sliabh Gael." In illustrating the doings and conduct of her "Prince"—the Lord of Dun Sween could be nothing else—she chronicles one very interesting fact, that visitors even from the extreme south of Ireland, as well as from the north, were often seen on the shores of Loch Sween, where MacNeil treated them in a way worthy of his proud name. If Dr Maclauchlan is correct in his translation, some of these guests came with avaricious motives, came for "lordly gifts."* Possibly the phrase, which is a curious one, rendered in this way, may bear another meaning, and for the credit of the green Isle, as it was four centuries ago, let us hope that the English and Gaelic don't mean the same. But we learn from another curious poem, by Arthur MacGurkich, that Dun Sween had in its time other visitors from the Boyne than those who came to feast in its hall. This poet must have been an Irishman, as he describes with great gusto a successful attack on the old castle by the Irish MacSwineys. Though the construction of this poem is not so difficult as some others in the collection, it contains a number of old words very teasing to an ordinary reader. The poet is said to have been blind, but that does not prevent him from describing in glowing terms the ship that carried his master with his warriors, who were not, according to him, Celts, but Danes, across the channel to take possession of Dun Sween. Arthur must have been a genuine sailor. He dwells with delight on the excellence of his ship. Her motion, with a fair wind on her beam—the most delightful of all movements—was a pleasure to him; and, his blindness notwithstanding, he lets us see the parti-coloured sails over-head filled out into rounded forms of beauty by the favouring gale. But if he keenly appreciates the pleasure of a good sail in a good ship, he does full justice to the social enjoyments on board. There were not only handsome warriors of Norse blood on board (were the Celts even then ashamed of being Celts, like some modern ones,

* The words are "g'a fholt fèidh," in the old spelling "ga olt fay." At page 93 the poet asks "An tig m' onoir o d' fholt bog," translated, "Shall I from thy soft locks have honour?"—words not easily understood. I am unable to throw any light on this peculiar word, so differently rendered in these passages.

"compared with whom peat reek is frankincense"), but also their fair wives. Altogether the voyage, apart from the fighting which took place, makes one wish to have had a share of its enjoyment. This visit of the fierce MacSwiney seems not to have been expected at Dun Sween, and at first he was kindly greeted as a friend. The bards of the castle and blind Arthur even engaged in word fencing, and in wit encounters—a practice well known to some of their brother bards in later times, and which gave rise to some good anecdotes, and to some clever repartees. When opportunity arose, these gay rovers fell upon the unsuspecting inmates of Dun Sween, and "fiercely hacked their bodies" with the "best swords in Europe," the music of whose clang resounded to Rathlin's Isle! This savage poet exults over the fallen victims of treachery in powerful strains which remind one of Ian Lom's merciless joy over the Campbells who fell at Inverlochy, though Ian Lom glorified a fair battle, not a mean massacre. It is curious that this venomous though powerful poet describes the defenders of Castle Sween as "Goll" or Foreigners. Did the Irish apply this word to the West Highlanders generally? That the men of Dun Sween were not Saxons is proved by the reference to the verbal conflict between the bards of the Castle and the bards of the treacherous and piratical ship, which must have been fought with Gaelic, not English tongues. Curious, therefore, it is that the bard, while priding himself on his Norse blood, should apply contemptuously to his enemies the word first used to describe the invading Norseman himself.

We have wandered far from Eafric and her mournful dirge. A line in her elegy, however, suggests the possibility that there may have been a close connection between the death of her young husband and the attack of the bandits whom the blind poet glorifies. "Vengeance," she says, "is taken on Clan Neil," so that her husband must have fallen in some of those battles fought to avenge former defeats so common among the old clans. Modern nations, who pride themselves on their civilisation, are not yet ashamed to glory in the rude feeling which Blind Arthur MacGurkich wedded to vigorous verse.

*(To be continued.)*

## WINTER:

FROM THE GAELIC OF DUGALD BUCHANAN, 1716-1768.

—o—

I.

The summer season's over now,
And winter is at hand,
Stern foe of vegetation come
To devastate our land;
Trampling all nature under foot,
Stript of its beauty clean;
He runs his merciless career
Of blighting all that's green.

II.

O'er us he spreads his dusky wings,
And backward sends the sun;
Takes from the nest the callow brood
And lashes us each one;
Like feathers very white the snow
Comes down in flakes from heaven;
And as by powder, shot, so hail
Is by the north wind driven.

III.

When with his breath he blows no life
Is left in any flower;
Like scissors sharp, his lips cut down
Each rose in garden bower;
The foliage both of wood and grove
He strips off everywhere;
While streams 'neath flags of blackish blue
He chokes for want of air.

IV.

Yon frosty whistle from his throat
Now blows in tempest roar;
Ferments the sea, whose angry waves,
High-swelling, lash the shore;
Curdles the sleet to driven snow
On every mountain height;
And burnishes the stars until
We're dazzled by their light.

V.

Each man and beast that did not care
In season to provide,
Is now devoid of clothes and hall
Exposed to wind and tide;
Whilst thou that have industrious been
Inhospitable grow,
And will not help the sluggard though
He perish in the snow.

VI.

Those creatures that have gathered stores,
The ant and busy bee,
Note with unerring wisdom both
The coming misery;
Deliciously they eat and drink
Their food and honey there,
Secure beneath the kindly earth
From breath of frosty air.

VII.

Those butterflies that wasted all
The summer months away,
Frisking and dancing in the sun
So gaily every day,
And took no thought against the stress
Of winter to prepare,
Are now in miserable straits
And dying everywhere.

VIII.

But, old man, hear the parable
That's in my tale to-day;
That death is drawing nigh to thee
'I' the winter of my lay;
And, if it find thee unprepared
To meet thy Sovereign dread,
Final repentance will not save
Thee from the storm ahead.

IX.

Tis time that thou should'st pious grow
With locks now getting hoar,
Thy teeth departing one by one,
Thy face all shrivelled o'er,
Thy brow laid bare to every blast,
Thine eyes grown blear and dead,
And thy poor backbone bending down
To earth thy final bed.

X.

The crimson streams that used to spread
Through all thy members round,
In merry circulation once,
Brisk-beating pure and sound,
Are now fast ebbing day by day
No more to be in flood,
Since cold and sluggish has become
The action of thy blood.

XI.

The bellows of thy life worn out
Is now quite useless grown,
And, shrivelled up within thy side,
'Tis painful when it's blown;
Thy body as an instrument
Of music will not tune,
Sure signal when these strings get slack
That death will follow soon.

XII.

The morning of thy youth is gone;
Thy mid-day strength is past;
The shades of eve are gathering round;
Thy sun is setting fast;
And if through life thou'st done no work,
Nor after good hast striven,
Awake, O sluggard, lest thou be
Shut out from bliss of heaven!

XIII.

According as one's life is spent,
So does it often end;
Habits grow stronger when their roots
Down to the mind extend;
What the old proverb says, I think,
Is very true and right,
That "When an old stick has a bend
It's ill to make it straight."

XIV.

But, valiant young man, now attend
Unto my words of truth!
And give up all thy follies in
The Maytime of thy youth;
For age and sickness each pursues
Thy footsteps like a thief;
And either one that overtakes
Will change thy joy to grief.

XV.

Age thee pursuing will inflict
Some wounds thou dost not know—
Spread misty film o'er both thine eyes
Deep plough thy face also;
'Twill blast thy hair with frosty hoar,
Thy face with hue of death;
While never thaw nor sun shall melt
This hoar frost with their breath.

XVI.

But worse: thine understanding and
Thy reason shall decay:
The vision of thy mind, thy wit,
And memory pass away;
Thy wordly wisdom, too, shall fail,
Thy senses callous grow,
Until thy mind and body land
In second childhood's woe.

XVII.

But then thy heart will get so hard,
And backward to repent,
Entreaty will not penetrate
Nor turn it from its bent;
Even as the earth becomes so hard
In time of storm and frost,
Though thousands travel o'er the streets
All trace of them is lost.

XVIII.

Behold the season of the year
And from it wisdom bring;
If thou desir'st to raise a crop,
Delve up thy ground in spring;
In summer lay for winter's use
Good store of brushwood past;
And if the season thou neglect
Cold want must come at last.

XIX.

And if thou dost not sow pure seed
In spring-time of thy years,
As sure as death Satan will come
And sow in wicked tares;
Which will produce a noisome crop
Of vicious carnal weeds;
For as thou sow'st so shalt thou reap
In good or evil deeds.

XX.

And if thy youth unruly be,
Unreined thy passions strong,
They soon will grow so wild that thou
Canst never curb them in:
The sapling that thou canst not twist,
Thou canst not pluck when grown;
For as the branches spread above
The roots keep spreading down.

XXI.

To know what stroke will cause thy death
In life is not thee given;
Therefore be diligent and make
In time thy peace with heaven:
Undue delay through want of care
Spoils many a hopeful case;
And late repentance is like seed
One sows at Martinmas.

XXII.

The sun which courses through the skies,
Like man that runs a race,
Shortens thy length of life a day
Each night he hides his face;
Swift flies the shuttle of thy fate
Through threads of life now dear,
To weave thy shroud which by and bye
Worms of the grave shall wear.

XXIII.

And if he comes on thee like thief
Without thy taking heed,
Then thou shalt ope thine eyes and find
Thy case beyond remeid:
Conscience shall pain thee like a knife
That stabs thy heart within—
Far worse to bear than naked lie
On bed of briars keen.

XXIV.

Behold the laws of Nature work
In case of butterfly,
Which for neglecting of its time
Is now condemned to die:
Behold the wisdom of the ant
In timely gathering food:
And save thy soul through profiting
By its example good.

JOHN SINCLAIR, B.D., *Minister of Rannoch.*

THE MANSE, KINLOCH-RANNOCH, 4th January 1882.

## PERTH GAELIC SOCIETY AND OSSIAN.

ON Thursday, the 29th of December, Alexander Fraser, student, Glasgow, and the first Secretary of the Society, read a most interesting paper on "Ossian" in the Perth Guild Hall—Duncan Campbell, one of the Chieftains of the Society, in the chair. After a fascinating account of his hero's life from his birth to his death, illustrated from Ossian's works, Mr Fraser discussed the probable era of the famous poems, which, he concluded, was in the third century, and then proceeding to compare the characteristics of Ossian's style of thought with those of other composers, he said that the characteristics of his poetry had been defined to be "Tenderness and sublimity, nothing of the gay and cheerful kind, an air of sublimity and seriousness is diffused over the whole. Ossian moves perpetually in the high regions of the grand and pathetic." The events recorded are all serious and grave—the scenery throughout wild and romantic; the extended heath of the seashore; the mountain shaded with mist; the torrent rushing through the solitary valley; the scattered oaks, and the tombs of warriors overgrown with moss, all produce a solemn attention in the mind, and prepare it for great events. His poetry, perhaps, more than that of any other writer, deserves to be styled the poetry of the heart. He sung from the love of poetry and song, as he himself wrote. Comparing Ossian with Homer the essayist said Homer had the advantage, in possessing a larger compass of ideas, more diversity in his characters, and a deeper knowledge of human nature. Ossian was more grave and solemn, more concise and rapid in his speeches. Both were sublime, the former more impetuous and fiery, Ossian more awful and grand, and in point of dignity and sentiment clearly pre-eminent. Having given quotations to show the many points of agreement and disagreement discernible between these two great bards from their writings, Mr Fraser proceeded to say that the influence which grief possessed over the mind, in making it conceive others in similar circumstances, afforded an opportunity of comparing Ossian with Shakespeare. Illustrations were given respectively from Ossian's address to the "Waning Moon," and King Lear's soliloquy on seeing the disguised Edgar. Readers of Ossian, Mr Fraser contended, could not fail to notice the great similarity between his language and style and that of the Bible, and gave quotations from the Book of Job, and Ossian's writings in proof of his assertion. One characteristic peculiar to Ossian, as a great poet, was that between the Alpha and Omega of his works there was not a syllable that could offend the most delicate taste. Having referred at length to the province and position of Ossian in literature, his religious and superstitious beliefs, and his youth and old age, Mr Fraser concluded by making the following sensible observations upon the Perth Gaelic Society:—"This is the second year of the existence of the Gaelic Society of Perth. It was founded amid the united acclamations of town and county. Its brief history is a bright one. Success has attended its every undertaking, and this, because its objects are worthy and its management honourable—(applause)—and now its existence depends on the broad Celtic sympathy and the support of our community. (Applause.) If it is true, as is claimed—and I do not doubt it—that the majority of our fellow-citizens belong to the Celtic stock, and have the true blood of the Scottish Gael still coursing through their veins, they will be proud to place at the command of the Society that sympathy and support which will not only ensure its support, but will widen its basis of operations, and spread its influence for good over our loved and extensive shire. As we think of those doughty heroes of renown—of Fingal, Ossian, and Oscar—let us not think we are dreaming, but rather strive to cultivate that spirit which distinguished Ossian, and carry it forward

into the future, becoming more and more imbued with the fervour, pathos, and power of that great genius, a few of whose characteristics I have attempted to define and describe. (Applause.) Its membership should include all the Celts, or those of Celtic extraction, in this city, and associated with them a goodly number from the county also, and not a few Saxons, who are interested in Celtic customs. (Applause.) These are invited to assemble here for, among other things, the double purpose of self-culture and mental improvement. The wide range from which material is to be taken is chiefly that embracing Celtic literature and antiquities—a field which seldom fails to repay the persevering student, even in this age of general research. It has been said that Highlanders are raw and rough as the granite rocks that bound their native shores. Well, admitting that there is room for improvement, a little brushing up, and some contact with their wonderfully polite (!) and clever neighbours, effects great changes in the desirable direction. But there is neither rock nor stone which will admit of such a thoroughly beautiful polish as granite. It is not counterfeit, nor a mere painting, and thus a more appropriate comparison could not have been made. But you know that labour is necessary to polish the granite, and thus, while our Society affords an admirable means of high attainments, without individual attention and regard to the work of the Society on the part of members, we cannot expect success. (Applause.) But, if two hours every fortnight, as our arrangements specify, after incessant application to business pursuits, be devoted in this manner to bend the brow and relax the cares of the mind, there will, I think, be found not only an agreeable opportunity of furnishing the intellectual weapons for offensive and defensive warfare, but, likewise, a pleasant and profitable preparation for the struggles and strife of life." (Applause.) At the close, Mr Fraser was awarded the hearty thanks of the meeting for his able lecture, which was listened to throughout with close attention.

## CALEDONIA'S BLUE BELLS.

Hail, bonnie Blue Bells ! ye come hither to me
With a brother's warm love from far o'er the sea ;
Fair flowerets ! ye grew on a calm, sacred spot,
The ruins, alas ! of my kind father's cot.
Caledonia's Blue Bells, O bonnie Blue Bells.

What memories dear of that cot ye recall,
Though now there remains neither rooftree nor wall,
Alack-a-day ! lintel and threshold are gone,
While cold 'neath the weeds lies the hallowed hearthstone !
Caledonia's Blue Bells, O bonnie Blue Bells.

'Twas a straw-roofed cottage, but love abode there,
And peace and contentment aye breathed in its air,
With songs from the mother, and legends from sire,
How blithe were we all round the cheerie peat fire !
Caledonia's Blue Bells, O bonnie Blue Bells.

Our sire long asleep, his fond mem'ry endeared,
The mother still spared us, beloved and revered,
Sweet Blue Bells with charmed recollections entwined
Of scenes in my bosom for ever enshrined !
Caledonia's Blue Bells, O bonnie Blue Bells.

NEW YORK, Sept. 23, 1881. DUNCAN MACGREGOR CRERAR.

# LAND AND SPORT IN THE HIGHLANDS.

## I.

In our first number, dated November 1875, we published an "Introductory" statement of our programme in the future, which we think may in present circumstances be reproduced, with advantage, in its leading features. After stating that the *Celtic Magazine* would "be written in English" (a fact to which we would now call the attention of those who complain that we do not publish more Gaelic), we indicated the leading literary features which have since been most prominent in these pages. Among other subjects interesting to the Celtic Races to which we promised attention were "questions affecting the Land—such as Hypothec, Entail, Tenant-Right, Sport, Emigration, Reclamation, and all questions affecting the Landlords, Tenants, and Commerce of the Highlands." Hitherto this part of our original programme has not received the attention it deserves, though some very valuable papers have occasionally appeared in our columns; especially those from the pen of Mr Lachlan Macdonald of Skaebost, and those recently contributed by Dr Mackenzie of Eileanach, also, in many respects, exceedingly valuable and suggestive.

The time has now arrived when we think such questions as these should, at least in their social aspects, receive more attention from independent sources. No mere party political articles will be admitted into these pages, but if the free expression of our views should trample on the political toes of either party, we shall not be seriously put out on that account; and there is the less necessity on this score, holding, as we do, that the one party is quite as much to blame as the other for the state of matters which exists in the Highlands, and which we now feel called upon to discuss and criticise in these papers.

In our introductory remarks in 1875, already referred to, we expressed our belief—

> That under the wiser and more enlightened management now developing itself, there is room enough in the Highlands for more men, more land under cultivation, more sheep and more shepherds, without any diminution of sport in grouse or deer; that there is room enough for all—for more gallant defenders of our country in time of need, for more produce, more comfort, and more intelligence. When submitting the first number of the *Celtic Magazine* to the public, we think it proper to indicate our

own opinion on these questions, but while doing so, we wish it to be understood that we shall at all times be ready to receive contributions on both sides, the only conditions being that they be well and temperately written, and that no side of a question will obtain undue prominence—facts and arguments alone allowed to work conviction. Dealing with the important question of sport, we must take a common sense view of it. A great amount of nonsense has been said and written on this question, and an attempt made to hold grouse and deer responsible for the cruel evictions which have taken place in the North. Arguments, to be of any force, must be founded on facts; and the facts in this case are that it was not grouse or deer that caused the Highland evictions, but sheep and south country sheep farmers. The question must be argued as one not between men and deer, but between men and sheep, and sheep against deer. We believe there is room enough for all under proper restrictions, and, to make room for more men, these restrictions should be applied to sheep or deer.

We believe that it would be a wise and profitable policy for landlords as well as for tenants to abolish Hypothec and Entail, and to grant compensation for improvements made by the latter. We are quite satisfied from experience, that the small crofter is quite incapable of profitably reclaiming much of our Highland wastes without capital, and at the same time bringing up a family. If he is possessed of the necessary capital, he can employ it much more advantageously elsewhere. The landlord is the only one who can reclaim to advantage, and he can hardly be expected to do so on an entailed estate, for the benefit of his successors, at an enormous rate of interest, payable out of his life-rent. If we are to reclaim successfully and to any extent, Entail must go; and the estates will then be justly burdened with the money laid out in their permanent improvement. The proprietor in possession will have an interest in improving the estate for himself and for his successors, and the latter, who will reap the greatest benefit, will have to pay the largest share of the cost.

Regarding emigration, we have a matured opinion that while it is a calamity for the country generally, and for employers of labour and farmers in particular, that able-bodied men and women should be leaving the country in their thousands, we unhesitatingly assert that it is far wiser for these men and women to emigrate to countries where their labour is of real value to them, and where they can spend it improving land which will not only be found profitable during their lives, but which will be their own and their descendants freehold for ever, than to continue starving themselves and their children on barren patches and crofts of four or five acres of unproductive land in the Highlands. While we are of this opinion regarding voluntary emigration, we have no hesitation in designating forced evictions by landlords as a crime deserving the reprobation of all honest men.

Greater experience and more mature consideration have only strengthened our earlier opinions. We are more satisfied than ever that the landowners in the Highlands committed a great economical blunder when they drove the natives out of the country to make room for sheep, and turned holdings on which large numbers of respectable small tenants brought up strong, numerous, and healthy families in the past—the pride and glory of the country—into huge holdings, which are now bringing ruin on landlords and tenants alike; a result which a proprietor of ordinary education and penetration might easily have foreseen.

Notwithstanding the political-economy doctrines maintained in influential quarters, the ascertained facts are that a small tenantry who supply their own labour can and do produce more out of the soil than the gentlemen farmers whose operations are on a large scale, and who have to pay not only for scarce and consequently expensive labour, but also in most cases for managing their farms. For, be it observed, though the original big farmer may have had in many instances the experience necessary to manage and take part in the operations of the farm, his sons are as a rule brought up without any experience, and with such lofty ideas of their position as entirely to disqualify them to succeed their parents as practical and successful farmers. What we now see naturally follows: the one large farmer with his genteel family is necessarily unsuccessful, where several small farmers, mainly supplying the required labour among members of their own families, prospered ; and these, if fostered and encouraged on the better portions of the land, would have been able to-day to pay the landlord nearly double the rent that he can hope to get under the present system of cumbrously large holdings.

It has been conclusively proved that in the Highlands the inferior portions of the land, arable and pastoral, generally occupied by the crofting classes, pay the proprietor far better than superior land in close proximity let to the large arable and sheep farmers. And it is well known that only from the latter do we now hear the cry of distress and urgent appeals for the reduction of rents which they had agreed to pay for their farms with their eyes open; while the crofting classes, though occupying the poorest portions of the land throughout the Highlands, were never more prosperous than they now are.

But the farmers of the present generation are perhaps not so much to blame as the bad system introduced by their predecessors and the short-sighted policy, in many cases, of selfish and needy proprietors of a past generation; though we have now far too many of the genteel farmers, who have succeeded in business in our larger towns as drapers, grocers, or spirit merchants, and who foolishly think that farming is a profession in which no practical experience is required to secure a profitable return for their money. Farmers of this class and those proprietors who encourage them deserve no sympathy, and ought not to receive

it; for they injure society and induce a competition which results in raising the price of land to the honest agriculturist far beyond its real value. The failure of the landlord to secure the continuation of a rent so raised is just what he deserves, for he is only losing what in equity he never had any right to expect from a practical tenant; though few perhaps will find fault with him for accepting what he himself knew as well as any one was far beyond what his land was honestly worth in a fair market on the principle of live and let live. Experience is, however, fast teaching proprietors that they are far better off in the end to let their land to practical men at reasonable rates, than to hire it out in huge farms to gentlemen farmers, who as a rule are absolutely ignorant of the elementary rudiments of practical husbandry. If the present distress among large farmers, and the consequent loss to proprietors, should result in bringing those more immediately concerned to their senses, it will have served a good purpose, which will in the future more than counterbalance its evil effects in the present.

There are many who think that the present position of the larger farmers is a just retribution for their conduct in the past. They drove the native small farmers out of the country, in most cases to make room for sheep, at a time when the beautiful green straths and glens, newly turned from arable to waste lands, and when the hill pastures, previously manured by the herds of Highland cattle which grazed upon them, fed large numbers of sheep. The sweet and abundant grasses of those days have now mostly disappeared, and have given place to matted fog or innutritious and noxious herbs; and the result is that pastoral farms which twenty or thirty years ago comfortably maintained, say, three thousand sheep will now scarcely sustain two-thirds of that number; and practical, experienced men assert that this deterioration must necessarily continue until the Highlands will not support one-half the number of sheep maintained on the land for the first few years after the eviction of the ancient inhabitants from their native glens. The large farms are therefore doomed; and the process now going on of turning the country into huge deer-forests will probably continue until the whole country is turned into a complete wilderness, unless effective means are adopted for checking the folly; for the latter system at present pays the

landlord far better than sheep-farming. Indeed, deer-forests and grouse-shootings are almost the only use for which the proprietor can now let his land at all, being, as it is, fast becoming unproductive and useless for sheep-raising purposes.

This is a phase of the question which possesses a much wider interest than one merely between owner and occupier, and one to which we shall probably return. Meanwhile we submit to our Highland proprietors whether the outlook is not such as to induce them to pause and ponder before the whole country is denuded of the few men that now remain, while their wide domains are being handed over to a few Winans, not for the purposes of pure manly sport, but for butchery and slaughter of the most repulsive kind. Depend upon it, that that system will also fall into disrepute, and that at no distant date. Is it conceivable that the British aristocracy will much longer continue to take a pride in what is misnamed Highland sport, when an American upstart-nobody shall have possessed himself of hundreds of thousands of acres for the purposes not of real sport, but of shooting from an easy-chair, himself and his friends, scores of noble deer driven to the muzzles of their rifles in droves as sheep to the slaughter?

Last season a paragraph was blazoned forth in the public press that a member of this family slaughtered no less than twenty-four stags in one day, as if it were an act to be proud of; and such brutality and butchery is designated sport! Will our aristocracy further demean and debase themselves and continue to pay large rents for Highland shootings, when their doing so will discredit their fair fame, and bring their noble traditions into disrepute, and when they will necessarily find themselves and their escutcheon associated with and blotched by sharing, however remotely, in this travesty on true sport? We cannot believe it. Connection in any way with such repulsive proceedings will soon be considered dishonourable, and the unnatural and inflated revenues now derived by proprietors from deer-forests will inevitably cease and determine. Landowners will be obliged to fall back upon a modification of the old system, under which it was possible to maintain and rear a numerous tenantry—rear brave men, cattle, and sheep for the benefit of the nation, while at the same time there was ample room for the noble monarch of the forest, and for genuine Highland sport.

The Winans who are now adding farm to farm, and laying the country waste, cannot last for ever; and who will grudge those short-sighted proprietors who now share with them the responsibilities of such desolation and ruin, for their own selfish, immediate gain, careless as to how it may affect the interests of the nation, if, at no distant day, they should find these huge wildernesses, denuded of men and sheep, again in their own hands with no one to offer a rent for them? This, we fear, is what they are foolishly bringing upon themselves and their heirs by their past and present conduct; and we have little doubt that the whirligig of time will bring them their natural and well-earned reward as regards their deer-forests, as it has already brought them the inevitable consequences of their past short-sighted and selfish policy in connection with sheep and inordinately large farms.

We shall at present conclude by expressing the hope that every aspect of this great and difficult question will be kept in view and carefully considered by all classes before legislative shape is given to the demands now made by the farmers for mere sectional reform; and that when the land question is taken up by any Government, the interests of all classes, from the peer to the humblest in the land, shall be carefully guarded. To secure this the great town populations, who have quite as large an interest as any other class, should take a watchful and lively interest in the agitation now going on, and in any attempts at partial reform to which it may lead. A. M.

## MONNA INNOMINATA.

I have no sovran rose to bring, but yet
I pray you of your pity do not scorn
These blossoms in bird-haunted hedge-rows born
(Their shyness moss-entangled and made wet
With soft descent of virgin dews). Forget
All scentless, sleepy-petalled flowers torn
From costlier gardens; mine have known the morn
With its keen crimsonings,—the long regret
Of wistful sunsets that resign the sea
And tumbling silver of the tide's retreat.
This I know surely, if these blooms may see
Your sudden smile caress them, they shall be
Most fain to find their death beneath your feet,
Thornless, and happy to be slain by thee.

W. A. SIM.

# Correspondence.

## THE REV. JOHN FARQUHARSON, PRIEST IN STRATHGLASS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—The account of the family connections of Father John Farquharson given by a Braemar genealogist to Mr Colin Chisholm, and embodied in an article by that gentleman in the *Celtic Magazine* for January, contains several important errors which you and Mr Chisholm will no doubt be glad to have corrected.

1st. Lewis Farquharson of Achindryne did *not* succeed to the estates of Inverey, Balmoral, and Ballater. Inverey and Ballater (otherwise Tullich) remained the property of the descendants of Lewis' elder half-brother down to the middle of last century, long after Lewis had died; and Balmoral was not held together with Inverey until 1747, when James of Balmoral, heir-male of Lewis' said elder half-brother, succeeded to Inverey.

2d. Lewis did *not* become Chief of the Clan Farquharson. He was prominently engaged under Dundee in 1689 and in the Rising of 1715, but the leadership of the Jacobite Farquharsons on each occasion was held by his kinsman of Inverey at the time. Neither Achindryne, Inverey, nor his senior had any right by blood to the *chiefship* of the clan. Finla Mor himself, who flourished in the sixteenth century, and who may be said to have founded the Clan Farquharson, was only second son of his father Donald MacFhearchair; and his heir-male in the time of Lewis of Achindryne was Farquharson of Craigniety in Glenisla, descended from a son by Finla's first marriage. The actual chiefship of the clan on Deeside, however, was vested in the heirs of Donald of "Castleton," eldest son by Finla's second marriage. The Inverey family, although for some time its heads took the lead in the clan's martial affairs, was junior to the Whitehouse family (representing Donald of Castleton), the Finzean family, and the Allanquoich family.

3d. Lewis was *father*, *not brother*, of the two Jesuit Fathers, John and Charles.

4th. Lewis' wife was Margaret, daughter of Farquharson of Allanquoich. Claudia Innes, whom Mr Chisholm's informant says he married, was the wife of his eldest son, Alexander.

The following extract from the "Genealogy of the Name of Farquharson," written by Alexander Farquharson, Tutor of Brouchdearg, in 1733, and known as the *Brouchdearg MS.*, seems conclusive as to the marriage and children of Lewis. Most of the children were alive when the genealogy was written:—

"James of Inverey married 2nd Agnes Ferguson, daughter of the minister of Crathy, by whom he had three sons, *Lewis*, James, and Donald, and two daughters. . . . . *Lewis* had Auchendroin, and married *Margaret* Farquharson, daughter to Allanquoich, by whom he had six sons, Alaster, John, William, Donald, Charles, and James, and two daughters. *Alexander* married Claude Innes, daughter of Drumgask, by whom he has a son Alexander. *John is a priest in Straglass.* Donald went to Carolina and died there. *Charles is abroad at the College of Doway.*"

Lewis of Achindryne was an old man in 1715, but he insisted on taking the field with his kindred, saying, "I am old now, and of little use; but what reck? If my lads should no' do their duty, can I no *sheet* them?"—I am, &c.,

ALEX. MACKINTOSH-SHAW.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

SIR,—In your issue of October last a communication appeared headed "Evictions and the Highland Crofters, by an ex-Factor," from which it appears the writer has been for a long period extensively connected with the class of whom he writes, and combats the views of newspaper commissioners and their pupils regarding the soil and climate of the Highlands, and the smallness of their holdings; "neither of which causes can be blamed for the appparent poverty of our crofters but lies chiefly at their landlord's doors, &c. Indeed, our Highland crofts, which, for generations, produced millions of men and women second to none in the world for morality or vigour of mind and body, cannot be such miserable homes as you describe them." The high morality and other good qualities of this class is very apparent on this continent, and easily proved by their advancement and progress in the various walks of life, and the respect they command from their fellow citizens.

Again; "now, as to the unwise evictions of our cottars and crofters. I venture to offer some excuse for this sad national crime. The chief one is landlord's disliking their troublesome duty towards those whom God has placed there, &c." No doubt, landlords are guilty in this respect, often undertaking other duties which are much more troublesome and less remunerative, many of them "seeking the cannon's mouth for the bubble reputation," and others devoting themselves to the gaieties of fashionable society and dissipation, involving their estates so heavily in debt that they would frequently change hands except for the laws of entail, by which they are often placed under trustees and factors, who, as a rule, are cold, cruel, foster-fathers to the crofters and cottars, imposing upon them rack-rents, and reducing them to the condition of paupers, or driving them away to seek homes elsewhere; while only a few landlords act the part of rational men, and attend to their real duty of managing their estates and attending to their people.

The writer goes on, "the next chief cause of clearances is the crofters and their followers forgetting the Eighth Commandment and the Game Laws, and so, by poaching, &c., are constantly irritating their landlords;" in confirmation of which an incident is related of a poor man being caught angling a salmon, by the laird, who fired at him, and sent him immediately afterwards to jail, "but the laird found, through the intervention of a lawyer," that shooting crofters, found poaching, was the most expensive of all amusements, "but an immediate clearance of a large beautiful township of crofters occupied for generations by thriving happy people, was the result, and replacing them by sheep put an end to all poaching there."

We fail to see in this case a breach of the Eighth Commandment, but a very serious breach of the Sixth Commandment by the laird, who did not consider it sufficient punishment for the poor man to be made the target of his shot, but had him forthwith sent to the County Jail, and in his resentment, because he finds the luxury of shooting a crofter expensive, he clears a whole township of its inhabitants, men, women, and children. What a picture of despotic villainous tyranny, permitted by iniquitous land laws. We remember reading a case in a Scottish newspaper some time ago in which a poor man was sent to jail for being found on a highway with a gun in his hands pointing in the direction of a covey of partridges in an adjoining field; but the laird was only "put to expense" for shooting a poor man, this serious crime on his part being condoned by merely putting his hand in his breeches pocket. We hope and presume so mean a man was not the wearer of kilt and sporran. In Ireland tenants shoot landlords and their agents; it appears this practice is reversed in Scotland, but, being found expensive, a whole township of crofters are ruthlessly and cruelly evicted.

Further; "a third apology for clearances is the constant trespassing and breaking down of the laird's fences and carrying them off for firewood, &c." Wooden fences are the exception and not the rule in the Highlands, the material generally used being stone and iron, and only a small proportion of crofters could possibly be adjoining the laird's plantations, and guilty of this offence. As for carrying away growing trees and branches for firewood, that part of the allegations is too insignificant and contemptible to be worthy of consideration (especially from a Canadian point of view). The writer admits that the cases cited in support of this charge were so trivial that the administrators of justice in Scotland declined to entertain them. The volumes of such cases which, he says, he could write would fail to convince any candid person that these "wood fanciers," as he styles them, are a parcel of thieves. The case of a forester being sent to prison without any witness against him we leave the writer and the Sheriff to settle between themselves, but we do not believe that criminal justice is yet administered in this hap-hazard manner in Scotland.

"How can landlords justly be called cruel for evicting people who keep them in such constant irritation and heavy yearly expense, quite needless but for the people's dishonesty, the simple *but concealed* truth being that our cottars and crofters have all along been evicting themselves? &c." By what logic can "Ex-Factor" reconcile this sweeping indictment with his "men and women second to none in the world for morality, &c." With all his extensive experience, he is evidently drawing wide and sweeping conclusions from very narrow premises; and notwithstandiug his laboured effort, he has utterly failed in showing a tittle of evidence in support of this wholesale and slanderous charge.

"Further; the Poor Law of 1845 quickly extinguished the landlord's sympathy with his small people, alarmed as he was by the unexpected heavy burden of poor rates which previously were all but entirely borne by the poor themselves, &c. Such a change awoke many to the duty of expelling from the parish every family not absolutely needed to cultivate the large farms." Alas! for the "bold peasantry, the country's pride," whose forefathers by their prowess and fidelity to their chiefs, secured for them the lands now possessed by their degenerate if more refined descendants, who by successive grindings and rack-rents reduced them to what "Ex-Factor" styles "their small people," or in other words paupers, who by the operations of the Poor Law many considered it their duty to expel from the parish, to expel and drive them —where? oh, where?

But the real cause of "the unwise evictions of our cottars and crofters," and for which the writer offers "some excuses for this sad national crime," cannot justly be attributed to or justified by thieving, poaching, or any of the other causes and apologies mentioned, but solely and simply to bad Land Laws, which give the tillers of the soil no rights beyond the will and pleasure of the landowners. As Burns sarcastically puts it:—

"What right ha' they
For meat, or sleep, or light o' day,
Far less to riches, power, or freedom,
But what your lordship likes to gie them."

Give Scotland liberal Land Laws, for which we are glad to see they are now agitating, and hope they will soon obtain—(surely there is enough spirit of independence in the descendants of the followers of Wallace and Bruce to assure and secure their civil rights and liberties, whether usurped by Scottish lairds or English millionaires)—and then "Ex-Factor" and all such apologists will find that their chief causes and

apologies are mere phantoms which will speedily disappear. And all those who attribute their poverty to other causes, and prescribe other nostrums for them, are only drawing the proverbial herring across the fox's trail, and to whom the struggling poor may justly say, "Save us from our friends."

I am much pleased with your Magazine in its new and enlarged form; and "long may it grow and flourish" is the wish of, yours truly,

TORONTO, December 14, 1881. A CANADIAN HIGHLANDER.

## EDINBURGH SUTHERLAND ASSOCIATION.

THE Seventeenth Annual Festival of this Association was held on Friday evening, 13th January, in the Masonic Hall, Edinburgh. There was a large attendance, the hall being filled. Mr John Mackay, C.E., Hereford, presided, and was supported on the platform by Mr T. R. Buchanan, M.P.; Professor Blackie, the Rev. George Macaulay, the Rev. P. R. Mackay, Prestonpans; the Rev. J. S. Mackay, Aultnaharra; Messrs James Brodie, A.C.S; James Macdonald, J. A. Auld, W.S.; and W. G. Mackay and Angus Sutherland, of the Glasgow Sutherland Association. After tea, the Secretary submitted the annual report, which was of a very satisfactory character. The Rev. J. S. Mackay, in the course of an address, referred to the land question in Sutherlandshire, and said he feared that in the immediate future large tracts of their beloved country might be turned into huge deer-forests; but of this he was persuaded, that the dawn of the twentieth century, which was not twenty years off, would see the last vestige of these swept away. (Applause.) He went on to refer to the value of the work that was being done by the Association on behalf of secondary education, and said there was one desideratum that he was sure they all hoped for from the depths of their hearts, and that was to see schools of secondary education established throughout the country, especially in the Reay country, that had been altogether destitute of any such thing. (Applause.) There were movements on foot now, to which he should not refer, because it might possibly be introducing a political element, but the results of which he hoped they should all live to see in the establishment of thoroughly good schools for secondary education. (Applause.) Mr John Mackay, C.E., the Chairman, after briefly addressing the meeting in Gaelic, proceeded to say that the Sutherland people located in the Metropolis were still true to the admirable characteristics that distinguished their forefathers. Whatever other change might occur in the character and social position of Highlanders, it was to be hoped it might be for the better. In that respect a change for the better was devoutly to be wished for, for they had been, in their own country, sorely tried, sadly degraded. They had evinced astonishing submission, reverence for authority, obedience to law, that had never been surpassed, perhaps not equalled, in modern times, in the face of contumely, oppression, and repression, and a neglect unworthy of the Crown, unworthy of chiefs in whom they reposed such implicit trust, to whom they evinced such undeviating attachment and loyalty. What a contrast they presented to their turbulent brethren over the way! (Laughter and applause.) He proceeded to refer to the desolating changes which had been carried out in the Highlands, and which he described as worthy of a Louis XIV., a Wallenstein, or a Tilly. In conclusion, he said it would really appear that the evicting of rural populations, and forcing them to leave the country for the purpose of adding field to field, had brought about its own retribution at last. The evicted, after enduring

severe hardships, many struggles, and untold misery in foreign lands, now produced a surplus, sent it to this country, and thereby forced down prices to an extent unequal to pay the rents exacted for large farms, thus showing that in the long run there was a compensation for all evils, and many regarded the present condition of agricultural affairs as a retribution for past misdeeds. (Applause.) Mr Buchanan, M. P., recommended that the Association should continue to follow up the efforts it had put forth on behalf of secondary education, and that they should endeavour to increase their bursaries. Professor Blackie delivered a characteristic speech, his principal topics being the Gaelic language and the Land Laws. He said he did not think that the Highlanders asserted themselves with sufficient manhood. The principle of the Irish Land Act, he contended, applied to the Highlands as well as to Ireland, and that principle was that the people had a right to the soil. (Applause.) He did not say they had the right to say the property was theirs, but they had the right to say they should not be driven out so long as they paid an honest rent. (Applause.) This was their favourable moment; this was the moment when they must speak out, and if they did not speak out, they were lost for ever. (Applause.) Addresses were also delivered in the course of the evening by Mr Neil Macleod, the Skye poet, who spoke in Gaelic, and the Rev. George Macaulay; and several ladies and gentlemen contributed a selection of excellent and appropriate music.

## BAS LEANABH NA BANTRAICH.

Tha 'nochd do ghruaidh gu tana ban,
Cha chluinn do chluas 's cha ghluais do lamh,
Do choluinn mhaoth a nis aig tamh,
Mo leanaban gaoil.

Do shuil gun ghruaim fo' shuain a bhais,
'S a' chadal bhuan nach gluais gu brath—
'S e sin a ni mo shnuadh-sa'chnamh,
Mo leanaban gaoil.

Tha t-eachdraidh ghoirid aig a ceann,
'Us b' fhearr dhomh fein nach robh i ann,
Cha bhiodh mo leon 's mo bhron cho teann,
Mo leanaban gaoil.

Do chathair bheag an sud 's a' chuil,
'S an tric a shuidh thu ri mo ghlun,
A' seinn do laoidhean milis, ciuin,
Mo leanaban gaoil.

Ach tha thu 'nochd a' seinn do dhain,
Am fianais cathair Righ nan gras,
A rinn do sgaradh uam cho trath,
Mo leanaban gaoil.

Cha d' fhuair mi dhiot ach iasad gearr,
Ni sin mo chupan searbh an traths',
A' cuimhneachadh do chruth 's do bhlath,
Mo leanaban gaoil.

O ! 'bhais bu tu am maor gun truas,
Cha taisich deoir no bron do chruas,
'N uair 'thug thu m' ullaidh-shaoghail uam,
Mo leanaban gaoil.

Cha robh 'na m' gharadh ach aon ros,
A bha mi' dion 's a' cumail beo,
Spion thusa leat e gun mo dheoin,
Mo leanaban gaoil.

Ach ge do spion, cha toir thu buaidh,
Cha 'n fhagar fad' e'cnamh 's an uaigh,
Tha feum aig Righ nan dul air shuas,
Mo leanaban gaoil.

Gu'shuidheachadh 'n a fhion-lios fein,
Far nach tig thus' a dheanamh beud,
'Na uan gun ghaoid am measg an treud,
Mo leanaban gaoil.

'Us dh' fhag thu mis' an gleann nan deoir,
Ach tha mo mhiann 's mo dhochas beo,
Gu 'm faic mi t-aghaidh chiuin an gloir,
Mo leanaban gaoil ;

Far nach bi bochdainn, deoir, no plaigh,
Far nach tig deallachadh gu brath,
Ach sonas buan a' chuain nach traigh,
Mo leanaban gaoil.

N. MACLEOID.

# Genealogical Notes and Queries.

*QUERY.*

THE BARREN ROCKS OF ADEN.—Can any of your readers tell me who is the author of the pipe tune called the *Barren Rocks of Aden*, on what occasion and where it was written, and where I can get hold of the music? J. S. B.

*ANSWER TO QUERY.*

GILMORE.—We have submitted the Query by Mr William Fraser, Elgin, Illinois, U.S.A., about this name to Mr Alexander A. Carmichael, North Uist, one of our best living authorities on such subjects, who kindly sent us the following answer:—"I am no genealogist, but I have no doubt of the name Gilmore being Highland. As you are probably aware, a large proportion of our Highland names are of Christian or ecclesiastical origin. This, I doubt not, is one of them. The name seems variously spelled Gilmore, Gilmoire, Gilmour, and Gilmorie. We have the baptismal name of Gilmoire, properly Gillemoire, the servant of the Virgin. This again becomes the surname MacGilmhoire, and, more correctly, MacGillemhoire, 'the Son of the Servant of the Virgin' (Mary). This name has now become Morrison, the son of Moire—literally 'Son of the Virgin.' I take it that Gilmore, Gilmour, and all the other abbreviations of the name are from Gille-Moire, 'the Servant of the Virgin Mary,' equivalent to the English name St Mary. Gillean, as you are aware, is an abbreviation of Gille-Sheathain, 'the Servant of John,' and the same as the English St John, a name dear to every Northern naturalist. MacGillean, as abbreviated from Gille-Sheathain, has now become Maclean."

THE CLAN ARMS IN THE WINDOWS OF THE INVERNESS TOWN HALL.—In its otherwise excellent description of the New Town Hall, the Inverness *Courier* has unpardonably reproduced an entire misrepresentation of the facts, and that in the face of a correct account, published three days before in the *Chronicle*. The error appeared originally in the *Courier* shortly after the Arms were placed in the Windows, several months ago. It was then excusable, but we expected to see it corrected on this occasion. As the editor of the *Celtic Magazine* is originally responsible for the arrangement of the Arms, he is naturally desirous that the general public, who cannot be expected to be well-informed on such a subject, should be properly guided, and a correction becomes necessary when such a usually-correct authority as the *Courier* is again misleading. It says that "The front windows, with the exception of the large centre one, are entirely devoted to pictures of the crests or arms of the Highland Clans. Each window represents three houses and, beginning at the Castle Wynd end, the order of arrangement is as follows:—1st Window, Macleod, Campbell of Lorne, and Mackay; 2d, Stuart, Grant, and Macgregor; 3d, Ross, Mackenzie, and Matheson; 4th, Macdonald, Glengarry, and Clanranald; 5th, Mackintosh, Macpherson, and Cameron; 6th, Munro, Robertson, and Maclean." In three cases only is this description accurate, and in two out of the three, more by accident than by design. To look at them from outside the hall from right to left, as the *Courier* does, the windows are in reality filled up as follows:—1st, Macleod, Campbell, and Mackay; 2d, Macgregor, Grant of Grant, and Grant of Glenmoriston; 3d, Ross, Mackenzie, and Matheson; 4th, Munro, Maclean, and Robertson; 5th, Mackintosh, Macpherson, and Cameron; and 6th, Lord of the Isles, Glengarry, and Clanranald. To follow them correctly, however, and understand the system of clanship represented, the windows must be looked at from Castle Street to the Castle Wynd, and therefore the above order must be exactly reversed. In either case the *Courier's* description is altogether wrong. A full statement of the actual position of the various Arms, and the system on which the grouping is based will be found in the Report presented to the Town Council by the editor of the *Celtic Magazine* in 1879, and published in its IVth vol., pp. 437-439. That report was adopted and strictly followed by the architect in every detail as regards the windows in question.

HISTORY OF THE MACDONALDS AND LORDS OF THE ISLES.—The *Scotsman* concludes a critical review in these terms:—"The author deserves credit for the industry and research which he has employed in tracing the respective pedigrees of the three great Highland families of Sleat, Glengarry, and Clanranald, from 'the Royal Somerled' of the twelfth century down to the present day. If there is a good deal of disputable matter in his pages there is also much solid and interesting information. . . . . The work is one which no future historian of Celtic Scotland will be in a position to overlook, although what its reception will be among rival clans jealous of their ancestral glories it would be hard to predict."

The *Dundee Advertiser* says—"The History of the Macdonalds and Lords of the Isles" is a perfect example of what a genealogical work should be. To record the history of a race of so remote an origin as the Macdonalds was doubtless no simple task; but in the hands of Mr Mackenzie it has been brought to a successful issue. His 'History of the Mackenzies' which is now a standard work on that subject, had proved that he was thoroughly competent to undertake it. . . . The labour involved in preparing such a work can only be adequately appreciated by those who have been engaged in similar pursuits; yet though we have tested the genealogies given by Mr Mackenzie rather severely we have found them invariably correct. It is evident from the way in which he writes that Mr Mackenzie has made himself thoroughly familiar with the latest investigations into the history of the Highlands; and as the clan whose special fortunes he traces is one of the oldest of whom records tell, his discrimination in bringing his vast stores of knowledge to bear upon his subject has enabled him to make his work authoritative. Those acquainted with his literary style know that he has the rare art of making dry topics interesting and cloudy points luminous; and the many thrilling and pathetic anecdotes of his heroes which he weaves into the history serve to transform what would otherwise be a musty genealogy into an entrancing "tale of the days of other years." From Somerled, the celebrated Thane of Argyll, he traces the descent of the family of Macdonald in all its branches to the present date, and has been favoured with many private communications from some of its leading members which have not before been published. This work is certain to become the foundation of all future writings upon this subject."

# Literature.

*INVERNESS COLLECTION OF GAELIC SONGS.* Logan & Co., Inverness and Aberdeen.

Messrs Logan of Inverness have been for some time issuing a selection of the most popular Gaelic songs, and thus rescuing from oblivion many of our old melodies. The aim of the publishers is highly praiseworthy, and cannot be too warmly eulogised. The charm of these old lays is not so much a question of intrinsic musical excellence as a matter of old association, local colouring, and reminiscence. It requires some familiarity with them to appreciate them thoroughly, but to us Highlanders who are familiar with them, this familiarity only more and more augments our love and admiration for them. To the Gael they will ever be the most attractive music. Each song of the collection is published separately, with symphony and accompaniment for the pianoforte, the English translation of the Gaelic words, and the melody printed in both the ordinary and sol-fa notations. Arranged with the utmost skill and care by Mr W. S. Roddie of Inverness, and very tastefully got up, they will prove welcome additions to a singer's *répertoire*.

Among the most pleasing: "Gu ma slan a chi mi" (Oh! happy may I see thee) is a graceful melody which catches the ear at once. "Fionnairidh" (Farewell to Finuary) is a touching, plaintive strain, requiring attention as to time and expression. "Moladh na Lanndaidh" (The Praise of Islay), a simple and pleasant air, is more effective as a chorus than a solo. "Ho ro mo Nighean donn Bhoidheach" (My nut-brown Maid) is sentimental, easy, and sure to please. "Fear a Bhata" (The Boatman) is probably one of the most popular of our popular Highland songs, and a most pathetic and sweetly sorrowful melody. The English translation of the sixth verse, although good, does not express the intense sorrow of the Gaelic version. "Mo run geal dileas" (My faithful fair one), slow and impressive, is always well received. "Mairi Bhan Og" (Fair young Mary) is a capital song, very lively and showy. Beginners and even accomplished vocalists will be pleased with the simple, flowing melody of "Maighdean Mhuile" (The Maiden of Mull). Spirited words and lively music are combined in "Is toigh leam a Ghaidhealtachd" (I love the Highlands). This song is excellent for a good tenor voice, and somewhat out of the ordinary groove—very suitable for Highland gatherings and Gaelic concerts, and when well sung, will, as a rule, secure an encore. Equal merit will be found in "Gabhaidh sinn an rathad mor" (We will take the good old way). It is of the same cheerful, stirring type as "I love the Highlands," and will no doubt be recognised by young people as the well-known air of "Kafoozelum." In "Och mar tha mi" (Alas for me), as in many of the others, probably for want of space, the complete number of the Gaelic verses have not been printed. One of these omitted we consider so striking as to induce us to give it:—

"Ged a robh mi ann am fiabhras,
Fad na bliadhna gun la stolaidh,
Leumainn ard mar am bradan tàrgheal,
'S tu mar b abhaist bhi tigh'nn mo chomhail."

The Collection also contains "Bruthaich Glinn Braoin" (The Braes of Glen Broom), "Muile nam mor bheann" (The hilly Isle of Mull), "Ealaidh Ghaoil" (The Melody of Love), "Eilean an Fhraoich" (The Heather Isle), "Theid i 's gu'n teid i

leam" (She'll go with me), "Cha bhi mi ga d' chaoidh" (I'll sorrow no more for thee), as well as several other well-known Highland airs; and these are to be followed by others. They are all beautifully got-up, and great credit is due the spirited publishers for placing such an attractive budget of Highland melody within the reach of all lovers of the simple music of our ancestors. No young lady; indeed no Highland household should be without a copy of this unique collection of our native airs.

——o——

*THE MILLER O' HIRN COLLECTION OF SCOTCH MUSIC.* By JAMES SCOTT SKINNER, Professor of Dancing, &c.

THIS is a collection of spirited Strathspeys and lively Reels, composed by the well-known artist, Mr Scott Skinner, and arranged for the piano, or violin and violincello. They all have a true Scotch ring about them, and have evidently sprung from one who not only thoroughly understands but also loves the peculiar music of his native country. Amongst so much that is good and high-class, it is scarcely possible to mention any of the airs in particular without doing injustice to the others. They remind us of Madame de Sevigne's remark when asked to choose the best of La Fontaine's fables. She answered that they resembled a basket of beautiful cherries; one commenced to pick out the finest and soon the basket was empty. However, the gem of the Collection is undoubtedly the schottische or strathspey which gives its name to the work—"The Miller o' Hirn." This schottische, which has already gone through several editions, is so deservedly popular that very few readers can have failed to have heard and admired it. Its pleasingly striking theme and well marked movement are particularly suited to the Highland Schottische, and well may it rank, as it does, as the prime favourite with young dancers. Even their elders must regret that their dancing days are over when this lively tune strikes up. "Our Highland Queen" is an elaborate Strathspey, with pleasing and uncommon melody and stately movement, and it makes a very effective violin solo. "The Washing Day" is a characteristic reel, which easily brings up to the mind's eye the picture of buxom Scottish lasses, arms akimbo, washing blankets after the time-honoured manner of their country. Our other special favourites are—"Duncan's Rant," "Silverwells," "Willie Blair," "Mr Thomson," "Annie Dalgarno," "Jenny Bowser," "Dr Profeit," "Jenny's Doll is Dressed Again," and "Mrs Scott Skinner." The latter is an admirable Strathspey, with easy, flowing movement, suitable for committal to memory as a telling little solo for either piano or violin. "Frank's" and "So I'm off with the good St Nicholas Boat" are catching airs. The latter seems familiar to us from childhood, and the former calls vividly to mind the "Rondo" in an old "Concerto" by G. E. Griffin, dedicated to Mr J. B. Cramer. In "Miss Mary Campbell" an amateur violinist will find the fingering very difficult.

The volume also contains several songs, jigs, and hornpipes. Among the hornpipes, "Jumpers" is a lively air, characteristically named; and "Excelsior" is a bright staccato movement, suitable for the display of a light and graceful touch. "Britannia," a patriotic song, is a fine martial strain, with appropriate words by "La Teste," the Deeside poet. "The Music o' Spey" is a sweet, unpretentious little song, the words of which contain real heartfelt pathos, and charm us by their very simplicity. Miss J. Scott Skinner's two reels (Nos. 25 and 47) are creditable productions for so young a little lady, and they give proof of hereditary talent—talent that study, perseverance, and time may develop even to the point of rivalling her father in his wonderful facility for the composition of Scotch dance music.

There are a few others throughout the work, notably "Jenny Bowser," which appear to have a close resemblance to some old Gaelic airs and pipe tunes which we used to hear since childhood; but such beautiful airs are so plentiful in the Highlands that we suppose it is scarcely possible to compose such a large number without unconsciously borrowing from or resembling some of them. Instead of this, however, being a defect, it is one of the strongest recommendations of the work. We congratulate Mr Skinner on the result of his efforts, and trust the success of his excellent performances will fully recompense him for the great trouble and expense of producing such a work. Its general get-up is in all respects worthy of its conteuts, and no Scottish family, at home or abroad, should be without a copy of such an excellent and inspiring collection of national music.

The whole Collection is carefully arranged for violin players, with special, original marks, which, as they are carefully explained at the beginning of the work, will greatly facilitate the bowing of Strathspeys. A life-like lithograph of the author forms an attractive frontispiece to the volume. We like this idea, and should be glad to see it imitated by other composers. The Collection can be had handsomely bound, and in that form it will prove a most attractive and acceptable gift to any lover of Highland music.

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THE LATE JOHN CAMERON MACPHEE.—We are glad to learn that the Gaelic Society of London, which claims to be the oldest Celtic association in the South, has not abandoned its resolution of perpetuating the memory of its late President in a worthy manner. We are informed that the Society is taking steps to raise such a sum as may provide a "Macphee Bursary" in connection with the Celtic Chair. We heartily endorse a step which must at once commend itself to the patriotism of all Highlanders. We congratulate the Gaelic Society of London in this choice of an object, which would have won the heartiest support of the deceased himself. We also learn that it is contemplated to place a memorial tablet in the Church of Kilmallie, of which parish Mr Macphee was a native.

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GAELIC SOCIETY ANNUAL DINNER.—The tenth Annual Dinner of the Gaelic Society of Inverness will be held in the Caledonian Hotel, on the evening of Wednesday, 1st of February, Allan R. Mackenzie, Esq., yr. of Kintail, in the chair.

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TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The "Sculptured Stones of Ross and Cromarty" reached us too late for insertion this month. Article V. will appear in the March number; Mary Mackellar's "Captive" is also too late; "Bishop Carswell and his Times," by the Rev. John Dewar, B.D., Kilmartin, will appear in an early issue; "Antiquities and Celtic Landmarks of Maidenkirk" under consideration.

THE

# CELTIC MAGAZINE.

*Conducted by ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A. SCOT.*

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## THE MATHESONS.

BY THE EDITOR.

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### IV.

JOHN MATHESON of Bennetsfield, who was first taught at home by a teacher named Thomson, and to whom the father granted as his emoluments a piece of land still or lately known after him, as Thomson's Park. This teacher not only had to instruct the young laird, but any others of the youth of the district whom Alexander Matheson might select. John afterwards, with his brother Roderick, finished his education in Edinburgh, and, shortly after his return home, during his father's lifetime, he married Elizabeth, daughter of William Mackenzie, III. of Belmaduthy, when his father assigned to him, to support a separate establishment, the whole lands and fishings of Bennetsfield and Wester Half Davoch, with one-fourth of the yearly rental of Invermaine, in Strathconan.

John followed the Earl of Cromarty in 1745, in support of Prince Charles, and fought on that side, with some of his brothers, on the fatal field of Culloden. He, however, managed to effect his escape, and his experiences on that occasion and immediately afterwards are sufficiently interesting, and so minutely recorded by Captain John Matheson, late of the 78th Highlanders, last direct male representative of the family, that we are tempted to quote him at length. Referring to the loss of the last relic of their once vast possessions in Lochalsh, Fernaig, as already

detailed, by Alexander, Captain John Matheson writes substantially as follows:—There now only remains for John, his (Alexander's) grandson, the tie of consanguinity and a cordial recognition by the followers of his ancestors, and their descendants of his patriarchal claims, now absolutely associated with the more modern acceptation of Scottish chieftaincy, but assimilated more expressly to those petty sovereigns of the ancient Gallic tribes. The laird, however, lived at a time when the social habits incurred by such recollections were more expensive than prudent, a fact verified by his improvident expenditure, poorly compensated to his representatives, by the vain consolation that "Jura sanguinis nunquam proscributor." He, however, took an effectual mode of risking the proscription of everything else for which he was indebted to the industry of his predecessors by taking an active part in support of the pretensions of the last of the Royal line of Stuart in concert with his kinsman, the Earl of Cromarty; and the unaccountable absence of the latter in Sutherland, where he was made prisoner, did not prevent the laird of Bennetsfield from joining Prince Charles Edward. And, notwithstanding the pressure of the House of Sutherland, which smothered many an ardent feeling towards the cause among the adherents of Lord Fortrose and other neighbours and nearest relatives, John and some of his brothers confirmed their loyalty on the eventful field of Culloden on the 16th of April 1746, which decided the dynasty which was in future to preside over the fortunes of the British Empire.

Matheson's escape was attended by several incidents of a romantic character, "which have been minutely detailed to us by his brother James, a participator and eye-witness on the occasion, a subject on which the former continued ever after to preserve a tenacious silence." The Laird had crossed the Firth on the morning of the battle in a yacht which constituted his favourite recreation; and it would appear that after the defeat of the Highlanders, he found means to secret himself in a pigstye, which, in the eagerness of pursuit, the Royalist dragoons had overlooked. Towards evening he recovered his boat, where he lay hid till darkness, which favoured his re-crossing to his own shore in Munlochy Bay, but, excited by the exertions of the day, and rendered desperate by the unlooked-for turn it took, it is not

improbable that he might have had recourse to the wonted *solatium dolorosum* of those days, to account for the rash act of discharging a fusee at a small brig of war then in the offing, in the King's service, and his instantly having been brought on board the Government vessel as a prisoner, as if it would seem that his safety was in no particular to have been indebted to flight.

Here, aboard the brig, he was immediately recognised by an old friend, Mr Fraser, a clergyman of the Established Church, who, perceiving the jeopardy Bennetsfield so imprudently placed himself in, with great presence of mind stepped forward to attest his loyalty, significantly insinuating temporary aberration of mind, which suggestion, perhaps, it is fortunate, the irritated laird did not hear. The result was that Matheson was invited to join in a convivial party of Government officers, probably as much excited as himself, from opposite causes; but by their demeanour on this occasion, these gentlemen exhibited a liberal counterpart to those execrable and cowardly ruffians on shore, who, after a victory over an enemy from whom the basest of them could not withhold the tribute of chivalrous gallantry, gave the reins to indiscriminate murder and pillage; but the page of impartial history records this sickening accumulation of crime and exhibits a monument of indelible cruelty.

Matheson's accident, however, continued to befriend him. Among the ship's crew was Mr, afterwards General, Skinner, an eminent Engineer, whose business was to select a site for, and to erect a fort [now Fort-George] on the Moray Firth. With this view he enquired of Mr Fraser where the best materials were likely to be found. The latter assured the Engineer that he was fortunate in his accidental acquaintance with Bennetsfield, on whose estate was to be had the best and most conveniently situated stone quarry in the district. It was then proposed that Mr Skinner should land and make a survey on the following day. Matheson recommended landing at once, and was imperative—perhaps dreading disclosures which might prove serious. His yacht was quite ready; the Royalist was speedily embarked under the protection of the rebel chief; and on their arrival a mutual good feeling was cemented, by social habits, which was never relaxed; while it secured to the latter a semblance of loyalty which he did not deserve, and a protection which was

most convenient to him at the time, and which accounts for the pertinacious silence which he ever afterwards preserved when the Rebellion of 1745 became the subject of conversation.

Long after his death an original portrait of Charles Edward was exhumed from beneath a heap of peats, where it had been concealed, in a lumber garret, in the House of Bennetsfield; and in 1838 a label, which marked the small of the butt-end of his musket, was accidently dug up by a labourer on the field of Culloden, bearing a crest and motto which he had assumed, probably in allusion to his political bias. The ancient device of the family was "O'Chian," absurdly rendered into Latin by his grandfather as "Fuimus," instead of "Per Secula." This he changed for what was more applicable to his present adventure, "Fac et Spera," with a hand dexter, bearing a scimitar, and under it "John Matheson of Bennetsfield, 10th April 1746."

This makes it appear that the musket had been made for the purpose, and accommodated to the Highlander's mode of fighting, who generally flung away his fire-arms after the first discharge, and rushed on with sword and targe, when, by the marks, the former would be recovered after the victory; and this small silver plate has, after a lapse of 92 years, betrayed a secret which our hero so unsuccessfully endeavoured to preserve.

From this period John's life was passed almost exclusively in the social enjoyment of his neighbours, or in the cultivation of a natural genius for sculpture, painting, and mechanics, with which he amused himself by turning it to the most eccentric uses. One feature of it was that of carving likenesses on walking-sticks in carricature; and this he did so well that it was not always safe to accept of an accommodation of that kind from him, without becoming liable to the risk of finding, if the borrower did not stand high in the laird's good graces, that he became supported along the road by some ludicrously severe representation of himself. These, at all events, he contrived to get into circulation, and many of his friends were thus obliged to recognise themselves to disadvantage, or quietly submit to the ridicule which his eccentricities produced.

Another faculty he possessed, connected with a beautiful style of penmanship, was that of affixing or annexing in correspondence a dash, a portrait, or perhaps the representation of an

animal, or something burlesque which left no room for misinterpreting how the individual addressed or referred to stood in the opinion of the writer. It is but justice, however, to say that the sarcastic symbols were not indiscriminately indulged in; where they were used they were sanctioned by the manner of their reception. He was also remarkable for his great strength, which is attested by several existing mementoes of his personal prowess.

He was much chagrined, before his first wife's death, at the prospect of having no sons, while the reversion of his property was destined to heirs-male; and he became quite indifferent as to what became of it or his successor.

John married, first, Elizabeth, second daughter of William Mackenzie, III. of Belmaduthy (great-grandson of Alexander Mackenzie, V. of Gairloch), by Margaret, daughter of Alexander Rose of Clava,* with issue—

1. Margaret, who married Andrew Miller of Kincurdy, with issue—among others, Elizabeth, who, in 1804, married Michael Miller, and died in 1833, without issue. Michael Miller died in 1826, and on the death of his widow in 1833, the property of Kincurdy reverted by will to her cousin, Jane Gordon, second daughter of Colin Matheson of Bennetsfield (who died in 1825). On her death, in 1849, she was succeeded in the property by Colin Matheson Milne-Miller, now of Kincurdy.

Andrew Miller died in 1809, at the age of ninety; while Margaret, his wife, died in 1811, aged eighty years.

2. Jean, who married Charles Baird, Aberdeen, with issue—among several others, Patrick, who married Miss Wedderburn, with issue—three daughters, the eldest of whom, Elizabeth, married Captain Andrew Mason, owner of a small property in Fifeshire, but who afterwards resided in Aberdeen. By her Captain Mason had two daughters, the eldest of whom, Agnes, married the late Sir Fitzroy Kelly, for many years M.P. for Ipswich, and afterwards Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, with issue—an only daughter, Clara. Captain Mason's second daughter, Eliza, married M. de Gerrin, a scion of an ancient family of noble descent in France.

* "History of the Mackenzies," under Gairloch Family, by the same author, pp. 352-353.

3. Elizabeth, married William Paterson, a merchant in Aberdeen, without issue.

4. A daughter, who died unmarried.

His first wife having died in 1760, he married secondly, Christina, daughter of John Gordon, second son of Gordon of Letterfurie, by Jean, daughter and heiress of John Gordon of Achimeath, a cadet of the Gordons of Buckie. By this lady Matheson had issue—

5. Colin, his heir.

6. John, who served for several years in a Regiment of Highland Infantry, raised by the Duke of Gordon during the American War of Independence, and afterwards continued his military career in the H.E.I.C. Service, where he was appointed Military Auditor-General on the Bombay Establishment, and subsequently Paymaster to a Brigade of the Army under Lord Lake, in which position he was suddenly cut off in 1805, "universally esteemed." The following notice of his death and services appeared in the *Bombay Gazette* in December 1805 :—"On Friday, 7th December, died here Captain John Matheson of the Hon. Company's military establishment at this Presidency, and late Paymaster of the detachment of troops stationed at Poonah. A man of great kindness of heart and incorruptible integrity, who in situations of public trust was actuated by the purest sense of honour, and conducted himself with scrupulous and severe probity, and who in every relation of life deserved and enjoyed the esteem of all who knew him, and could justly appreciate the worth of an honest man. During the period of 13 years' service in India, his care, diligence, and disinterestedness had uniformly recommended him to his superiors; his warm and honest heart rendered him the object of the friendship of his companions, and his great mildness, good temper, and readiness to oblige, secured the good opinion of all those who had official intercourse with him. The general feelings of this society was manifested by the unusual number and respectability of the gentlemen who attended his remains to the place of interment, among whom were most of the principal officers of the Army and several of the principal members of the Civil Department." Captain John died unmarried.

7. Catharine, who married Alexander Gillies, London, with issue, one son, Alexander, a merchant in Berbice.

8. Maria, who died unmarried.

John died at Bennetsfield House, on the 21st of February 1768, and was buried in the family burying-ground at Suddy, when he was succeeded by his eldest son,

COLIN MATHESON of Bennetsfield, then in his fifth year. The management of the property, as well as the care of the children, devolved upon the young widowed mother, whose active mind and business habits were ably assisted by the judicious counsel of her father, early trained to the law; and it can be easily believed that such qualifications as both possessed were in urgent request during a long minority while the property was heavily encumbered, its boundaries undefined and at the same time a question of dispute with the neighbouring proprietors. Indeed matters had got into such an embarrassed position that it required the greatest prudence and the most judicious exertion to preserve the property to the family.

Colin was sent to be educated, first to Elgin, where his mother accompanied him; but finding the heir's presence indispensable at home, she returned to Ross-shire with him and placed him in school at Fortrose, under Mr William Smith, well known for his excellent qualities as a teacher—qualities afterwards spoken to by many of his pupils, whose subsequent successful career in various walks of life many of them attributed to his excellent mode of instruction. In due course Colin went to Aberdeen, and finally completed his education in Edinburgh.

In 1780, when only in his sixteenth year, he received a commission in the Gordon Fencibles, raised and embodied at Aberdeen by Alexander, Duke of Gordon, in 1778. Here Colin served first as Ensign and afterwards as Lieutenant, until on the conclusion of peace between Great Britain, France, Spain, and America, the corps was disbanded in 1783.

In 1784 he married Grace (a very beautiful woman, whose portrait by Smellie Watson is in the possession of the Rev. Donald Masson, M.A., M.D., Edinburgh), fourth daughter of Patrick Grant of Glenmoriston, by his wife Henrietta, daughter of James Grant of Rothiemurchus, with issue, who arrived at maturity—

1. John, his heir.

2. Patrick Grant, a Major, H.E.I.C. Horse Artillery, on the

Bengal Establishment, and for many years Chief of the Commissariat Department at Delhi, where he died in 1835. His death is referred to in the obituary of the Bengal *Englishman* of January the 17th, in that year; and in the Delhi *Gazette* as follows:—"At Delhi, on Wednesday, 15th inst., Captain Patrick Grant Matheson, Commissary of Ordnance. His remains were followed to the grave by nearly all the civil and military officers of the station, and the whole of the Magazine Establishment, many of whom shed tears of sorrow to his departed worth." He married, in India, Hannah Mills Butler, daughter of James Major Orde, an officer of the Commissariat Department, with issue—(1) James Brooks Young Matheson, Colonel, H.E.I.C.S., who commanded the 11th Bengal Irregular Cavalry; raised the Benares Horse during the Indian Mutiny; took a gun at Mooltan; and received the Indian medals and clasps. He married Lousia Keane, daughter of Dr Keane, Superintending Surgeon of the Presidency of Bengal, with issue—*(a)* Ian Grant Matheson, and *(b)* Alexander Matheson Mathon Matheson, both of whom died young in India; *(c)* ERIC GRANT MATHESON, present chief of his clan, who, born in 1865, now resides with his mother in Belgium (who on the death of her first husband, Colonel James Brooks Young Matheson, married, secondly, M. Vans Best); and *(d)* Ailsie Grant Matheson. (2) Thomas Theophilus Metcalf, Lieutenant, 39th Regiment, who died in India in his 21st year, unmarried; (3) Colonel Ian Grant Matheson, Staff Corps, late 2d Fusiliers, medals and clasps, now residing at Torquay; (4) Susan Eleanor, who died in infancy; (5) Isabella Maria Grant, who married James Charles Claud Hamilton, of the Hamiltons of Tyrone, Major, late Bengal European Light Infantry, medals and clasps, with issue—Claud Hamilton and Seymour Ratcliffe George Annesly Hamilton; (6) Hannah Grace, who married Lieutenant-Colonel H. King, 13th Regiment, Bengal Infantry (medal and clasp), with issue—Mortimer James King.

3. Charles Mackenzie Matheson, who, after a short apprenticeship in a mercantile house in London, emigrated to the colony of Berbice, where he carried on a large and successful business for many years. He married Margaret, daughter of Simon Fraser of Kilmorack, in that colony, by his wife Maria, daughter of Colonel Barclay of New York, a cadet of the family of Urie, with

issue, six sons and one daughter. Two of the sons, who still survive, are the Rev. Charles Matheson, an ex-Fellow of Oxford, now head master of the Clergy Orphan School at Canterbury, Kent; and another, Donald, a merchant in Berbice.

4. Alexander Gordon, who joined his brother Charles in Berbice, and died there, unmarried, in 1819.

5. Christina, who married W. R. Spalding, an officer in the Barrack Department at Fort-Augustus, with issue—(1) Richard, a Colonel of Marines, married with issue; (2) Colin, an officer in the Ordnance Department, New South Wales; (3) Warner, who went to Berbice; (4) Alexander; (5) Grace, who married Charles Lesack, a Lieutenant in the Royal Artillery, with issue, one son, Charles, in the Army; and (6) a daughter, who married Major Robert Chadwick.

6. Jane Gordon, proprietrix in her own right of Kincurdy, in the County of Ross, who married the Rev. Robert Milne-Miller, minister of Aboyne, in Aberdeenshire, with issue—(1) Colin Matheson Milne-Miller, present proprietor of Kincurdy, Surgeon-Major in the Army; retired in 1873. He was Assistant-Surgeon in the 80th Regiment during the Indian Mutiny. Holds medal, 1876-77. He married, in 1866, Mary Ann Phipps, with issue—Colin Matheson, born 18th of June 1870, died in 1872; Robert Michael, born 26th of March 1874; Jane Elizabeth, Mary Louisa, Helen Christina, Grace, and Harriet Matheson. (2) Andrew Michael Miller, C.E., massacred at Cawnpore during the Indian Mutiny in 1857. (3) George Gordon, who married Elizabeth, daughter of Dr Ross, Tain, with issue—an only daughter, Jane Dora. He died on the 27th of May 1862. (4) Elizabeth Milne-Miller, who died unmarried, in the 21st year of her age, in 1849. (5) Grace, who died in infancy.

7. Elizabeth Rupert Fraser, who married Donald Charles Cameron of Barcaldine, Argyllshire, with issue—(1) Donald, (2) Alexander, and (3) Colize, all three of whom died in infancy; (4) John, who died unmarried in 1857; (5) Allan Gordon, who inherited the family estates of Barcaldine and Foxhall, and who married Mary Colebrooke, only daughter of George William Traill of Vera and Mousey, Orkney, with issue—two sons, Ewen Somerled, present heir to the Barcaldine Estates, Allan Gordon, and a daughter, Mary Colebrooke, who died in 1878. He died in 1872,

(6) Donald Charles of Glenbrittle, Isle of Skye, who married Anne, daughter of Charles Shaw, W.S., late Sheriff-Substitute of Lochmaddy, with issue—two sons and two daughters; (7) Patrick Evan, who died unmarried in 1853; (8) Maria Grace, who married James Archibald Campbell of Inverawe, with issue—four sons and five daughters; (9) Elizabeth, who married Patrick, third son of Grant of Glenmoriston, with issue—two sons and four daughters; (10) Helen, who married James Murray, youngest son of Grant of Glenmoriston, with issue—four sons and three daughters.

8. Martha Fraser, who married, first, Hugh Junor of Essiquibo, with issue—(1) Colin, a merchant. She married secondly the Rev. Archibald Brown, minister of St Andrew's Church, in Demerara, with issue—(2) Hugh of Park House, Melbourne, married, with issue—Archibald Junor, Colin Matheson, William Macdonald, Hugh Mackenzie, Martha Elizabeth, Alice, Helen Grace, and Lily; (3) Grace, who married Colonel Andrew Kelso, 3d Madras Cavalry with issue—Archibald, C.E., Bombay, and Alice Martha, who married the Rev. Alfred Swainson, M.A. of Cambridge; (4) Helen Jane, who married the Rev. Donald Masson, M.A., M.D., minister of the Gaelic Church, Edinburgh, with issue—Donald Hugh, William Muir Macdonald, Grace Isabella, Helen Margaret, Christina Amelia, Alice Isobel, Flora Macdonald, and Kate Hamilton.

9. Helen Cameron, who married the late William Bell, surgeon in the H.E.I.C.S., a fine old lady, who still survives in Inverness.

Colin of Bennetsfield died at Fortrose, in 1825, and was buried in the family tomb at Suddy, which was renovated, and a massive slab erected to his memory, by his widow and daughters. He was succeeded by his eldest son,

JOHN MATHESON of Bennetsfield, first educated at Fortrose, and afterwards at the University of Edinburgh; but having a preference for a military profession, he joined the army in 1803. He finally retired as Captain of the 78th Highlanders. He wrote the Bennetsfield Manuscript of the Mackenzies, and an account of his own ancestors, taken chiefly from the family records, and to which we are largely indebted in the preparation of this sketch. He was a learned and accomplished man, an excellent musician,

and as a linguist he was proficient in several modern languages, including Turkish; as also in Latin and Greek. His knowledge of French is said to have once stood him in good stead. Being taken prisoner while serving with his regiment in Egypt, he became the bondsman of a certain scheik, who employed him, first as his gardener, and ultimately as his secretary. While exercising the functions of the latter office in the French language, he was able to communicate in English with his family, and this in due time led to his release. Captain "Jack," as his friends loved to call him, was also a writer of verses.

He married Ann, daughter of the Rev. Robert Arthur, minister of Resolis, in the County of Cromarty, and died, without issue, shortly after 1843, when he was succeeded as representative and chief of the Mathesons by his nephew,

COLONEL JAMES BROOKS YOUNG MATHESON, H.E.I.C.S., son of Major Patrick Grant Matheson, who died at Delhi, as already stated, in 1835, and grandson of Colin Matheson of Bennetsfield, who died in 1825.

Colonel James Brooks Young Matheson married, in 1857, Louisa, daughter of Dr Keane, Superintending Surgeon of the Presidency of Bengal, with issue—

1. Ian Grant, who died young, in India.
2. Alastair Grant, who died young, in India.
3. Eric Grant, born in 1865.
4. Ailsie Grant.

He died in 1866, when he was succeeded as representative of the Mathesons of Bennetsfield and chief of his clan by his eldest surviving son,

ERIC GRANT MATHESON, still a minor, residing with his mother, who married, as her second husband, Alexander Vans Best, M.D., F.R.C.S.L. of Aberdeen, who died in 1876.

*(To be continued.)*

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THE MATHESONS OF LOCHALSH AND ARDROSS will fall to be considered next.

# THE SCULPTURED STONES OF ROSS AND CROMARTY.

By Captain COLIN MACKENZIE, F.S.A. Scot.

## V.

I STATED, in my first instalment of this paper, that I should consider the Hilton stone (though the cross it bore is now erased) when discussing class B., or sculptured crosses with hieroglyphics; and, also, that I should describe the fragmentary cross of Tarbat at the same time, on account of its general resemblance to the others. I propose now, in taking class B., to commence with the Hilton and Tarbat stones for three reasons—1st, They are the most northerly of the five to be considered; 2d, They are the two which do not strictly conform to the conditions of their class; 3d, Their ornamental borders exhibit a great similarity, and, at the same time, are unlike anything to be found in their neighbourhood.

Of the Tarbat stone, four fragments are figured in the *Sculptured Stones of Scotland.* The first is evidently a portion of the base, and the other three of the shaft of a cross; but the pieces appear to represent different sides of it, if, indeed, they are not portions of two separate stones. Thus, while the border pattern, which encompasses the basement portion, is composed of a leafy scroll work interspersed apparently with birds, and bears the highest resemblance to that of the Hilton stone, which runs round three sides of the slab without a check—that portion of the border of the shaft, which is still discernable, is divided into two panels, the upper shewing a dragonesque pattern, or scroll-work of snakes, interspersed with small bosses, and the lower similar small bosses surrounded with knot-work, both exhibiting strong affinity to the ornamental panels on the Nigg cross.

The view which I have here enunciated, and for the first time, I believe, in print, viz.—that there was at Tarbat more than one cross or stone, was forced upon me about some two years ago, after a very close comparison of the drawings of the Tarbat fragments and the Hilton stone. It has received the fullest confirmation from the independent judgment of the Rev. George

Campbell, minister of Tarbat, and a very competent archæologist, who writes as follows:—"I had your note last night about the Tarbat Runic Stones—I say stones, because, from the fragments I have picked up in the nighbourhood of the church, I conceive there must have been at least two, if not three, originally. The style of carving is so distinct in the several pieces." In answer to a point I raised, Mr Campbell says, "There is not, so far as I recollect, any trace of sculpturing upon the reverse side [of the fragments]; but the back is smooth." This tends to support, rather than otherwise, the theory of there having been more than one stone. Mr Campbell further states:—"My reasons for giving as my opinion that there were originally more [stones] than one, are the following:—I. The character of the sculpture appears to me to be distinctly different. In some of the fragments the tracings run angularly, while in others we have all the characteristics of the Nigg stone, the serpents intertwisted, and the rosettes or apples. II. The different grain of sandstone, or rather what I consider the difference in the composition of the stone itself, points to the same conclusion. Some of the fragments are of a close and hard texture, while others are of a soft and roughish composition. I have some half-dozen fragments in my possession illustrating the opinion I have formed. There is one fragment of considerable interest with a few words, it is supposed, of a Runic character. A copy was made by Dr Joass, of Golspie, and sent to the late Dr Stewart, but I have yet to learn if he could interpret the meaning. There was a fragment sent to Invergordon Castle, of about, as far as my memory serves me, 12 inches diameter, with outer rim carved in the usual style, and having seven rosettes. It had not been discovered when the other fragments were described in Dr Stewart's book." I have only just been made aware of this most interesting inscribed stone, but I trust I may on some future occasion be able to give a description of it in these pages. Dr Stewart died some time since, and, unless he brought the fragment before the notice of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, it is possible that it may have been forgotten. If it prove to bear an inscription in Scandinavian runes, it may go far to support the traditional Danish or Norse origin of the cross to which it once belonged. The only Scandinavian runic inscriptions extant in Scotland are to be found in the tumulus of

the Maeshowe, Stennis, Orkney, and in St Molio's Cave, Holy Island, Arran; but several exist on Manx crosses. Dr Stewart's remarks concerning Anglo-Saxon tracery must not altogether be thrown aside. The cross of Ruthwell, Dumfriesshire, has a portion of a poem, supposed to be by the elder Cædmon, carved on it in Anglo-Saxon runes, and crosses in ancient Northumbria, also bear inscriptions in a similar character. Thus, should the alleged runes on the Tarbat fragment prove to be genuine, their discovery will prove a matter of the very highest interest to Northern Antiquaries.

That portion which I suppose to have formed part of the base of a cross, and which is cracked, still shows, besides the border, some remains of figures, but even those that are visible are much blurred. In the centre is an animal with a head resembling that of the lion or leopard of Scottish sculpture, which is in the act of grasping the forearms of a human figure. This figure, which is represented on the upper part of the stone, is in a contracted position, bending forwards; the feet being directed upward beneath the animal's neck, and the head downwards, till it almost touches that of the animal. In the right hand corner is a figure, minus head, shoulders, and arms, and there are also portions of two other animals to be seen, but all very indistinct and fragmentary. The body of the cross itself is filled with an ingenious pattern of knot-work, resembling the centre of the Nigg cross, but slightly more elaborate. I am of opinion that had these crosses only been allowed to remain intact they would have proved additionally interesting, in being found to form a connecting link between the Nigg cross and the Hilton slab.

The *New Statistical Account* (1840) says:—"Fragments of what is said to have been a Danish cross are to be seen scattered among the graves in the churchyard; and a low green mound, adjoining the eastern gable of the church, is still pointed out as the site on which it stood." Dr Stewart observes:—"The fragments now in the churchyard of the parish of Tarbet . . . . formed part of a cross which stood in the centre of the churchyard. About fifty years ago it was knocked down by the gravedigger, and broken up for grave-stones." Dr Stewart published the first volume of the *Sculptured Stones* in 1856, and this would imply that he wished to carry us back to 1806 for the date

of the cross's destruction; but this is manifestly wrong, for he goes on to say—"Cordiner, referring to these fragments, which he visited in 1776, says that they 'in all appearance had not been originally inferior to either of those that have been specified [Shandwick and Hilton], but they are so shattered to pieces that their connection is lost.'" The cross, therefore, was broken in 1776, and Dr Stewart must have wished to give the year 1726, or thereabouts, as the time of its destruction, and this is by no means an improbable date.

The Rev. George Campbell states:—"When they [*i.e.*, the stone or stones] came to be broken I can't say. Tradition has it that they were blown down by the wind and broken, parts being used as headstones for the graves, and the larger portions placed over coffins in the graves, at the time when dead bodies were in such request by anatomists." If, as I conjecture, pieces may be found built into walls, &c., it is not too much to hope that at some future date we may be able to reconstruct, or partially restore, the Tarbat cross or crosses. After alluding to the fragments figured in the *Sculptured Stones*, Mr Campbell proceeds:—"The originals are at Invergordon Castle, Mr Macleod of Cadboll having undertaken to see to their preservation. The largest of the lot has a man in a tunic, with some wild beasts as if about to devour him. The smaller bits are the serpents, the rosettes, and endless rings." It matters little whether the sexton or the wind was guilty of uprooting the Tarbat memorials—they were eventually dismembered and given up to neglect. When will the diabolical work of spoliation and sacrilege cease? It was only the other day that Mr Charles Stewart, addressing the Federation of Celtic Societies, spoke enthusiastically of Celtic art. Alas! we have too little reverence for our ancient language, literature, antiquities. The man who stares a mummy out of countenance, and learnedly discourses of Egyptian civilisation, unconcernedly turns his back on an elaborate Scottish standing stone, nor pauses to inquire who were the people that carved it, or how far they had risen in the social scale of nations. There are citizens of London who have never entered the Tower, and residents of Edinburgh who have never set foot in the Castle. It is because things lie at our doors that we ignore them—that we deem them common. Let us hope that it will not always be so.

Even since 1856, when it was fortunately figured in the *Sculptured Stones*, the very curious cross at Old Deer has been broken up for building materials by some ignorant Yahoo, without the consent or knowledge of the proprietor of the property.

Coming to the Hilton stone (which I have all through called by the name Dr Stewart gives it, though it has been removed from its original site), I have already alluded to the similarity existing, in my opinion, between the scroll-work of its border and that of the Tarbat cross. Dr Stewart calls attention to the likeness between the Hilton border and Anglo-Saxon crosses. After alluding to the ornamentation of the famous Ruthwell cross, he says:—"The tree, bearing leaves and fruit, with birds and animals on its branches, is a feature almost unknown on the Scotch crosses, while it recurs on the cross at Bewcastle, on the Monks' stone at Tynemouth, and on a fragment at Jarrow. It is somewhat remarkable that the solitary Scotch cross on which this Saxon design occurs is far removed from any obvious Saxon influence. The stone to which I refer is at Hilton of Cadboll, on the north shore of the Cromarty Firth, and is one of three fine monuments in that neighbourhood. On this stone, a rich border, surrounding one of its faces, is composed of scroll-work of branches with leaves, into which birds are introduced, some of them pecking the bunches of fruit with which the branches terminate." In the first place Dr Stewart makes a mistake as to the locality of Hilton, and he does not evince much discrimination when he institutes a comparison between the Monks' stone and Jarrow fragments, and the Hilton stone. The sculptures on the stone at Jedburgh, Roxburghshire, and the crosses at Ruthwell, Dumfriesshire, and Bewcastle, Cumberland, certainly bear some affinity to the Hilton scroll-work, and the tails of the creatures represented help to form the spirals along with the foliage. But none of these carvings are used as borders, and it is absurd to compare the graceful and elegant tracery on the Hilton stone with the heavier style of its Anglo-Saxon congeners.* Dr Stewart only

* Dr Stewart observes:—"In the 'Saxony' of our earlier writers, beginning at Abercorn, on its northern extremity, there have been found, on ecclesiastical sites of Saxon foundation, a series of monuments displaying features of design and form which mark them as the work of the same school of artists to whom we owe much of the ornamental work of our early Anglo-Saxon manuscripts." M. Langlois, in his work on the Caligraphy of the earlier Middle-age MSS., remarks that the wealth of the

attempts to find one other specimen of the kind in Pictish Scotland, and this is on the edge of a stone at St Vigean's, Forfarshire. He says it is "a partial excepton" [from the hard and fast rule that no phyllomorphic design can enter into Pictish art, I suppose], but a mere glance will show that, whatever it is, it has not the slightest affinity to the Hilton work. This latter finds its sole prototype in the fragmentary stone, or stones, of Tarbat, a fact which Dr Stewart has entirely overlooked. It may be urged that, as these crosses stood within no great distance of each other, and were situated on the shores of the sea, they mark the site of a Saxon colony, or are, at least, evidence of a temporary Saxon possession of the country. It was not until the reign of Malcolm Canmore (who had long resided in England, had Saxon blood in his veins, and had married Margaret, the sister of Edgar Atheling), or about the year 1080, that the immigration of Saxons into Scotland commenced. At this time we learn, from the Norse Sagas, that the north of Ross-shire was a sort of debateable ground between the Scandinavians and the Picts, and there is no reference made to Saxons having penetrated so far. Neither can we consider the type of the crosses to be so modern as to believe their erection to be due to the initiative of southern barons or clergy. Had the present inhabitants been the descendants of Saxons, they would be sure to have retained some tradition of it as many communities elsewhere remember the story of their foreign origin. The people, however, assert that they are of Celtic extraction, and, as for the crosses, they say that they are of Danish construction. But even if we allow that a Saxon influence is manifested in these carvings—what then? Are we to believe that the borders alone were the handiwork of some Saxon thrall or immigrant, while the rest of the work was executed in the most approved Pictish style by a native artist? If Saxon the design be, is it not more likely that the whole of the ornamentation was executed by a travelled Pict, who was acquainted with both forms of art? True, Pictish art is never found on

picturesque is not lavished alone on subjects which refer to the text of the works, but is essentially to be observed in the richness of the borders, and the caprice with which the initial letters are formed. Though continuous borders are found in the MSS., the Anglo-Saxon sculptural tracery either occupies the whole face or side of a cross, or is disposed in panels,

crosses in Saxon territory, and that the designs of the Hilton border throw those of the Anglo-Saxon stones in the shade;* but then, has it not been possible for the pupil to excel his master, as witness the apprentice pillar in Roslin Chapel? However, we must guard against drawing any definite conclusion until we know whether the alleged inscription on the Tarbat fragment has any tale to tell us or not.

*(To be Continued.)*

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## EVICTED.

—o—

Homeless, desolate, forlorn,
By a landlord's hard decree,
On a wet and cloudy morn
Stand th' evicted by the sea.

Doomed by LAW their home to leave,
Father, mother, children three,
Daring not to hope reprieve,
Stand th' evicted by the sea.

Huddled 'neath their father's plaid,
Envying the sea-birds free,
With tearful eyes and faces sad,
Stand th' evicted by the sea.

Evening brings them broken rest;
'Neath the shadow of a tree,
Bodies cold, together pressed,
Sleep th' evicted by the sea.

Morning comes and with it light;
'Neath the shadow of that tree,
Stark and dead—a mournful sight!—
Lie th' evicted by the sea. H.

* Owing to the points of difference between the Hilton and Tarbat stones, and the Anglo-Saxon crosses, the peculiar position of the former, and the utter absence of evidence connecting them with the Anglo-Saxon influence, I am led to regard the art which their borders display as an elaboration, and a very fine one no doubt, of the Pictish zoömorphic or dragonesque design.

# THE CAPTIVE.

By MARY MACKELLAR.

Miranda sat within her ivied keep
So very long that she forgot to weep;
She got accustomed to her clanging chain,
And often heard it without feeling pain.
She found in nature many a soothing voice,
Whose every whisper made her soul rejoice;
She saw the sunshine through her lattice stream,
And hailed with gladness its bright golden gleam;
She heard the warblings of each little bird,
And the deep music of her soul was stirred;
She watched the opening and the dying flowers,
Through all the summer's bright and sunny hours;
And when the glorious sun his wings would fold,
And the far waves seemed like the burnished gold,
And the deep tones of their strange minstrelsy,
Seemed grand old songs that told of liberty,
As on they rolled at will from clime to clime,
Their tales all of the mighty and sublime;
And when they had their wildest, maddest play,
It to Miranda seemed their holiday.
And oft she cried, as if she loved their glee,—
Roll wild and high, emblems of liberty.
And when the sea in beauty lay at rest,
The heavens reflected from its azure breast,
Like some bright scroll that lay beneath the wave,
Upon the sailor's dark uncared-for grave;
God's robe enfolding his low place of sleep,
Though none who loved him "o'er his bed" could weep;
Miranda loved to see the sunset beams,
Gilding the ocean with their glorious streams,
Emblems of beauty, and of perfect rest,
That oft gave gladness to her aching breast.
And as the veil that deepened into night,
Stole softly o'er the golden gates of light;
Whilst night's sweet herald, the bright evening star,
Sent her sweet cheering whispers from afar,
She often poured her soul out in a song,
About her sorrow and about her wrong,
In plaintive notes, so musical and clear,
It seemed hope's requiem that met the ear.
And yet a ring of something in her tone,
Told sorrow had not made her all its own;
She sang such songs as we have heard at eve,
Æolian harps from the soft zephyrs weave;
Thrilling the soul with all that makes life glad,
Yet making it mysteriously sad,

# TALES AND ADVENTURES OF A BOTANIST:

## ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE MANNERS AND SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

——o——

### JESSIE MACLEOD.—*Concluded.*

SOME days necessarily elapsed before they could get all their arrangements completed for commencing their journey northward, during which time Frank received letters from his family, of such a tenor that had they arrived previously to his meeting with Jessie, they must have given a concussion to his nerves, inferior only to what he had received from that trying event. The agreeable intelligence of his arrival in Britain brought along with it to the manse of Arnisdale the distressing reflection that his early departure from India must have prevented him from receiving his father's former letter, and that the terrible shock which that letter was intended to break still awaited him. But as it was believed that he must have been made acquainted by this time with the true state of the case by his friends in London, Mr Macintyre saw no means left of preparing his mind for the trial. He therefore wrote him a full and explicit account of the whole affair, taking care to throw in such consolatory reflections as seemed to him best suited for the occasion, and giving such advice as he thought needful.

It was from this communication to Frank that Jessie first learned what she previously had no conception of: the extreme distress of her family, her father's harassing and fruitless travels in search of her, his repeated advertisements, and the serious illness into which his exertions and his mental anxiety had thrown him. Her compunction and self-reproach now wrung her soul with the most bitter anguish. She saw, with horror, that she had almost been guilty of the death of her beloved father, and still could not acquit herself of the imputation of having considerably shortened his days. She immediately wrote to both her parents in the most penitential terms, and copiously bedewed her letters with tears of contrition.

Still, however, she felt an insurmountable reluctance to let them witness her shame; and during their progress northward,

it was finally concerted between Frank and her that she should reside with a widowed aunt of his, who led a very secluded life, owing to her grief for family bereavements, in a retired situation near Inverness. The consent of that lady to receive her, there was no doubt of obtaining, and therefore, without waiting for a communication from her on the subject, they directed their course at once to her place of abode.

This good woman was nearly overpowered with joy—an emotion to which she had been long a stranger—by this unexpected arrival of two persons in whom she felt so warm an interest. For her nephew Frank she entertained a maternal affection, and, though she had never before seen Miss Macleod, yet what she had heard of her character and misfortunes was sufficient to engage her most friendly solicitude in that young lady's case. She assured Frank that she was much flattered by this proof of his confidence in her willingness to meet his wishes, and by thus affording her an opportunity of being useful to one whom she had much upon her mind. Her poor cottage, she told Jessie, was entirely at her service, and she expected to find some consolation in her society for the loss of her own much lamented daughter, the last of a numerous and once thriving family, of which she had been bereaved.

Having thus placed his unhappy charge in a situation so much to her mind, Frank took an affectionate leave of her, promised to visit her soon, and then set out, with a heavy heart, to his father's house. His meeting with his various friends and relations in Glen-Uaine, so very different from what he had long fondly anticipated, must be left to the reader's own imagination. At Aulduiny his reception exceeded, in moving circumstances, all possibility of delineation. The family there had been already apprised that they were not to expect to see their unfortunate Jessie along with Captain Macintyre; and she had even stipulated that he should not make known the place of her retreat to them, except on condition that they should neither attempt to fetch her away, nor, for some time at least, make themselves witnesses of her shame and distress by going to visit her there. She wrote to them, however, by him, in the most dutiful and pathetic terms, and the tears which flowed from her eyes while penning her epistle were only equalled by those which its perusal called forth from her still fond and forgiving relations.

Their replies, in which they all united in affectionately pleading for her return to Aulduiny, could not alter her fixed resolution of secluding herself from the eyes of the world. Had she been of the Romish Church, she would certainly have devoted the remainder of her days to the solitude of the cloister. Finding her thus determined, her parents and family desisted from all farther attempts in the meantime to interrupt the privacy of her pious sorrow. Frank, however, visited her frequently during the period of his residence in Glen-Uaine, and was the chief medium through which she carried on her correspondence with her friends. While he was doing all in his power to assist in restoring her lost peace of mind, he himself felt the load of life scarcely less oppressive than it was to her, and all the plans devised to interest or amuse him were insufficient to dispel the settled melancholy which had overcast his spirits and oppressed him.

Such was the state of things when I visited the manse of Arnisdale, and it sufficiently accounted for the peculiarities, which it required no superior sagacity to discover, in Captain Macintyre's behaviour. Having taken a deep interest in his story, I was careful to avail myself of every means of information that I could subsequently obtain, in order to learn whether or not it led to any other melancholy consequences; and the result of my inquiries I shall briefly state in what I have now to add.

Though, for the sake of his affectionate friends, Captain Macintyre strove to keep up his spirits, and occasionally joined in the sporting amusements of his brothers and their young companions at Aulduiny, yet his peace of mind had received a shock which even the soothing power of time seemed unable to alleviate. He continued to brood over his griefs in secret, shunned as much as possible all gay society, and seldom left the secluded precincts of the manse, except to call at Aulduiny, or to visit his still dear, but no longer sprightly Jessie. He experienced a melancholy satisfaction in sitting for hours by her side, as she pursued her work; in silently gazing on her yet lovely, though now pale and grief-worn features; in listening to her plaintive performances on the lute, the chief solace of her retirement; or, when some bitter recollection overpowered him, in mingling occasionally his own bursting tears with hers.

She still persisted in her plan of seclusion. But in spite of

her resolution to punish herself in this manner for the disgrace which she had brought upon her friends, she felt it impossible to silence the voice of nature in her bosom, and had often experienced a strong impulse to comply with the urgent entreaties of her family to return home. Frank used all his eloquence to add force to their arguments, and more than once he flattered himself that he had overcome her scruples, when her overwhelming sense of shame again sprung up and baffled all his efforts. At length, however, the united importunities of his benevolent aunt and himself so far prevailed with her that she agreed that one of his sisters, to whom she had been much attached, should come and spend a few weeks with her. The society of this agreeable young lady soon produced a very evident improvement on the spirits of the poor penitent recluse, and her friends began to entertain sanguine hopes that she would by degrees recover some taste for life, and ere long permit her own family to visit her at her retreat, if she would not return to Aulduiny.

Frank had been heard several times to express his determination to call to a strict account the profligate author of all these calamities as soon as he could procure an interview with him. These threats having reached the ears of his worthy father, so much shocked the principles of that good man, and alarmed him so greatly for the probable consequences, that he had recourse to every argument which religion and parental affection and authority could supply to dissuade his son from his sanguinary purposes of revenge. Aulduiny cordially seconded his efforts, and laboured to persuade his indignant young friend that, as the stain which the honour of his family had received could never be wiped away, the most prudent line of conduct, and that which he henceforth wished to follow, was to draw over it, as far as possible, the veil of privacy and silence.

Whether or not Captain Macintyre felt any conviction from such reasoning, he chose to keep his sentiments pretty closely to himself. There are not awanting reports, however, that in his confidential letters to some of his brother officers he still expressed his adherence to his original design, and avowed that his first great object in life was to avenge the crying wrongs of the ruined Jessie Macleod on the head of the ungrateful and unprincipled villain who was the cause of them; and then that

he meant to return to India, and never more revisit his native land. In conformity with these resolutions, he seems to have made careful inquiry after the motions of the regiment to which Vaughan was attached. Having at length learned that it had received orders to re-embark for England, the intelligence made him accelerate his own departure from Glen-Uaine, though his period of leave had not yet expired, that he might have sufficient leisure to bring about a meeting with Vaughan before setting sail for India. He therefore bade a tender adieu to the disconsolate Jessie, and to all the rest of his sorrowing friends and relatives, whom he hardly expected ever to see again, and not many days after arrived in London.

There his first care was to find out where Vaughan's regiment was stationed, and as soon as he had ascertained that point, he lost no time in making preparations suited to his purpose. The evening before his intended departure for the place where he expected to bring Vaughan to a reckoning, he happened to be engaged at an hotel with a very gay party of gentlemen, belonging chiefly to the profession of arms, some of whom were to be his fellow-passengers to India. The most brilliant star in the company was a certain young nobleman, whose exuberance of wit, and superior tone of manners, to say nothing of his title, gave him an indisputable ascendency over all about him. At first Lord Ellenport had behaved with considerable reserve, seeming to treat his companions with a rather mortifying air of superiority. But the champagne had not long circulated when any prejudice thereby excited against him was completely removed by his subsequent affability.

The conversation chiefly turned upon affairs of gallantry. His Lordship here shone to peculiar advantage; and while with obvious complacency he dwelt on his triumphs, the silent admiration painted on the features of many of the younger members of the party seemed to betray a wish that they were equally fortunate. Lord Ellenport had now got upon his favourite theme, and throwing off all restraint gave full scope to his sentiments, which soon appeared to be those of a professed and reckless libertine. Captain Macintyre, independently of the shock which his principles received from the tenor of his Lordship's talk, felt melancholy reflections arising within him, which would not permit him

to listen with any satisfaction. Unable to disguise his feelings, and at the same time unwilling to interfere with the good humour of the company, he contrived to engage a friend at a match of chess, and retired with him a little apart from the rest. He soon became so deeply absorbed in play that he heard only an occasional burst of laughter or applause, called forth by some licentious witticism of the titled sensualist, or by his address in the accomplishment of some hazardous intrigue.

Both Macintyre and his antagonist being experienced chess players, the game was considerably protracted, and both became greatly interested in the issue. Frank, however, after several reverses, succeeded in gaining a decided advantage, and was rapidly advancing to checkmate his adversary, when his ear was suddenly arrested by the name of Jessie Macleod. This magic name forcibly drew his attention to the sequel of the conversation, and his many false movements and frequent mistakes of his antagonist's pieces for his own soon betrayed his total neglect of the pending match.

"Jessie," said Lord Ellenport, "was by far the most difficult of all my conquests. She stood a whole winter's siege in Edinburgh, and at its conclusion I was no nearer my purpose than when I first opened my batteries. Next autumn I followed her to the Highlands on pretence of shooting grouse, and endured for three weeks all the vile fogs of Glen-Uaine before I could prevail on her to elope with me. My chief obstacle was an engagement into which she had been hoodwinked, before she had seen anything of the world, by a raw stripling, a son of the parson of the parish, who had gone as a cadet to India. In short before I could conquer all the scruples and prejudices of this virtuous Highland maid, I was involved in a world of difficulties which might have proved very serious to me, but for the timely death of old Ellenport."

It was only by the most determined effort of self-denial that Frank could repress his rising passions, till the triumphant profligate had reached this point in his disgraceful narration. Unable to control himself a moment longer, he sprung to his feet and confronted the man whom he had so long and so anxiously panted to visit with his vengeance. "Villain!" said he, "I have found thee at last, and the wrongs of Jessie Macleod I have

vowed to avenge, or lose my life in the attempt. True, it is you who have ruined her; but were I to tell, what you have concealed, the diabolical perfidity and many base arts of which you have been guilty to effect that end, there is not a man present that would not detest you as a disgrace to your title and your sex. Ungrateful villain—— You have a sword"—— Meanwhile his own was flashing as a meteor in the air.

A smile of contempt that curled the lip of Ellenport, as he deliberately rose, unsheathed his rapier, and put himself in a position of defence, was the only answer which he deigned to make to this unexpected sally. He had already parried several thrusts with a coolness of manner strongly contrasted with his enemy's fiery impetuosity, when, by the interference of the spectators, who had till now continued, as it were, spell-bound by astonishment, they were induced, though with much opposition on the part of Captain Macintyre, to defer the decision of the quarrel to a more befitting time and place—namely, Chalk farm, six o'clock next morning, and the same weapons which they then wore. The mortal strife was thus for the present suspended, and the meeting immediately broke up in confusion.

Whatever were the reflections of either party over night, they were both faithful to their appointment. Captain Macintyre was first on the ground, but had no cause to complain of the tardiness of his antagonist. His eye, at the sight of Ellenport, immediately kindled up with all its last night's fire, while the calm look of defiance sent him by the other seemed to indicate a mind perfectly secure in the protection which his dexterity in the use of his weapons promised. Macintyre was also regarded as a proficient in all the points and stratagems of the sword exercise, and in other circumstances, perhaps, the match might have been pretty equal, excepting the too evident excitement of feeling under which Frank laboured, and which seemed to turn the odds fearfully against him. His first onset was accordingly directed by an impetuosity which showed his utter indifference to personal safety, while he sought only to gratify his long meditated revenge. His enemy, understanding well how to take advantage of his imprudence, suffered him to waste his breath and strength in fruitless attempts, while he himself watched his opportunity to give a home-thrust which would supersede all necessity for

another effort. Such an opportunity was soon afforded by Macintyre's negligence in the use of the rules of guard, and the latter received a hit in the left breast, which he instantly felt to be mortal. "And must I thus perish, O God!" he exclaimed, "and my enemy be left to triumph in successful villainy?"

This painful reflection made him husband his remaining strength for one great effort, and while his enemy, believing, from his decaying colour, his streaming blood, and his more languid motions, that he was just about to fall, had somewhat relaxed his nicety of fence, he himself received a sudden thrust, which, in a moment, stretched him on the ground, in the agonies of death. Macintyre, overcome by this successful exertion, and already perceiving a dark mist flitting before his eyes, sunk at the same instant exhausted at his side, while an expression of satisfaction took possession of his languid features.

Ellenport's wound proved instantly mortal, and a single groan was the only sound he emitted. Macintyre's departing spirit yet lingered a few minutes, while with faltering voice he gave his dying charge to the friend who had acted as his second, and who now supported his languid head. He desired him to acquaint his dearest Jessie that he died happy, in having been permitted to avenge her wrongs, and that his last request to her was that she would not sorrow too much on his account. He desired his remains to be conveyed to Glen-Uaine; expressed his hope that his father and other friends would view his last act with charity, considering the provocation he had received; and seemed, in his expiring accents, to pray for pardon to himself, and a blessing to his beloved parents and their surviving children.

Such was the tragical termination of the brief career of Francis Macintyre. The intimation and particulars of his death reached the manse of Arnisdale not many days after that event, and filled the house with loud lamentations; though none felt the stroke more acutely, with all his endeavours to be resigned, than the pious and venerable father. Had his son fallen in the cause of his country, while he would have mourned his fate with the feelings of an affectionate parent, his sorrow would have been unaccompanied by the bitterness he now felt. To reflect that his dear Frank, on whom so many of his fondest anticipations had reposed, had perished in the perpetration of an act involving, as

he believed, the guilt both of murder and suicide—for this was the light in which he viewed the horrid practice of duelling—harassed the old man's soul in a manner which it required all his piety and his reasoning to support. In this state of heart-oppression, he set out to meet his son's remains on their arrival in Edinburgh; and Aulduiny, who was no less affected by the lamentable event than the unhappy father, insisted on bearing him company. The funeral was conducted with all the privacy which the circumstances of the case required. The father of the deceased and his weeping brothers, Aulduiny with two or three of his sons, and about half a dozen of the nearest relatives, composed the whole procession that bore the palled bier to its cell in the green churchyard adjoining the manse.

Just as the coffin was about to be deposited in the grave, a shrill scream was heard at a little distance; and those who stood around it, turning their eyes in the direction of the sound, beheld a young female with disordered dress, and her loose hair flying in the breeze, hurrying to the place of interment. Aulduiny's paternal eye instantly recognised his unfortunate daughter, who, while the party still continued lost in amazement, rushed forward and threw herself with frantic grief upon the bier. Her tears streamed profusely on its sable covering, and each of her deep-drawn sobs seemed to rend the agonised bosom from which it issued. Her father, while, in spite of all his fortitude, his own eyes also poured forth a flood of tears, on witnessing the piteous spectacle, threw his arms around his distracted child, and endeavoured to make her relax her firm grasp of her departed lover's coffin. His attempts, though seconded by the kind and persuasive voice of the not less affected clergyman, were long ineffectual; nor was she at last prevailed on to suffer the body to be deposited in its last abode, till with faltering voice, half stifled by her violent grief, she had drawn a promise from her father and Mr Macintyre to inter her, when she died, by the side of her faithful and beloved Frank.

As soon as the earth had closed upon his remains, Jessie, no longer able to support herself, and appearing already to have sunk into a state of utter unconsciousness, suffered herself, without opposition, to be conveyed home to Aulduiny in her father's carriage. Her meeting with her mother and sisters was not the

less afflicting that she seemed scarcely to recognise them; for the expression of frenzied apathy which had now taken possession of her eye and features indicated too clearly how much her reason had suffered in the conflict of her passions.

As soon as she had been made acquainted with the death of her devoted Frank, and had ascertained the time and place of the interment, she secretly left her retreat to take a final farewell of his lifeless clay. The fatigue occasioned by so long a journey on foot, and the harassing effects of her distracted feelings, had so exhausted her delicate frame, that when left in quietness she soon sunk into a brief but troubled slumber. But when she awoke she exhibited every symptom of a brain fever, which, in the course of a few days, in spite of all that affectionate attention and medical skill could do, terminated fatally.

As her last moments approached, she received a brief glimpse of reason, during the continuance of which she conducted herself in a manner the most suitable to her awful situation. She endeavoured to comfort her sorrowing parents, by assuring them that she had found peace in her Saviour, and had the cheering hope of future happiness. Then addressing her sisters, she exhorted them to be ever on their guard against the influence of vanity and the voice of flattery, to beware of dissembling with their parents, to keep the fear of God continually upon their mind, and to die rather than violate or retract their slightest engagement. With no less earnestness she admonished her brothers to watch against every tendency to enter the path of wickedness, to beware of tampering with the sacred obligations of truth, and to shudder at the idea of betraying or treating dishonourably any simple confiding female, over whom circumstances might at any time give them any power. The worthy clergyman, who also stood by her, she feelingly thanked for all his faithful instructions and kind attentions, and entreated his forgiveness for all the griefs which her sinful conduct had occasioned to him and his family. She then repeated her request to be laid in the same grave with her poor, dear Frank, and after having supplicated the best blessings of Heaven on each of the affectionate friends whom she was about to leave in this world of sorrow, she took the final adieu of them; and, overcome by the effort she had made, nature sinking under her, with a placid smile resigned her spirit into the hands of its author.

Thus, in the prime of youth and beauty, was the accomplished Jessie Macleod brought to a premature grave, bequeathing more than one moral lesson, of an impressive character, to all who peruse the narrative of her short but ruinous course of error. According to her dying request, she found a place of repose beside her earliest and most faithful lover. The sod soon recovered its verdure over their blended dust, and they now rest in silence and insensible to the world's wiles and woes, though their story will long be remembered in Glen-Uaine and draw many a tender tear from the melting eyes that weekly look on their grassy tomb.

## Correspondence.

### A DISPUTED MATHESON MARRIAGE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

GLENSHIEL MANSE, 19th January 1882.

SIR,—Allow me a few remarks on some points raised in your chapter on the Mathesons in the *Celtic Magazine* of this month.

In the text at page 110 you adopt the statement in the Bennetsfield MS., to the effect that "Ian MacRuarie" had by his first wife, "Anna bheag nam MacMora," only one son, John, who succeeded him at Fernaig, and in a note at the foot of the same page you state in effect that the author of the Iomaire MS. mentions another son, Alexander, as the eldest son, and that if Alexander were legitimate, possibly the author might be entitled to the chiefship, &c., &c. Whatever room there may be for disputing whether Alexander were the eldest or a younger son, I see no reason for questioning his legitimacy. The fact that the first wife of "Ian MacRuarie" was popularly known among the Lochalsh Mathesons as "Anna bheag nam MacMora," implies that she had been the mother of more than one son. The negative evidence of the Bennetsfield MS., which, as you have so well pointed out, is so much in error with regard to the first wife of "Ian MacRuarie," records the existence of a son, Farquhar, that never existed, asserts at the same time that John was an only son, and ignores Murdoch and Ruarie, is not important and need not be founded on.

I do not know that it is generally admitted by the Mathesons themselves that the chiefship is in the Bennetsfield family. Perhaps, in the existing state of society, it is not thought by the majority of the clan a matter of great moment who may claim the chiefship. For a certain period, owing to circumstances which will be doubtless made known by you in subsequent chapters, the Bennetsfields seem to have been the largest Matheson landowners in Ross-shire, and it was therefore quite natural that such as were unacquainted with the clan history might regard them as chiefs. But, as you well know, the chiefship of a clan did not always rest with the largest owner of property. The author of the Bennetsfield MS. was evidently anxious that his family should be recognised as the head of the clan. He does not deal with the pedigrees of other Matheson families to the same extent as the author of the Iomaire MS. Intent on magnifying his own family, he ignores, in a great measure, the rest of his clan, even

the Attadales, who, socially and otherwise, were not inferior to the Bennetsfields. At the particular point of the history under consideration he seems very confused. Considering his weakness on the subject of the chiefship, it appears to me that if Alexander were *not legitimate* he would be only too glad to say so.

The fact that John succeeded his father at Fernaig is not conclusive evidence that he was the *eldest legitimate* son. The tenure of Fernaig at the time in question does not appear to have been such as to exclude a younger son from succeeding his father if family arrangements required such a succession. The author of the Iomaire MS. assigns a satisfactory reason for Alexander not succeeding at Fernaig, viz., that he had married prior to his father's death, and was therefore very properly settled elsewhere. It is singular if John were all along expected to succeed his father as *sole owner* of Fernaig, that his uncle should deem it necessary to present him with a sum of money to traffic therewith.

You stated at the outset that your main authorities as to the pedigrees were the MSS. so often mentioned, and in the absence of positive evidence to the contrary, the statements of the Iomaire MS. are entitled to as much consideration as those of the other. That the author of the former was not a landowner but merely a respectable well educated farmer, who, unlike the Bennetsfields, always resided in or near the ancestral lands, will not lessen the value of his evidence in the estimation of your readers. The statements of the Iomaire MS. were many years ago published in a condensed form in one of Logan's works, and I am not aware that they were contradicted. But, possibly, the available evidence may not be such as to justify dogmatic assertions as to where the chiefship rests.—Yours truly,

ALEX. MATHESON.

[We are always glad to admit fair criticism into these pages of anything we write. We are more than glad when any new information is given, whether it affects our own conclusions or not. We cannot, however, find any such in Mr Matheson's letter; but, even although he makes a few assumptions not justified by what we have written, and is scarcely accurate in his quotations, we publish his letter to please him.—Ed. *C.M.*]

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ROYAL RECOGNITION OF A HIGHLANDER.—On the occasion of the opening of the Inverness New Town Hall last week by His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, Dean of Guild Mackenzie was the only member of the Corporation who appeared in the Highland dress. The Dean is not only popular with his townsmen as a prominent member of the Corporation and as a magistrate, but is also widely known as the editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, the author of several clan histories and and other Celtic works. He received several indications of popularity, probably on account of his dress, during the procession, and was singled out for special honour, after the formal reception of the Prince in the Council Chamber, by a special introduction to His Royal Highness, who freely chatted with the burly Highlander about the splendid reception accorded by the Highland capital, the decorations and illuminations in his honour, and the beautiful weather which was enjoyed during the day. The Prince noticed with apparent pleasure the full-length portrait of his late father, the Prince Consort, in the Highland dress, hung in the Council Chamber, facing the Provost's chair.—*Oban Times, Jan. 28th, 1882.*

## THE NON-OSSIANIC POEMS OF THE DEAN OF LISMORE'S BOOK.

### II.

As we have been for some time in the society of an Irish poet, we may just admit for a moment another poet from the same country who commemorates the death of the chief of the Macdougalls, some time near the close of the 15th century. This poet must have taken great pains with his style, but directness and simplicity are qualities which he carefully avoided, to the great trouble of editors and readers. Modern Gaelic poets generally err on the side of diffuseness; these old poets cultivate a variety of expression which is often obscure, and besides they were foolish enough to despise the language of the common people, and to affect the learned language of the bardic schools. MacEacharn's elegy to the descendant of Conn of a hundred battles, is no exception to this statement. The poem reveals very little of Macdougall to us. His death made the waves lament, made the women weep, made the bards feel that their old banquets and songs, and rewards for their singing, were all gone. The poet gives an elaborate description of his own sorrow, which would be interesting if he told us what his patron really did or thought, or spoke to make him deserve all this mourning. But, unfortunately, it has not been the way of these old poets to tell, like Chaucer, what they have seen, what they have heard, to describe the manner of men they conversed with; but confined their muse too much to what they themselves felt. Perhaps even now a feeling is dearer to us than a hard fact which may possibly not accommodate itself to the luxury of our emotions. This criticism does not apply without qualification to another writer of elegies in the Dean's volume, Gillie-Calum Mac an Ollave. This poet, who was bard to the last Lord of the Isles, sings the praises of the greatest of all the clans—the Macdonalds, and also in pathetic strains celebrates the virtues of the last Macdonald who claimed royal powers over the Western Isles. In both these compositions the ideal is illustrated by the actual. The poet is not content to deal in general eulogies. He actually tells us

something about the Macdonalds, and about his patron. For example we gather from this poet and physician that the Macdonalds never vexed the church, and he might have added that no chieftain ever "mortified" so much landed property to the church. As David was a "sair sanct" to the crown in the estimation of his successors, so this Macdonald was a "sair sanct" to those who came after him. Besides, he entered into treasonable compacts with the King of England, which brought down upon his head the swift vengeance of James III., and though pardoned, and even created a Peer of Parliament, the Lordship of the Isles was his no more, and the heart of the poet is "broken in twain."

This last Lord of the Isles had a son who set at defiance the laws and conventionalities of his time. His name was Angus, distinguished by the addition to it of Og. This restless, brave, and, in his way, accomplished spirit was disgusted with his father's pusillanimity in surrendering to the Saxon King the old honours of the family. Many of the Macdonalds had the same feeling. Angus resolved to deprive his father of his power and estates. The father cursed the son, the son cared not, and both took the field against each other. Many chieftains joined the Lord of the Isles, but Angus Og defeated them all. At last his father and he met and fought a desperate naval battle in a bay near Ardnamurchan, called from the engagement the *bloody bay*, and the old man was totally overthrown. He entered a monastery at Paisley, where his old liberality gave him at least the "right of burial." The poet alludes to this in a line merely, as the "violence done by Angus." It is pleasant to think that father and son were reconciled. The father lived to hear in his cell at Paisley that his turbulent son fell by the hand of an assassin.* These tragedies in the family he loved makes the bard resolve to leave for ever the rude islands of Albin. As a parallel to them he tacks on to his Elegy a poetic version of his own of the Death of Conlach, who fell by the unconscious sword of his own father Cuchullin. This is interesting as showing that men turned to these old tales, four centuries ago, not merely for amusement, but for mental strength and comfort in the hour of their distress; another indication of how thoroughly interwoven with their daily life in all its aspects were the Ossianic traditions.

* For full details see Mackenzie's "History of the Macdonalds."

The assassination of Angus Og was the occasion of another lyric preserved for us by the Dean. It was composed by John of Knoydart, who was probably a relative and follower of Angus. The assassin was an Irish harper, Diarmad O'Cairbre, who was bribed to do the foul deed by a promise on the part of Mackenzie to give him the hand of his daughter whom he loved to madness. The poor harper fell under the terrible temptation, but, to his honour be it said, that when captured he refused, in deference to his oath to Mackenzie, to reveal who instigated him to the crime. He was tied to horses and dragged after them until he fell to pieces. The poet addresses the head of Diarmad O'Cairbre, and says he cares very little for what it has suffered—

Cha truagh leam fo do ghruaidh ghreannaich,
Na gaoith gleannaich.

Then he tells it the mischief it has done, and in doing so gives a description of Angus Og which may be true, and so may reveal the secret of his great influence in spite of his questionable conduct. He was free with his "wine and money," "his locks were soft and flowing," "he heaped honour on his friends," "he loved the hunt and the banquet." It is significant that the poet says nothing of his battles or of his freebooting exploits. Perhaps the poet felt that he could not expect universal sympathy with these, and so, as offensive, quietly passed them by.

This Angus Og had in many of his adventures a companion of the same kidney as himself in the person of Allan MacRuarie, a relative of his own, and chief of the Clanranald branch of the Macdonalds. This Allan was a thorough Ishmaelite, always fighting. At last the lion was caught, and executed at Blair-Athole, in presence of James IV., in 1509. The news reached Finlay Macnab in his Breadalbane home, whose poetry earned for him the distinction of the "good poet," a title he well deserves, and made him a happy man! His delight took practical shape in a poem describing the character, misdeeds, and evil reputation of MacRuarie. Macnab was evidently a "good hater" as well as a "good poet." Allan MacRuarie never wielded his broadsword with more rage and determination than the bard of Boquhan handled his poetic quill. Macnab, like the rest of the professional poets, dipped his brush in all the colours of the rainbow when he

paints the picture of his own chief and clan, but when he paints a Macdonald instead of a Macgregor he prefers inky darkness. It must have been a relief to him to find a subject which should relieve him from the monotony of fulsome eulogies. He found that in MacRuarie, and he did full justice to it in the line he adopts. He evidently never heard of the maxim to speak no ill of the dead, or if he did he must have held that it did not apply to the relations between a Macnab and a Macdonald who was not afraid to plunder even in the neighbourhood of Macnabs and their Perthshire friends. Some of the things he ascribes to MacRuarie are confirmed by sober history. For instance, he mentions as among the blackest of his crimes that he with daring sacrilege and profanity laid waste Iona, desecrated and plundered St Oran's Church, actually destroying the official robes of the priests, and the holy vessels, as if they were common things.* This he really did, and that he should have done it when the Church was so powerful suggests many things which cannot just now be further dwelt upon. The poet also ascribes to him the murder of an abbot, at least his words seem to imply that. No wonder that the poet heard him cursed from the cross. There are other things in this bitter poem on which history can throw no light. This "demon of the Gael, this insulter of Church and Cross," had in the view of ordinary mortals his home and headquarters at Castletirrim, but the furious muse of Macnab discovered that his home was with his chief—the Prince of Darkness! From *him* he received his commission; he put his own armour on his back, he gave him a company of devils to do his bidding, he bound him to come back when his work was done! "There he now is in the shape of a dog!" After this we need not wonder that he was the curse of the Isles, that even his own country and friends groaned under his cruel oppression.

There is much in this satire that is powerful and well put as poetry, but there is also in it a good deal of that coarseness and brutality which have often defiled Gaelic satire, and which more than anything else have made the very name of bard in the estimation of many serious and refined minds synonymous with what is irreligious and vicious. Macnab has not sinned in this respect to the same extent as many Gaelic poets have done since

* *Vide* Mackenzie's "History of the Macdonalds."

his day, though they are supposed to have lived in a time of more light and refinement. Still he transgresses the limits of our common humanity when he seeks to involve as he does MacRuarie's mother and sister in his infamy. A gentleman would have spared this taunt, no matter how hot his blood and bitter his tongue. But Gaelic satire often fails to enlist our sympathies against the crimes it attacks, because of its rude insolence, its disgusting personalities, and its foul language. There are, of course, many exceptions in which wit and sharp chastisement of meanness and cruelty with a lash which is all the sharper for not being covered with mud, give us genuine pleasure. As we are on the subject it may be mentioned that the Dean has preserved a good few satires for us composed by various poets. Those published are not very offensive in their language, though we regret to say that in many cases they betray an ill-natured and unchivalrous spirit, as the object of their attack is women. We shall say no more about them, as only a mean soul can vent its nasty spleen in such a nasty way. There is a satire, however, by Duncan MacCailein, "the good knight," who more than once sinned in the way indicated, which deserves notice. "The good knight" of Glenurchy must have been much pestered by professional beggars, and he takes his revenge by holding up to ridicule the memory of the "Chief of the beggars," one Lachlan, who had just died, and whose death made beggary an orphan! The poem pieces together in minute detail the various items which this begging hero solicited for his wallet. The list is really very curious, and embraces almost everything portable, eatable, and drinkable. This beggar was a tell-tale, mischief maker. But the odd thing is that Lachlan was fond of books, which of course he begged, and besides he could read and recite from them to the delight of all. If Lachlan was a real man, which may be doubted, he was probably a strolling seannachie or harper, a degenerate branch on the old bardic vine, itself by this time growing corrupt as a whole. There are solemn Acts of Parliament to the fore bristling with sharp chastisements for clever, unscrupulous rogues of the type of Lachlan MacBretin. Macnab himself tries his hand in a lighter and more cheery vein of satire than his attack upon MacRuarie, in which he aims his shaft at the indolence of the poets. He proposes that there should be a

sluggard's book of poems for recording their productions when they came. It is curious that he seems to indicate that priests and farmers are seldom visited by the genius of poetry. Has this been true in the Highlands from Macnab's time to ours? In this short satire he refers to MacCailein, Sir Duncan Campbell of Glenurchy, the good knight, a poet of a satirical turn, in a way which indicates that the good knight was not poetically so industrious as he ought to be. Poetry was a social necessity in those days, before leading articles and circulating libraries were born, and Macnab's lines show us that those who had the gift were expected not to let it lie fallow. The same thing is indicated in some curious lines in another poem, which tell us that he is an object of pity who cannot well recite a lay, nor sing as he would wish, but who sings and recites so that none can understand. We have now in abundance those who answer to this description, but the feeling that made them to be pitied is gone. In this same short satire we find a sentiment which stands alone without any companion in the entire collection of the Dean. Expressed in prose it is to the effect that there are many who rob the people, but on that very account will never find a place or a name in the temple of fame which the poet builds. Unfortunately these old poets were too busy with their genealogies, their traditions, their eulogies, some of them as lying as the popular tales condemned by Bishop Carswell, with their wretched battles, to think of the people, to set before their hearers any heart-stirring conception of "Freedom, manhood, brotherhood." We must not look for these things in the Dean's collection, though it abounded elsewhere among contemporary poets. We have had too much of the "go out and be hanged to please the laird" spirit, notwithstanding the devotion and loyalty, not to principles, but to persons which it has produced, and which culminated in the beautiful delusion of Jacobitism. It must be borne in mind, however, that the Dean has not preserved for us the real thoughts of the common people. His poets are not poets, who, like Rob Donn and Macintyre, could neither read nor write, but trained and professional poets —Laureates, so to speak, of the great chiefs, or else gentlemen who were not likely to give voice to the sufferings, the aspirations, and thoughts of the multitudes. Too frequently also learned Deans, and proud dignitaries of the church, have had but scant

sympathy with the cry of the people, because of oppression, and possibly the Dean of Lismore would not record, even if it existed, the less conventional poetry of the people. At any rate it does not exist in his book, and but for these lines of Finlay Macnab, we should, so far as the Dean is concerned, be tempted to fancy there was nothing in the Highlands in the olden times, but chiefs and priests and fighting men, and bards to sing their virtues and bury their vices. While we miss a large and free humanity in these old poets, carefully cultured as they were, so far as their art was concerned, and while as Celts we may regret that they have left no contributions to our literature, which are fitted to make man as man stand more erect, and to make the oppressor pause, it may delight us to think that while the Dean was collecting these poems a Highland mind of a different order made its appearance in the person of George Buchanan. He sighed because the land groaned under the tyranny of chiefs and nobles, and kings, nor could he restrain himself, but spoke his mind in words of power, and shewed to all that a wicked king should be punished for his wickedness like any other man, as the law was greater than he. The sword of Cromwell, the pen of Milton—the greatest and the noblest of all the advocates of freedom civil and religious—were enforcing principles enunciated by one who spoke Gaelic at his mother's knee.

But we have digressed from our "good poet." There is another poem by Macnab which is very interesting, and introduces us to a subject which has always had a charm for Gaelic poets. It is a description of a famous horse of one of the Macgregors, and is full of spirit. The strength, the ardour, the endurance, the gentleness, the beauty, the speed of the animal, when handled by Macgregor, in chasing the deer over rocks and bogs, or in the shock of battle, are vividly and beautifully presented. Gaelic poets need not be ashamed to lay their poetic tributes to the qualities of the horse side by side with similar tributes from the poets of other nations from Homer downwards. Worthy of notice also is the fact that the poet takes care to inform us that Macgregor used his famous steed not only in the hunt and in battle, but in swooping down on Lowlanders, to relieve them of their superfluous cattle! Such songs as these shew to us what manner of men our forefathers were as regards

the active side of their life. The hunting field trained and developed the courage, readiness and self-possession often called into play in the shock of arms. The singular thing is that with all their love of hunting, and their much practice of it, our ancestors don't seem to have had that love of nature which in after years made our poets describe so sweetly the beauty of our mountains and rivers and seas, with their teeming fulness of life of every kind. Nature as such apparently had no interest for the Dean's poets. They describe minutely, *e.g.*, the sparkling glitter of the dresses of the hunters, even the gold on the hilts of their swords is not overlooked, but the deer is evidently judged merely by its size and condition. This is surprising to us whom our poets have taught to admire and even to love the leaping salmon and the bounding stag. I suspect we owe our love of nature more to the old Testament than we do to our blood or our older poets.

We have in this volume some interesting specimens of the *didactic* poetry of the olden times. It is not very profound, does not touch the deeper portions of our moral nature, but it is shrewd, practical, prudent, and sound. This poetry is really a stringing together of independent proverbs. The principal specimens given are ascribed to Phelim Macdougall, who must have known well how to give good advice. Probably many of his aphorisms were not original, but were handed down from the days of old. They are not equal in depth, in wisdom, or wit to many of the proverbs so admirably and skilfully edited by Sheriff Nicolson, whose work has won for him "the praise of friends," which, if one of his own proverbs speaks true, "is sweeter than honey." Yet for all this they say some things still worth listening to. He has something to say to every class, from the king to the hand-maid. He tells the priest that it is not good to have but *one* eye, as has been too often the case; the author that to write without learning is not good, &c. To us all he says in effect grow in knowledge, for it is foolish to be ploughing in the dark night, and even devotion itself needs the help of knowledge.

Space will not allow us to say much more, though there is a good deal more to be said, so we will wind up by a quotation from an anonymous poem written while Scotland was preparing for the war which ended in the melancholy battle of Flodden.

For once the Celt united with the Lowlander to drive back the invading Saxon. The poem is addressed to the Earl of Argyll inciting him to get ready for battle. The fears, anxieties, and embarrassments of the country, are used as a motive to rouse Argyll as the leader of the clans. It looks as if the Earl did not bestir himself as he ought, for the poet reminds him that too much sleep is not good, and bids the golden-haired Son of Colin to awake, sharpen his blade, and put his spear in its place. He pathetically alludes to the sufferings which the Gaels have long endured at the hands of the stranger, so that now there is no place where they can rest. This poet has the notion, which seems to have been common in his time, that the Gaels came from Greece—an idea which probably sprung from the old Romances in which Alexander the Great figured so much, and which, as we know, were well known in the Highlands. Let the Earl remember then the race he sprung from, let him call to mind what the Saxons have done to his people, and let him act accordingly. The advice he gives to the Earl, in the words which follow, breathes horrid cruelty and relentless inhumanity. For the rhyme we are indebted to Professor Blackie:—

Burn their women lean and ugly,
  Burn their children great and small,
In the hut and in the palace,
  Prince and peasant, burn them all.
Plunge them in the swelling river,
  With their gear and with their goods,
Spare, while breath remains, no Saxon,
  Drown them in the roaring flood.

STRATHBRAAN, DUNKELD. A. C. SUTHERLAND.

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BRECHIN.—A Celtic Society has just been formed in the "Ancient City." The following are the principal office-bearers:—President, Mr Hew Morrison, a native of Tongue, Sutherlandshire, elected a F.S.A. Scot., at the last ordinary meeting of the Society; Vice-President, Mr Robert Meldrum; Secretary, Mr Angus Stewart; Treasurer, Mr A. R. Maclean Murray. The objects of the society are similar to those of other Southern towns. A most interesting social meeting was lately held in Brechin, at which Gaelic songs and Gaelic addresses formed a prominent feature. The membership of the society is already over forty.

# BISHOP CARSWELL AND HIS TIMES.

By the Rev. JOHN DEWAR, B.D., Kilmartin.

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JOHN CARSWELL seems to have been born at Carnassery Castle, in the parish of Kilmartin, towards the beginning of the 16th century. Carnassery Castle seems to be an erection of the 15th century, and there is an old stone still to be seen amongst the ruins (for it is a ruin since the year 1685) from which we may probably trace its builder. This stone has beautifully carved armorial bearings, beneath which there is an inscription. The inscription is in the Irish character, and seems to be as follows: —"Dia le un'nduimhne," "God with O'Duine." The arms are those of Campbell impaled with the Scottish lion within a double tressure. They are the arms that would be borne by Sir Colin Campbell, who married Marjory Stuart, daughter of Robert, Duke of Albany, brother of Robert III. This Sir Colin is still remembered by Highlanders as "Cailein Iongantach" and "Cailein Maith," the "wonderful Colin" and the "good Colin," and some queer stories are current about him *(e.g.)*, when he was staying at Inveraray he heard that his friends, the O'Neils of Ireland, were going to pay him a visit. Sir Colin set fire to his castle and burned it to the ground, and received them in a temporary building in which they could only be entertained for a few days. They were, however, sumptuously entertained by him, and he then bade them farewell. "A good journey to them," ejaculated Sir Colin, after they were out of hearing; "it is far cheaper for me to build a new castle than to entertain the Clan O'Neil for a whole quarter." He seems then to have considered building castles a cheap luxury, and may well get credit for building the Castle of Carnassery. We know that every Lord was compelled in the year 1427 to rebuild or repair all the castles beyond the Mounth, and either to reside there himself or procure a friend to take his place. Carnassery, or, as it is properly called, Carnastri (Carn-na-stri), seems to mean the cairn of strife, and seems to have been always a fortalice guarding the passes to Loch-Awe, so that it may have been rebuilt at that time.

The view from the watch-tower is perhaps unsurpassed for grandeur. In the distance may be seen the Dunadd Rock,

which was at one time the capital of the Dalriadic Kingdom. Kilmartin valley, formerly called the district of Ariskeodnish (the dwelling place of the Scots?), stretches beneath, studded with standing stones, circles, and cairns, the hills closing in on either side, till they meet at an angle quite close to the castle—the Knapdale hills, familiar to all who have passed through the Crinan Canal, forming a background to the magnificent panorama of hills and woods and valleys which the watch-tower overlooks. Carswell's father was the Constable, or person in charge, of this castle towards the beginning of the 16th century, and here John Carswell seems to have been born. The lands of Carnassery seem to have been in possession of the family for several generations, for we find Carswells still proprietors in the 17th century. Here Carswell then passed his youth probably, listening to the tales and songs of soldiers who formed the garrison, mingling with the guests and the clansmen as they sat around the great hall fire of Carnassery (for we read of Carnassery being garrisoned with as many as 1000 soldiers at a time); and, no doubt, John Carswell witnessed many strange scenes in those stirring times. But there were other influences that could not fail to have their effect on the youthful mind of Carswell. The whole district abounds in ecclesiastical remains, and the parish churchyard of Kilmartin is full of sculptured stones, recording the prowess or goodness of the great ones who sleep beneath; many of these stones belong to the chieftains of the district, but many also belong to distinguished ecclesiastics whose history and virtues would no doubt be familiar to Carswell, and may have fired his youthful mind to imitate their examples. At any rate we find his name enrolled amongst students attending the University of St Andrews in the year 1541; and here he seems to have got early indoctrinated with Reformation ideas, and, as every enthusiast professed to be a soldier as well as a scholar in those times, we find him joining in the expedition of Lennox, and following Lennox in his flight to England. He may have been employed, indeed, in the negotiations which Lennox, acting on the instigation of Henry the VIII., carried on with Donald, Lord of the Isles, and the Islesmen, in opposition to the Regent of Scotland and his partisans. Carswell reappears in public life again as Rector of his native parish of Kilmartin,

and chaplain to the family of Argyll; and this seems to be a sure proof of his attachment to the Reformation party, for it is well known that the fourth and fifth Earls of Argyll, who lived in Carswell's time, were among the first of quality in Scotland to embrace the Reformation doctrines. Though little mention is made of Carswell in the course of the Reformation struggle, it is pretty evident he was not idle. It is well known that his patron, Archibald, the fifth Earl of Argyll, was most active in establishing the Reformed religion. John Douglas, a converted Carmelite friar, who was also chaplain to the Earl of Argyll, was most active; and everything goes to prove that John Carswell was the most active and distinguished Highland ecclesiastic of his day. He held the office of Chancellor of the Chapel Royal in Stirling, and we find his name amongst five superintendents who were appointed to the charge of overseeing the planting of the Protestant Church, and the people initiated into the doctrines and discipline of the Reformation. The ministers of the Reformed Church were at this time few in number, and if they were all restricted to a particular parish, whole districts would be left without a ministry of any description connected with the Reformed Church. The edict of their appointment says—"Seeing that without the care of superintendents, neither can the church be suddenly erected, neither can they be received in discipline and unity of doctrine." John Spottiswoode was accordingly appointed Superintendent of Edinburgh, John Wynram of St Andrews, John Erskine of Dun of Brechin, John Willock of Glasgow, and John Carswell of Argyle.

Each superintendent was to have his own special church, at which he was to officiate for three or four months of the year; the rest of his time he was to occupy in visiting the churches within his bounds, preaching at least three times a week; examining the doctrine, life, diligence, and behaviour of the ministers, readers, elders, and deacons, considering the orders of the kirk, the manners of the people, how the poor were provided for, how the youth were instructed, how the discipline and policy of the kirk were maintained, &c. The most cautious regulations were made against superintendents becoming prelates. In the quaint language of the Reformers—"Those men must not be suffered to live as your idle bishops have done heretofore." They were

examined and admitted to office like ordinary ministers, they were subject to the censure and correction of the Assembly and of the Synod, and were treated in all respects like ordinary ministers. Carswell simply styles himself "Mr John Carswell, minister of the Church of God, in the bounds of Argyle, whose other name is Bishop of the Isles;" for, later in our narrative, we shall find that he was actually created by Royal Charter Bishop of the Isles. How necessary the office was in the paucity of ministers we may infer from the fact that the first General Assembly of the Church was composed of 41 individuals, six of whom only are styled ministers, and at the third General Assembly we find 35 members, 21 of whom bear ecclesiastical designations.

The diocese assigned to Carswell comprehended Argyle, Cantyre, Lorn, the South Isles, Arran and Bute, and their adjacents with the country of Lochaber. For four centuries this district had been subject more or less to the all-powerful Lords of the Isles, whose kingdom extended along the West Coast from Cowall to Lochbroom, and included the Hebrides. But their kingdom was broken and became all but extinct in 1545; and this district came under the absolute sway of another power, the Campbells of Argyll. They were early distinguished with royal honours, one of them having married Marjory Bruce, Bruce's sister. The fourth and fifth Earls were very powerful in Carswell's time. In his dedication he designates the fifth Earl as "Archibald O'Duine, Earl of Argyll and Lord of Lorn, and Chief-Justiciar of Alban, whose other name is Lieutenant on the bounds of Innsegall (Hebrides), and chief head in the family of the Scottish Kings." He seems to have been a pious, learned personage, and well worthy of the attribute "powerful, right-judging, gentle-speaking nobleman," with which Carswell designates him.

The district was peopled by the Celtic clans, whose simple organisation still survived. The system seems to have been identical with the patriarchal organisation which so long characterised the national history of Israel. Abraham, the founder of the Jewish nation, was simply the patriarchal chieftain of a clan, and the great German scholar, Michaelis, compares the organisation of society, that characterised the primitive history of the

Jewish nation, with that of all Arab tribes and of the clans of the Scotch Highlanders. Recently the Duke of Argyll brought some sweeping charges against the system. Speaking of the clan system, more particularly during the middle ages, the Duke says—"It was a rude and barbarous history—a history of almost utter barbarism, and whole tribes smothered—men, women, and children smoked to death in caves, whole districts of the country continually ravaged by civil wars between clan and clan, women exposed to death upon rocks." "These," he says, "were the stock ingredients of the Celtic history of Scotland."

But we should bear in mind that the Duke's remarks were true only of a time when the patriarchal system was thoroughly disorganised. For a period of 300 years the West Coast was continually exposed to the ravages of the Danes. It was a time

When watch-fires burst across the main,
From Rona and Uist and Skye,
To tell that the ships of the Dane,
And the red-haired slayers were nigh.
Our Islesmen rose from their slumbers,
And buckled on their arms,
But few, alas! were their numbers
To Lochlinn's mailed swarms.
And the blade of the bloody Norse,
Has filled the shores of the Gael,
With many a floating corse,
And many a woman's wail.

And through all the centuries following the decay of the Norwegian power, and after Gaelic was discontinued as the language of the Scottish Court, the hearts of the Celtic chiefs were more or less alienated from the Crown, and the dynasty of Celtic Kings or Lords of the Isles, who for nearly four centuries had absolute sway in the West Highlands did all they could to resist the introduction of feudalism, and the overthrow of the patriarchal government of the clans. And this led to a series of insurrections down to the very dawn of the Reformation.

But looking back upon the system in the 6th century, when we find it in all its purity, as the prevailing system of Ireland and Scotland, is it the barbarous history which the Duke takes so severely to task? We find religion and learning flourishing in Ireland at that time; we find its schools frequented by students of distinction from England and the Continent of Europe; we

find art-ornamentation of which Anglo-Saxons could not boast though they tried to imitate it. The Book of Kells, still preserved in Trinity College, Dublin, is believed to be a work of the 6th or 7th centuries, and is pronounced to be the most elaborately executed manuscript of early art now in existence. There is in the West of Scotland the finest specimens of beautifully executed crosses, of exquisite sculptured stones, of exquisite ornamentation of all description. Columba and his followers carried the gospel all over Scotland; they founded the Monastery of Lindisfarne in England, of St Gall in Switzerland, and earned for themselves names which shall be held in everlasting remembrance, and we may well say with Dr Johnson, "That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona." And all this was the outcome of the patriarchal system combined with Christianity.

*(To be Continued.)*

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THE STEWARTS OF APPIN.—A correspondent writes—"The death is announced, at Edinburgh, on 23d January 1882, of Charles Stewart, Esq., representative of the Stewarts of Lorn, Appin, and Ardsheal, aged 79. The estates, which were all forfeited after the '45, were in part restored to Ardsheal in 1782, and were supposed, until lately, to have been strictly entailed. The Ardsheal estate was, however, sold during the lifetime of the late possessor, and has so passed from the family. By this death the chieftainship of the clan and representation of the family, which united in Ardsheal on the death of Dugald, 10th and last Baron of Appin, pass to John Stewart, Esq., barrister-at-law, of Lincoln's Inn, eldest son of Duncan Stewart, late Attorney-General of Bermuda, and great-grandson of Duncan Stewart, 6th of Ardsheal, to whom the restoration was made in 1782."

THE BARREN ROCKS OF ADEN.—Your correspondent "J. S. B." will find the music of the "Barren Rocks of Aden" in the New Edition of Ross's Collection of Pipe Music, published by Subscription in 1875, No. 46, page 77. I do not know who the author is, or on what occasion and where it was written.

INVERNESS, 9th February 1882. C. S.

## DEATH OF PATRICK MACGREGOR, M.A., TORONTO.

THE gentleman whose name is at the head of this notice died rather suddenly, of inflammation of the lungs, at Toronto, Canada, on Wednesday, the 25th January last. Mr Macgregor's name is well known to Celtic students, especially as the author of "The Genuine Remains of Ossian, Literally Translated, with a Preliminary Dissertation," published under the patronage of the Highland Society of London in 1841. The work is invaluable to Ossianic students, but it has been for many years out of print, and is now very rare. The writer had the pleasure of seeing Mr Macgregor in Toronto towards the end of 1879, when he informed him that he had a new edition of this work ready for the press, with extensive notes, revised and otherwise much improved. The Gaelic Society of Toronto, whose President he was at the time of his death, could not more appropriately commemorate his services to the Celtic cause than by publishing this new edition of his "Genuine Remains."

The deceased has contributed several valuable articles to the *Gael*, as also a few to our own columns; and he sent us a most interesting contribution, on "The Character of the Published Text of Ossian," only a few days before his death, which is to appear in our next issue.

He was a native of Perthshire, but went to Canada first in 1833, when only seventeen years of age. His attainments were such that three years after he procured the position of head master of the old Kingston Grammar School, where he had, amongst other pupils, the Hon. Oliver Mowat, now Premier of Ontario, who has ever maintained a high appreciation of his attainments. Mr Macgregor gave up this situation to attend the University of Edinburgh, where, after a distinguished academical career, he graduated in 1841, taking the degree of M.A., and gaining, after severe competition, the Macpherson Bursary, worth £100. He afterwards emigrated to New York, where he was Principal of an academy celebrated in those days, and known as the Wallkill Academy, Orange County. He was admitted to the New York Bar, where he practised until 1854; when, at Mr Mowat's invitation, he returned to Canada; was admitted to the Canadian Bar in 1857; passing his examination with honours, and being amongst the first to attain that distinction in Upper Canada. Since then he has practised with a fair degree of success. In addition to the work already mentioned, and others, he was the author of a system of logic published by Harper Brothers. He was a first-rate classical and mathematical scholar, and in mental and kindred sciences possessed attainments excelled by few. He was a most enthusiastic Highlander.

At a special meeting of the Gaelic Society of Toronto, held a few days after his death, the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—"That this Society do express its deep sorrow at the sudden and unexpected decease of its esteemed President, Patrick Macgregor, M.A.; its high appreciation of his attainments in almost every branch of knowledge, especially in those relating to his native land, and its profound sense of gratitude and obligation to one whose uniform kindness endeared him to every member of this Society, whose heart, now cold, was always responsive to the claims of his and our race, and whose pen was ever ready to defend its cause."

CANADIAN AND AMERICAN SUBSCRIBERS may remit their Subscriptions in Two-Dollar Notes.

HISTORY OF THE MACDONALDS AND LORDS OF THE ISLES.—"Of the 'History of the Macdonalds,' by Mr Alexander Mackenzie, F.S.A. Scot., we had occasion to speak in terms of high commendation whilst it was yet appearing serially in the *Celtic Magazine;* and now the finished work, published in book form—a beautifully printed and altogether handsome volume—occupies a prominent place on the Celtic literature shelves of our library. This is, beyond all question, Mr Mackenzie's *chef-d'œuvre*—in every sense the completest and best clan history that has ever been written. If Mr Mackenzie, instead of the great deal that he has otherwise done for Celtic literature and the elucidation of Celtic folk-lore, had done no more than give us this history of one of the best and bravest of Highland clans, he would, by this work alone, have richly merited the gratitude and good-will of every generous and genuine Celt at home and abroad. If the reader has not already supplied himself with a copy of this work, we would take leave to hint that his library, whatever else it may contain, is to be considered very largely incomplete until he has added to it Mackenzie's 'History of the Macdonalds, and Lords of the Isles.'"—"*Nether-Lochaber*" *in the Inverness Courier.*

"Although it has involved enormous work, and requires from the reader close and long study, it is well worth all the labour bestowed on the part of the writer and his patrons. The history of the Clan Macdonald has been traced most searchingly, and a collection of most valuable information has been obtained, and has been presented as attractively, we dare say, as could be possible under the circumstances. All the clan are under a debt of obligation to Mr Mackenzie for his painstaking and skilful work. The book is got up in a substantial and handsome style."—*Daily Review.*

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GAELIC SOCIETY DINNER.—The tenth annual dinner of our excellent Gaelic Society was held in the Caledonian Hotel, on the 1st February, under the presidency of Mr Allan R. Mackenzie, yr. of Kintail, who performed the duties of the chair to perfection, and delivered a most appropriate and thoughtful address. Indeed, the ability and other good qualities displayed by Mr Mackenzie took the meeting a good deal by surprise; and his appearance altogether has advanced him greatly in the estimation of every one present. Another Highlander also came to the front on the same occasion, namely, Mr Alexander Macbain, M.A., head master of Raining's School, Inverness, who delivered a most interesting and able speech on the Language and Literature of the Celts. The meeting was altogether one of the most successful hitherto held by the Society; and we much regret that pressure of other matter makes it impossible for us to give a full account of the proceedings.

GAELIC CENSUS.—According to the census of last year the number of Gaelic-speaking people in Scotland was 231,602. If to this is added the probable omissions, in consequence of the terms of the schedule, we shall have a Gaelic-speaking population in Scotland of a quarter of a million.

THE HISTORY AND ADVENTURES OF FLORA MACDONALD WITH PRINCE CHARLES, by the late Rev. Alexander Macgregor, M.A., with a Life of the Author, and an Appendix giving Flora's descendants, by the Editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, is now in the hands of the binder, and will be issued this month, price 3s 6d.

THE

# CELTIC MAGAZINE.

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## BISHOP CARSWELL AND HIS TIMES.

By the Rev. JOHN DEWAR, B.D., Kilmartin.

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### II.

OPPRESSION makes a people mad under any system, and it is quite true that the clans at times displayed a desperate spirit; but feudalism had as much to do with the developement of Celtic history, if not more, than the patriarchal organisation. Looking across at Ireland at the present moment, we find the dark veil of division which feudalism first introduced into that unhappy country still perpetuated in scenes of death, and blood, and mutual wrong; need we wonder that at a time when not merely the Highlands, but even the border and central counties of Scotland, were kept in a perpetual state of civil war by the feuds and factions of powerful Barons, desperate acts should be committed? It is at least pleasant to reflect that under the patriarchal system the best examples of Celtic Christianity are to be found; that under it men flourished who carried the torch of truth into distant countries; and under it we find some of the best of all institutions for cultivating the heart of the people and ruling them in honesty and virtue. Feudalism is, alas! too often associated in the mind of every patriotic Highlander with the diminution of populations, comfort, and happiness, to awaken any such pleasant reflections. As a system it has been too often characterised by wholesale eviction and expatriation, a system which has turned

our Highland glens into wildernesses, and which has so harassed the freeborn children of the soil, and the brave, generous defenders of their country, that under it they have degenerated into paupers so generally that one looks almost in vain for any redeeming features, and wonders what would have become of the people at all, but for the survival of a pure independent patriotic Church, that has ever contended for the liberties of the people.

It must be admitted, however, that the clan system was thoroughly disorganised in the Highlands at the time of the Reformation, and was quite the barbarous history which the Duke of Argyll describes. Desperate attempts had been made by the Scottish Sovereigns to introduce feudalism, and English Sovereigns, through the medium of Ireland, with which the Highlands held free intercourse, were constantly fomenting conspiracies and keeping up a perpetual ferment amongst the clans. In his Dedicatory Epistle prefixed to his Gaelic Liturgy, Carswell says:—"It has prospered with you, my Lord, in destroying the false faith and false worship, and in burning images and putting down evil example, and in breaking down and levelling altars and places where lying sacrifices were offered, and in uprooting thieves and immoral persons, and robbers, and oppressors, and after that fostering, and protecting, and honouring the Christian Church fully. For this praise is more lasting to you in the sight of God than the world's praise for harrying and destroying neighbours and strangers, and killing and deeply injuring their men."

Many of the chiefs had become to all intents and purposes freebooters. One of these had his headquarters in the old castle of Tarbert on Lochfyne. His name was Ailein-nan-Sop (Allan of the Brand, or Allan of the Wisp). He seems to have been styled thus from the expert way in which he could set fire to people's houses with his wisp of straw. Allan, who flourished in Carswell's day, went out from Tarbert on harrying expeditions, carrying desolation through Cowal, Loch Lomond, Bute, and all the district round. He used even to make raids upon Ireland, where he was as familiarly known as in Scotland. The Macgregor clan, too, seemed to have been always famed for such adventures. One of them, no doubt a worthy ancestor of Rob Roy, is commemorated in a poem by Finlay the Bard, in the Dean of Lismore's collection, as Macgregor the Brave:—

When summer time comes round,
Peace he never knows.
He's in the throat of all his fellows,
When men of him do speak
As Gregor of the blows.
'Tis his delight to drive
Herds and flocks before him.

Evan Dhu Maccombich, in "Waverley," gives, unfortunately for the morality of the Highlands, expression to his thorough approval of such barbarous practices by inventing a system of morality altogether at variance with the Sermon on the Mount. "He that steals a cow from a poor widow," says Evan, "or a stirk from a cottar, is a thief; he that lifts a drove from a Sassenach laird is a gentleman rover; and besides, to take a tree from the forest, a salmon from the river, a deer from the hill, or a cow from a lowland strath, is what no Highlander need ever think shame upon." And it is sad to think how many would have approved Evan's code of morality in Carswell's day, for the Highlanders were not the only persons given to such barbarous practices. We must put alongside of Ailein-nan-Sop and Macgregor the Brave's, the harrying expeditions of feudal Saxons such as Ratcliffe Earl of Sussex, Deputy Fitzwilliam, Sir William Pelham, &c., in Ireland.

It was no easy matter, then, to bring the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion home to savage clans and roving barbarians, for many of those amongst whom Carswell was sent to preach the Gospel were little better. We find, for instance, in the year 1545, Donald, Lord of the Isles, and the Barons and Council of the Isles—in all eighteen Highland chieftains—addressing a document to the Earl of Lennox, not one of them able to subscribe his own name to the document. And yet it is undeniable not long previous that the arts and manufactures had been carried to a high pitch of excellence amongst the Islesmen, and for long they were famed as hardy sailors and adventurers. There is reason to believe even that they were a polished and enterprising people. Not only were they successful manufacturers of exquisite fabrics both in flax and wool, so successful, indeed, that modern manufacturers of clan tartans acknowledge that they have never in a single instance improved on the original patterns, which can be traced back to very remote

times; not only had they ornaments in gold and silver, but they had their literature and their fine arts. Geraldus Cambrensis in the 12th century gives a glowing description of Irish music, and adds:—"In the opinion of many, however, Scotland has not only attained to the excellence of Ireland, but has in musical science and execution far surpassed her, insomuch that it is to that country they now resort who wish to attain proficiency in music." And it is evident that this has reference more particularly to the music of the clans. We know, too, on the authority of Hector Boece, who wrote in 1526, that there was a famous library in Iona; and the great historian Gibbon says that it was "a classic library, which afforded some hopes of an entire Livy." We have also a collection of Gaelic poems by Sir James Macgregor, Dean of Lismore, which shows the poetry current in the Highlands between 1512-1526, and it would appear that poetry was still carefully cultivated.

Let us not imagine, therefore, that the Highlands were exceptional in this age in producing chieftains who could not sign their own name; for we find, in the same age, Bishops who could not preach, and who thanked God that they never knew what the Old or New Testament was; and it is pretty certain that all the Barons of Scotland were more or less chargeable with deplorable ignorance, and careless of all liberal education. We find, indeed, towards the close of the 15th century an enactment ordaining all barons and freeholders who were of substance to put their eldest son to the Grammar School from their sixth to their ninth year, and thereafter for three years to be pupils in seminaries of art and law; but this enactment did not much alter the state of matters in the Highlands, where the people about the same time are described as having become altogether savage. James IV. did all he could to humanise them by means of education. His policy was to get into his power the sons of the Highland chiefs and to educate them at Court; he supported Highland scholars at the Universities, and afterwards encouraged them to reside permanently where they might be the means of introducing a knowledge of law and justice. But still we find the Reformers complaining of the backwardness of education, not merely in the Highlands, but all over the country. "The rich and potent," they say, "may not be permitted to suffer their children to spend

their youth in vain idleness as heretofore they have done." Such glimpses as we get of the history of the Highlands at this time is anything but satisfactory. The Act of 1581 describes the clans in the following terms:—"The saids clans of thieves for the most part are companies of wicked men coupled in wickedness by occasion of their surnames or near dwelling together, or through keeping society in theft or receipt of theft not subjected to the ordinar course of justice."

These same gentlemen caterans were not afraid to speak evil of dignitaries in Church or State. For instance, just the century before, Lauder, Bishop of Argyle, offended the Clan Lachlan, and they assaulted the prelate. Lauder was ignorant of the Gaelic language, and they scornfully addressed him and railed at him to their hearts' content in the vernacular of the Clan Lachlan. They dragged from their horses and bound the hands of his clerks, stripping them of their rich copes, hoods, and velvet caps, plundered the church, and forced from the Bishop a pledge that he would never prosecute them for the outrage. And three years afterwards the famous Donald Balloch of the Isles, after a famous creach or predatory expedition along the West Coast, finished up by a visit to the policies of the Lord Bishop at Lismore. He assaulted and slew the greater part of the Bishop's attendants, and the poor Bishop had to take refuge in the church. There were just as great barbarians in Carswell's day—*e.g.*, Allan Maclean of Toirloisk (Allan-nan-Sop). Allan on his deathbed professed great penitence, but his chief grounds of lamentation were not, it is said, his many sins and outrages, but the fact that he had only succeeded in carrying out nineteen harrying expeditions on the true scientific scale, and that he had not completed his score. And it is pretty evident that the man who was held in highest estimation in those days was the man who was cleverest at stealing horses or oxen. Sir James Macgregor also gives in his collection a poem by Finlay the Bard on Allan MacRuarie, whom he describes as a very demon and a man chargeable with every wickedness under the sun, and this Allan seems to have been the chief of the Clan Ranald and flourished towards the beginning of the 16th century. And what these fierce Islanders were before the Reformation they continued to be for a considerable time after the Reformation. The statutes of Icolmkill fifty

years after give a dark picture of the Highlands and Islands. They had only few pastors, and these few pastors were held in contempt; the churches were in ruins; the ministers were half-starved; the Sabbaths were profaned; and the people were in great poverty, partly from ignorance, partly from idleness, partly from the feuds that prevailed among the different clans, but more especially from the inordinate love of strong wine, and *aqua vitæ*.

Such, roughly speaking then, was the state of the diocese when John Carswell entered upon his arduous duties as superintendent to preach the Gospel to the Clan Chailein, and the Clan Donald, and the Clan Ranald, and the Clan Lachlan, and the Clan Chattan, Clan Chameron, Clan Tavish, and Clan Lamont, the Macleans and MacCallums, and Macneils, and Macnees, and Macdougalls, and Macgregors, and Macphees, &c., with their wild and irregular life, their music and their songs, their many superstitions and traditions, their Celtic romance and chivalry. This diocese was most extensive, including all within the bounds of the Sheriffdoms of Argyle and Bute, with a part of Lochaber, and one has only to take a glance at the map and see how extensive the district was. His residence was in his native parish of Kilmartin in Argyle. This diocese was ultimately divided into five Presbyteries, but some parishes were as large as many a Lowland county; for example, the parish of Morven. The minister of Morven, as late as the year 1804, gives the following account of his parish:—"The parish of Morven contains no less than 200 square miles, the population is above 2000, of whom from one thousand two hundred to one thousand three hundred are catechisable persons, and eight hundred communicants. There are two slated places of public worship, one of them four and the other six miles distant from the manse; there are other two places at the distance of nine miles from the manse, in each of which the minister preaches quarterly. When the minister attends the Presbytery or Synod he has four ferries to cross each time; he is obliged to keep two boats, one capable of carrying his horse, and a lesser boat for carrying necessaries. His parish is intersected by ten deep and rapid rivers, besides those lesser streams that are in general of no account, though occasionally sufficient to interrupt all communications betwixt one part of the country and another. It is impossible to convey a just notion of

the expense, of the inconvenience, and of the personal danger to which a clergyman is exposed in performing his duties in such a country. But one might conceive some notion of it when he asserted that on his parochial rounds, he had been so overtaken by storms that he had found it necessary to shelter himself in the side of a hill or under cover of a rock during the night until the waters had subsided and the paths (for roads there are none) had become passable." Most of the ministerial charges within the bounds, at the time of the Reformation, were of the same, some of them even of greater dimensions, and we have to conceive how arduous were Carswell's labours in passing through his bounds and endeavouring to do a duty which is now discharged by close upon eighty parish ministers. We may well believe that Carswell was not idle: in a letter quoted by Dr Maclauchlan in his Notices of the Bishop, he says—"bot becaus I pas presentlie to Kytire and theairefter to the Ilis to veseit som Kirkis I can nocht be at the generall assemblie and thinkis that my travell now in the Ilis may do mair gude to the Kirk nor my presens at the assemblie; becaus the Ilis can nocht be travellit wele throwch in Wynter quhilk ze sall also remember at the assemblie gif ze be thair." Carswell must have met many a strange adventure in his journeyings. In Roman Catholic times, when the religious services were ended, the remainder of the day was devoted to marketing and games, in which the curate sometimes joined his parishioners, and this practice of turning the day of rest into a day of amusement was pretty universal even after the Reformation. We find in the time of James VI. enactments against playing, gaming, passing to taverns or ale-houses, selling of meat and drink, and wilful remaining from kirk in time of sermon or prayers. We find in Charles the First's time such recreation after divine service as dancing, archery, leaping, vaulting, May-games, whetsonales, Morris dances, and setting up of May-poles, lawful to such as had attended divine service. As late as the year 1727 the first Presbyterian minister settled in Moy, Inverness-shire, found his parishioners amusing themselves near the church putting the heavy stone, and he had to try his hand at it with them ere they would accompany him to church, and as late as 1753 Dugald Buchanan found the people of Rannoch turning the day of rest into a day of amusement, and playing at football.

Mostly every one, too, bore fire-arms in Carswell's day. We all have read the story of Wishart preaching surrounded by mail-clad barons and their retainers, and John Knox carrying the two-handed sword before him, and there are many traditions in the Highlands of ministers preaching with a pistol on either side of the pulpit Bible.

It was well, however, for Carswell that he had the sympathy and support of Archibald O'Duine; this ensured a favourable hearing at the hands of the Clan Chailein at any rate. The gentlemen caterans would, in that day, no doubt, as in later times, "give their attendance on his doctrine by the special order of MacCailean Mor, and would have done so had the preacher been a Turkish Junaum." But, apart from this, the Protestant religion at once took hold of the Celtic mind in Argyleshire. The Culdees kept alive true religion amongst the people up to the beginning of the thirteenth century, and through then, as Skene points out, it came to an end, "leaving no vestiges behind it, save here and there the roofless walls of what had been a church, and the numerous old burying grounds, to the use of which the people still cling with tenacity, and where occasionally an ancient Celtic cross tells of its former state; all else had disappeared; and the only records we have of their history are the names of the saints by whom they were founded, preserved in old calenders, the fountains near the old churches bearing their name, the village fairs of immemorial antiquity held on their day, &c." It is certain at the same time that the Roman Catholic religion got no permanent hold of those amongst whom Carswell began to labour. "The reign of error in these lands," as Dr Smith remarks, "was very short, and the darkness of its night was intermixed with the light of many stars." Take any district of Argyleshire, for a long time even after the Reformation, and it seems with names and surnames, most of which originated in Columban and Culdee times. The names of nearly all the old parishes in Argyleshire, and most of the old ruins of churches, are associated with Columban and Culdee founders, and it is questionable whether the people were ever firmly attached to the Roman Catholic faith. The pious amongst them, therefore, would still cling to the old Culdee faith, which had insisted upon the doctrine of justification by faith alone, irrespective of auricular

confession, holy water, transubstantiation, worship of saints and angels, &c. In his dedication Carswell says of the Earl of Argyll, "for your religious life has proved to us from the time of your childhood that this religious work is agreeable to you;" "it is not in vain that you have laboured from your youth reading the Holy Scriptures." Again, "I was much moved by my hope in your firmness and consistency in the divine way which you chose from your youth, and from the days of your imperfections, my Lord, judging and understanding that you are a faithful, firm patron, and a kind support to the truth, and that you are a friend and protector to the weak and suffering who are in danger and difficulty for the truth, and we understand that you are a father to those children who are persecuted and driven away for the truth's sake; and, further, that servants and messengers and ministers of the truth can find rest and refuge under your wings." As early as the year 1557, ten years before these words were printed, Archibald O'Duine, then Lord of Lorn, had joined several noblemen in signing a bond, promising "that they would labour, according to their power, to have faithful ministers, truly and purely to minister Christ's gospel and sacraments to his people; that they would maintain, nourish, and defend them, the whole congregation of Christ, and every member, thereof, with their whole power and hazard of their lives; and declare themselves manifest enemies to all superstitions, abominations, and idolatry!" And we may well believe that in this noble resolution the Earl had the entire approval of the most trustworthy of his clansmen and retainers.

*(To be Continued.)*

## Notes and Queries.

THE BARREN ROCKS OF ADEN.—"A. McG.," Birmingham, writes:—"In answer to the query by 'J. S. B.' in the February number, 'The Barren Rocks of Aden' was composed in the year 1851 by Alexander Mackellar, late Pipe-Major, 78th Highlanders, while serving with his Regement at Aden, Arabia. Mr Mackellar is now residing at 105 Ryland Street, North Birmingham, and is Piper to our Celtic Society. He will be pleased to supply the querist or any one else with the music."

THE QUEEN'S BOOK IN GAELIC.—Archd. Colquhon, Minnesota, is correct in his assumption. We have no copy in English.

## CHARACTER OF THE PUBLISHED TEXT OF OSSIAN'S POEMS..

THE works of Ossian do not appear to have been committed to writing till upwards of a thousand years after his death. The knowledge of letters was not introduced among the Gaelic race till the time of St Patrick, long after Ossian's time; and it seems to have been confined, for ages afterwards, chiefly to ecclesiastics. It does not seem to have extended to the bards till the fourteenth or fifteenth century; and it was not general among them till the eighteenth. Even then these poems, like most Gaelic poetry, were preserved in a great measure by oral recitation. Although Macpherson got several of the poems in manuscript, yet *Temora*, the longest in his collection, was procured wholly from oral recitation, and so apparently were several others.

The poems in question are well adapted to be handed down in that way. The style is concise, lively, and vigorous, while it is all in mellifluous octosyllabic rhymes—and, in fact, mostly double-rhymed, a peculiarity which it seems to have communicated to all pure Gaelic poetry to this day. Yet this mode of preservation is undoubtedly more liable to cause inaccuracies and errors than writing, even at its best; and when we bear in mind that the race of professional bards had almost ceased to exist when Macpherson made his collection, it was a matter of course that there were different versions. The reciters were mostly persons who committed portions of the poems to memory from mere choice, without being under any obligation to do so.

There was another difficulty. The bards sometimes modernised portions of the poems, to render them more intelligible and agreeable to a modern ear, as they thought. Of this I will point out a striking instance presently. Not satisfied with that, they composed poems of their own, in imitation of Ossian's, and then tried to palm them off as his. The extent to which this was done, and the success it met with, appears from the fact that all the poems in Dr John Smith's *Sean Dana*, attributed to Ossian, are of this kind. Internal evidence shows that they are no more Ossian's than they are Homer's. But fortunately the critical discernment of Macpherson rendered good service here.

He rejected not only spurious poems, but spurious interpolations in genuine poems. Not only are all the poems in his collection genuine, but he excluded from the Gaelic which he wrote out for publication the only probable interpolations of any length which he translated. I allude to the episode of Fainasollis, in the third book of *Fingal*.

Although this episode was retained in his English translation, it is not found in the Gaelic text. But a copy of the orignnal which he used was found among his detached papers; and it was published in the third volume of Sinclair's Ossian (pp. 486-492). Several circumstances indicate that this episode is not Ossian's, at least in its present form. The language does not possess the mellifluous flow of words, nor the obscure archaisms which distinguish all Ossian's real works. A widely different and much longer version is found in the Dean of Lismore's book, recently published. The style is inferior to that of the other version, and indicates an Irish origin. Macpherson's translation was made from the other version, which, however, he has abridged, as if he suspected at the time that he had before him a modernised version. He had good reason for such a suspicion, since his version of the episode is preceded by a corrupt version of Fingal's advice to Oscar, of which we shall have to say something hereafter. Macpherson got two manuscript copies of *Fingal*. His translation was made from the first he got; but the other is the one that was afterwards published; and, so far as we can judge from the few specimens of the former preserved by the Rev. Andrew Gallie, the published version was on the whole the best, though it is much to be regretted that Macpherson either lost or destroyed both manuscripts. The fact that this episode does not occur in the manuscript which Macpherson left for publication, leads us to infer that it was not found in either of his original manuscripts. If it had, he would either have retained it or told us that he rejected it, as he has done in several similar cases. Some of the wild statements in the *Battle of Lora* also are, I have no doubt, interpolations; for nothing of the kind is found elsewhere in Ossian's real compositions; and these passages are not found in a Gaelic version of that poem published in Gillies's Collection.

With these few and unimportant exceptions, the whole of

Macpherson's Collection gives every indication of being, in substance, the composition of the ancient bard to whom they were universally attributed throughout the Highlands. But when we come to consider whether we have the very words of the author throughout, we soon see that we have not. Although Macpherson did not preserve more than one version, in a single instance, except that just mentioned, yet fortunately we have sufficient means of deciding this question otherwise. Numerous portions of Fingal, derived from various sources, are found in the Report on Ossian's Poems already referred to; several other passages of his real works are given in Smith's *Sean Dana;* and in A. and D. Stewart's Collection of Gaelic Poems* we have a complete version of *Conlach* and *Gudona*, slightly different from Macpherson's. When we compare these two we find, not only that they differ repeatedly in words, but that even whole lines occur in one which are not found in the other. We have also two different versions of Ossian's celebrated address to the sun, in which we perceive similar variations. Thus, we see that we cannot assume we have always the very words of the author where only one version is preserved. A careful study of the text leads to the same inference. Sometimes the reciter evidently forgot the original term, and substituted another of the same import, thus generally marring the rhyme, though preserving the sense. Sometimes he misunderstood the original and substituted a word of similar sound, but different in signification, thus spoiling the sense as well as the rhyme. Occasionally the versification shows that a line of a quotation has been lost; and this defect is of frequent occurrence; a line or two seem to have been lost on every page generally, though there are exceptions, where the verse and the signification both indicate that the text is perfect. Still, more frequently the metre is injured from the loss of a syllable by improper contractions, or, more rarely, by failing to contract where the metre requires contraction. All the poems were undoubtedly handed down by mere oral recitation through many ages; and latterly reciters sometimes misunderstood the sense, and more frequently were ignorant of the metre. The effect of this appears in the statement of Alexander Macdonald, in the preface to his metrical Latin version of *Fingal*, in that there

* Edinburgh, 1804.

are no metres in Ossian, when in fact all his poems are in octosyllabic metres of a simple kind, and mostly in regular stanzas though the metres vary ever and anon. I subjoin some examples of these defects.

Omitting the title, which is probably not Ossian's, the first stanza of *Carthon* reads as follows:—

> Do thoirnesa, a Lora nan sruth,
> Thog cuimhne an diugh air na threig,
> Fuaim coille Gharmallair nan craobh
> Seimh a guth do m' chluasaibh fein.

In the first line *toirne* is probably a misreading for *toirm*, as *toirn* is only an Irish contraction of *torrun*, the only form of the word found elsewhere in Ossian's works. *A Lora nan sruth* should be *a Lora an t' sruth.* In modern Gaelic the genitive case always follows the governing noun, but in Ossian it sometimes precedes it, as in the classic languages of Greece and Rome. Here the signification is certainly *O Lora's stream*, and not *O Lora of the streams*, for Lora was one stream, often mentioned elsewhere. In the third line, the rhyme and the sense both show that we should read *nan cruth* (of ghosts) instead of *nan craobh* (of trees), while *Garmallair* is probably a variation of *Gairm-allaidh* (wild cry), a name which would readily be given to a wood in which, as they thought, the cries of ghosts were often heard. But the word *cruth*, which literally signifies *form*, is not now used in the sense of *ghost* or *spirit*, though Ossian uses it frequently in that sense. Hence the reciter misunderstood it, and substituted *craobh*, thus spoiling the sense as well as the rhyme. The fourth line has lost a syllable, which may have disappeared by dropping the emphatic *sa* after *guth.* So the stanza probably read as follows:—

> Do thoirmse, a Lora an t' sruth,
> Thog cuimhne an diugh air na threig,
> 'S fuaim coille Ghairm-allaidh nan cruth:
> 'Seimh a guthsa do m' chluasaibh fein.

We have thus a regular double-rhymed quatrain, each line consisting of an iambus and two anapests, a measure which is common throughout the poems.

In *Carricthura* we read, after the opening address, as follows:

> Mar sin bha focail Ullin chaoin.
> Nuair thill an righ o raon nan triath,
> Le' leadan throm a b' aillidh ciabh,

Here the third line of the quatrain had evidently been lost altogether; and in the first line we should probably read *maoin*, instead of *caoin*, as Ossian never elsewhere applies the latter epithet to any man. The reciter probably substituted it because he forgot or misunderstood the former term, which is not in common use, though it occurs elsewhere in Ossian's works. In the third line *leadan* is improperly made of the feminine gender. The stanza probably stood something like this:—

Mar sin bha focail Uillin mhaoin,
Nuair thill an righ bho raon nan triath,
[Am maise oig' le gnuis nach b' fhaoin],
A's leadan caoin a b' aillidh ciabh.

This gives a regular quatrain, in iambic dimeters, one of Ossian's most common measures.

Fingal's advice to Oscar, as given in the third book of Fingal (lines 426-445) reads as follows:—

"Mhic mo mhic," thuirt an righ,
"Oscair na stri na d' oige,
Chunnam do chlaidheamh nach mìn;
Bha m' ardan mu m' shinns're mòr.
Leansa cliu na dh' aom a chaoidh;
Mar d' aithreacha bi-se fein,
Mar Threunmor, ceud cheannard nan saoi,
Mar Thrathal sar athair nan treun.
'Nan oige bhuail iad am blar;
An duana nam bard tha 'n cliu
Bi-se mar shruth ris na sàir;
Ri laigṡe nan lann cho ciuin
Bi aiteal gaoith air raon an fhéir.
Mar sin bha Treunmor nan sgiath,
Is Trathal, ceannard nan triath.
Mar sin bha mo ghniomh 's an t-sliabh.
Bha 'm feumach riamh ri mo làimh,
'S dh' fhas an lag dàna fo m' chruaidh.
Na iarrsa carraid nan sgiath,
'S na duilt i air sliabh nan cruach."

If we reject improper contractions, supply what the metre shows to have been lost, make a few verbal changes indicated by the rhymes, and distinguish the stanzas, the address will read thus:—

"Mhic mo mhic," so labhair an righ,
"Oscair cliuthar 's an stri 's tu og,
Chunnaig mis' do chlaidheamh nach mìn,
A's bha m' ardan mu m' shinnsear mòr,

"Leansa cliu na dh' aom dhiu a chaoidh ;
Mar t' aithrichean aosd' bi-se fein,
Mar Threunmor, ceud cheannard nan saoi,
A's mar Thrathal, sàr laoch nan treun.

"'Nan oige bhuail iadsa am blàr ;
An duanaibh nam bard ta an cliu.
Bi thusa mar shruth ris na sàir ;
Ach ri laigse nan lamh cho ciuin
Bi aiteal gaoith uir air raon tlàth.

"'S ann mar sin bha Treunmor nan sgiath,
Agus Trathal, ceann fial nan dàimh ;
Mar sin bha mo ghniomhan 's an t-sliabh :
Bha am feumach riamh ri mo làimh,
A's dh' fhas an lag dàna fo m' chruaidh.
Na h-iarrsa trom charraid nan sgiath,
A's na diult i air sliabh nam fuath."

The expression "sliabh nan cruach," which gives a feeble and wrong sense, evidently arose from the one I have given, because the word *fuath* is not now used in the sense of *ghost*, a signification common in Ossian, who by the "field of ghosts" meant the field of battle; because, according to the belief of his age, he thought the spirits of the dead hovered around it.

If we compare the above with the other version already referred to, we shall find not a line precisely the same in both. The one is evidently a modernised version, and has none of the archaisms which appear in the other, such as using *ardan* in the sense of exulting pride.*

The close of Oscar's dying address, in the first book of *Temora* (lines 374-381), reads thus :—

Giulain mi do m' chruaich, a threin,
Tog clacha sa bheinn do m' chliu ;
Cuir cabar an ruaidh rium fein,
Lann thana nam beum ri m' thaobh.

Togaidh sruth an cian, an uir ;
Chi sealgair gu cùl a chruaidh ;
"So claidheamh gharbh Oscair fo smuir,
Ard mhorchuis nam bliadhna chaidh uainn."

If we make the requisite changes, as in the preceding cases, this passage will read thus :—

* It is curious to observe that in the Edinburgh reprints of Ossian, this word is expunged, and *uaill* substituted, as unjustifiably as substituting *cruach* for *fuath*.

Giulain mise do 'm chruaich, a threin,
A's tog clachan 's a bheinn do m' chliu ;
Cuirse cabar an ruaidh rium reidh,
A's lann thana nam beum ri m' chùl.

Togaidh 'n sruthan an cian an uir,
A's chi sealgair gu cùl a chruaidh :
"So claidheamh gharbh Oscair fo smuir,
Ard mhorchuis na h-ùin' a chaidh uainn."*

We have thus regular double-rhymed quotations, in the same anapestic measure as the former quotation. In the last line the error evidently arose from the reciter's forgetting the original expression, and substituting an equivalent term, which spoilt the rhyme though it preserved the sense.

Such errors occur all over the poems, as published, but most of them are probably of recent origin; and they seem to have arisen from forgetfulness or carelessness on the part of reciters, combined with ignorance of the real metres, and sometimes with a bad ear. Similar errors abound in other Gaelic poetry, owing to the same causes, many of the original authors having been, if not as illiterate as Ossian, quite as unable to commit their compositions to writing.

We may thus see how much those men were mistaken who imagined that Ossian was ignorant of metre, a thing which can hardly have held true of any poet, for metre is essential to poetry. It is true that Ossian's metres vary, but the variations are confined within narrow limits. It is also true that his stanzas vary from four to seven lines; but this is precisely what we might expect from one in his circumstances. When he expressed his thoughts in suitable language, adapted to be sung and played on the harp, he was satisfied, without troubling himself to make his stanzas all the same length; and if this irregularity sometimes puzzled reciters, as in fact it seems to have done, it rather aided the sense, by making the style more free and vivid.

PATRICK MACGREGOR.

TORONTO, 19th January 1882.

* I should state that my quotations are made from the original London edition.

[It would have been seen, in our last issue, p. 247, that Mr Macgregor died suddenly, a few days after the date of the above article—on the 25th of the same month—and it was probably the last which he has written.—Ed. *C.M.*]

# THE MATHESONS OF LOCHALSH AND ARDROSS.

By the Editor.

—o—

An account of this family will probably derive its greatest interest from the fact that while many of our ancient Highland families are fast disappearing, mainly in consequence of the extravagance and folly of their chiefs, the Mathesons of Lochalsh have, by the opposite qualities of prudence and business habits, been raised in our own day from a position of comparative obscurity to that of influence and wealth worthy of their fifteenth century ancestors, who are alleged to have been at that period the leaders of two thousand able-bodied warriors. At this very date the head of this branch of the Mathesons would, in similar circumstances to those which existed in those days, command from his extensive estates the allegiance of a following little short of his ancestor, though a small portion of these would be of his own name. But this would have been equally true of his ancestor of 1427, who in that year appeared before King James at Inverness.

That the single exertions of one man should have succeeded in raising the fortunes of an ancient family, which had almost disappeared as possessors of the soil for centuries, is as remarkable as it is creditable to his prudence and business energy. If to the extensive properties owned by the present proprietor of Lochalsh and Ardross we add the possessions of his late relative, Sir James Matheson of the Lewis, few of the owners of old Highland properties can boast of such a heritage in possession of the representatives of any single family, though no break may have occurred in the possession or succession; while the Mathesons owe their entire modern heritage to their own personal earnings and business industry.

It must have been gratifying to themselves, as it certainly was to all good Highlanders, to see the estates of Lochalsh, Attadale, Ardross, and the Lewis, when they had to change hands from another set of Highland proprietors, coming into the possession of the representatives of the ancient stock who owned a large portion of the same lands many centuries ago. And the manner in which they have dealt with their new possessions

and with the inhabitants residing upon them, have, on the whole, been most creditable, and in consonance with the laudable and patriotic feelings and ambition which made them anxious to own the original heritage of their ancestors. We shall have more to say on this subject further on, in its proper place; meanwhile we proceed to show the descent of the present family step by step from the old stock—the ancient and original Mathesons of Lochalsh.

The reader would have observed [page 109] that MURDOCH MATHESON, known as "Murchadh Buidhe," or Murdoch with the yellow hair, had a son RODERICK who succeeded his father at Fernaig, and from whom the Mathesons of Bennetsfield, already dealt with. He had also a second son, DUGALD MATHESON, to whom his father bequeathed the lands of Balmacarra. Dugald married, and had three sons, the first two of whom were twins,

1. MURDOCH, who inherited Balmacarra, and appears in the Valuation Roll of the County of Ross in 1644 as owner of lands in the parish of Lochalsh, to the value of £100 Scots per annum. He afterwards alienated these lands to Seaforth, and paid rent for them, and ultimately, in consequence of a quarrel with his superior, he was forced to leave Lochalsh, and for a time settle in Skye. After his second marriage, however, intercession was made for him by his wife's relatives, and he was allowed to return to Balmacarra as a tenant under Seaforth, again paying rent for his original patrimony. He first married Christian Maclennan, with issue—two children, Dugald, who is described as "Chamberlayne of Lochalsh," and Christian. Dugald appears to have married Christian, daughter of the Rev. Donald Clerk, minister of Lochalsh, and had issue. We have not succeeded in tracing Dugald's children by Christian Clerk, but on the 15th of February 1676, Murdoch is required by the Sheriff of Tain to show cause why he had not paid certain sums which were provided for Dugald's heirs under his first marriage contract, dated the 27th of April 1631. Murdoch married, secondly, a daughter of Alexander Mackenzie, IV. of Davochmaluag,* after which he was permitted to return to Lochalsh. By this lady Murdoch had issue—one son, Alexander (whose only

* At page 108, this lady is described as a *sister* of Roderick Mackenzie, *fourth* instead of *fifth* of Davochmaluag.

issue was a natural son Kenneth), and two daughters, Agnes, who married Thomas Mackenzie, I. of Highfield, with issue; and another who married Kenneth Og Macqueen of Toutrome, in the Isle of Skye. Murdoch's legitimate male descendants appear thus to have become extinct, when Dugald's male line fell to be carried on by,

2. JOHN MATHESON, the other twin, called "Ian Og," whom, it is said, the midwife maintained to be the first-born; but Murdoch is alleged to have suborned witnesses against his claim to be the eldest of the twins, "in order that all the patrimony left them jointly might fall to his own share." John occupied lands in Lochalsh, and married the second daughter of John Mackenzie, IV. of Hilton, by his wife, Margaret, daughter of Dunbar of Inchbrock, with issue, three sons—(1) ALEXANDER, his heir, progenitor of the Mathesons of Lochalsh, Attadale, and Ardross, and of whom presently; (2) Duncan, who left three sons—John, Kenneth, and Alexander; (3) Dugald, who had issue—two sons, John and Murdoch.

3. Dugald, called "Dugald Og," who had a son, Alexander, who left six sons, many of whose descendants are still to be found in Lochalsh.

The descent of this family from MURDOCH "BUIDHE" MATHESON, the common progenitor of the two families of Bennetsfield and Lochalsh, may be briefly stated thus:—

I. DUGALD MATHESON of Balmacarra, son of Murdoch Buidhe.

II. JOHN MATHESON, the twin, second son of Dugald, and commonly called "Ian Og."

III. ALEXANDER MATHESON, his heir, who occupied the lands of Achtaytoralan in Lochalsh, and married Christina, eldest daughter of Alexander Macrae of Inverinate, "Chamberlain of Kintail," by his first wife, Margaret, daughter of Murdoch Mackenzie, II. of Redcastle, by his wife, Margaret, daughter of William Rose, XI$^{th}$ Baron of Kilravock.

By his wife, Alexander Matheson had issue—

1. Murdoch, who married Catherine, daughter of John Breac, son of the Rev. Farquhar Macrae, minister of Kintail, with issue—an only son, John, who married a daughter of Kenneth Matheson, by whom he had two sons, Murdoch and Kenneth, and one daughter. Murdoch, the eldest son, died unmarried. Kenneth

married Anne, daughter of Roderick Mackenzie, Rissil, with issue—an only son, John (and two daughters), who resided at Kishorn, and died, at the age of seventy-two, in 1849, without issue, when, in his person, the male line of Murdoch became extinct.

2. John, tenant of Achtaytoralan, who married Anne, daughter of John, third son of William Mackenzie, I. of Shieldag, and sixth son of John Roy Mackenzie, IV. of Gairloch, by whom he had issue, two sons—(1) John Og of Duirinish, who married Mary, daughter of Kenneth Roy Mackenzie of Alduinny, with issue—*(a)* John, who succeeded his father at Duirinish, and married Margaret, sister of Alexander Macrae (who left the Macrae Fund for King's College, Aberdeen), with issue, several sons, two only of whom arrived at maturity. John, the eldest of these, married Isabella, daughter of James Matheson, a son of Bennetsfield. John died before his father, leaving a family of seven sons (and a daughter Mary), Alexander, Kenneth, Farquhar, James, Duncan, Roderick, and Colin. Colin married Christian, daughter of William Smith, Forres, with issue—three children who died in infancy, and William, who emigrated to Columbus in the State of Georgia, where he left one son and three daughters; Alexander, who emigrated to the same place, where he married and still survives, with a family of three sons and three daughters; Duncan, the distinguished Missionary to the Highland Brigade, during the Crimean War, and whose Memoir, by the Rev. John Macpherson, entitled "Duncan Matheson, the Scottish Evangelist," has made him so widely known, married Miss Faversham, Kent, with issue—three sons and three daughters; Jessie, Colin's only daughter, married Donald Shearer, M.A., Ph.Dr., now of Huntly, without issue. Donald, the youngest son of John of Duirinish, joined the army, where he died, leaving two sons, Murdoch and Colin; *(b)* Farquhar, who went to America with his family in 1774; (2) Kenneth, who died young, unmarried; (3) Flora, who married, and became the mother of Alexander Matheson, Rector of the High School of Edinburgh; (4) another daughter.

John of Achtaytoralan married, secondly, Marion, daughter of the Rev. Finlay Macrae, minister of Lochalsh, with issue—(5) Alexander, schoolmaster at Dornie, Lochalsh, who married Catharine, daughter of James Matheson, son of Alexander

Matheson of Bennetsfield, with issue, several sons and daughters; (6) Colin, who was liberally educated at the University of St Andrews, after which he entered the army, since which nothing has been heard of him.

3. Farquhar, direct male ancestor of Alexander Matheson of Lochalsh and Ardross, M.P., and his family, of whom presently.

4. Dugald, who was killed at the battle of Glenshiel in 1718, married a daughter of John Mackenzie, and sister of Kenneth Mackenzie, in Culdrein, Attadale, with issue—two sons and four daughters. The sons were—(1) John, who married a woman in the Isle of Skye, and died early, without issue; (2) Roderick, who married Christian Mackenzie, lived at Kishorn, and had two sons, John and Dugald, and three daughters. Roderick's descendants now reside at Perth, Ontario, Canada. John, who married Florence Macrae, and went south with his family of sons and daughters, one of whom was the Hon. Roderick Matheson, who subsequently made his mark as a Canadian politician, and became a member of the Legislative Council. Dugald was forester at Reraig, Lochcarron.

5. Donald, who married Isabella, daughter of Alexander Macrae, Conchra, Lochalsh, with issue—(1) Donald Og, who left several daughters, but no male issue; (2) John, died a young man, leaving issue, an only son, also named John, who died young, with issue, one son and two daughters; (3) Dugald, who left four sons, all of whom were alive in 1824, Alexander, John (a catechist in Sallachy, Lochalsh), Murdoch, and Duncan.

6. Colin, a merchant in Dingwall, who died without male issue, but left two daughters, the eldest of whom, Janet, married John Macneil, a builder in Dingwall, to whom she carried her father's property. The other married Roderick Maclennan, miller at Millbank, with issue, Colin Maclennan, afterwards innkeeper, Dingwall.

We shall now revert to Alexander's third son,

IV. FARQUHAR MATHESON, designated of Fernaig, and to whom his father appears to have left most of his property. In 1687 he succeeded his cousin, John Mor Matheson of Bennetsfield, in the old family holding at Fernaig, while at the same time he held a wadset of the lands of Lussag, Kyleakin, Glenbeiste, and others in Skye, for which he paid 3000 merks Scots.

"He was an active thrifty man, being generally engaged in droving and cattle dealing."*

He married, first, a daughter of Evander Murchieson of Auchtertyre, without issue. She only lived about a year after marriage. He married, secondly, his cousin Mary, daughter of Christopher Macrae, Ardintoul, grand-daughter of Alexander Macrae of Inverinate, by his second wife, Mary, daughter of Alexander Mackenzie, IV. of Davochmaluag, by his wife, Margaret, daughter of Hector Munro of Fowlis, by Anne, daughter of Hugh, seventh Lord Lovat. By this lady, Farquhar Matheson had issue—

1. John, his heir.

2. Alexander, tenant of Achandarrach, who married Mary, daughter of Murdoch Mackenzie of Sand, Gairloch, with issue—three sons and two daughters, Farquhar, Roderick, Murdoch Bàn, Catherine, and Margaret.

3. Ewen, who died young, unmarried.

4. Donald, Balmacarra, who married, first, Margaret, daughter of Roderick Mackenzie, II. of Sanachan, with issue—(1) Kenneth, who had a son, Kenneth Roy, who lived in Plockton; and (2) Roderick, educated at King's College, Aberdeen, who afterwards joined the army, and was never since heard of. He had also five daughters by this marriage, one of whom, Mary, married Donald Kennedy, Kishorn, with issue—the Rev. John Kennedy, minister of Redcastle; the Rev. Neil Kennedy, minister of Loggie; and Alexander Kennedy, farmer, Kishorn, with issue—Neil and Donald Kennedy, now residing there, and others. Catherine, the second daughter, married Roderick Mackenzie, Slumbay, Lochcarron, while the other three married and emigrated to America. Donald married, secondly, Anne, daughter of John Matheson, Duirinish, with issue, five sons—John, Alexander (the blind fiddler), Donald of Achandarrach, Murdoch, and Farquhar. He had also two daughters by the second marriage.

5. Mary; 6, Catherine; 7, Marion; 8, Anne; 9, Christian.

Farquhar died, about 1725, on his way from the Michaelmas market at Inverbenchran, Strathconan, and was buried in the church of Lochalsh, when he was succeeded by his eldest son,

*(To be continued.)*

* Iomaire Manuscript.

# JOHN MACRAE—IAN MACMHURCHAIDH—THE KINTAIL BARD.

—o—

JOHN MACKENZIE, in 1847, issued a prospectus for a new and enlarged edition of his "Beauties of Gaelic Poetry and Lives of the Highland Bards." In consequence of his death shortly after, in 1848, this edition never appeared. A copy of the prospectus in our possession explains what was for long a puzzle to many. It was known that Mackenzie had collected the poems of several Gaelic bards whose works were considered, by good judges who knew them, well worthy of a place in "The Beauties;" but it now turns out that his publishers found the work extending so much that the compiler was obliged at the last moment to omit many of the modern bards. These included John Macrae, of Kintail, to whom Mackenzie makes the following reference in the new prospectus:—"Among those whose lays are particularly cherished among our countrymen, but which, notwithstanding their worth, have never before been printed, may be mentioned *Alastair Grannt*, and *Alastair Buidhe MacIomhair*, of Gairloch, and *Iain MacMhurchaidh*, or Macrae, of Kintail. The works of these poets were unavoidably omitted in the first edition of this work; but by the liberality of the present publishers, the compiler has many advantages in making the work more satisfactory than in its former state. The Songs of John MacMhurchaidh are the most pathetic and sentimental of all the modern Highland bards."

We have already published a few of the poems of *Alastair Buidhe MacIomhair* (Alexander Campbell) of Gairloch, and we are now, by the favour of a good friend, to whom we are under previous obligations, placed in a position to publish most if not all Macrae's poems, with explanatory notes, collected by Mackenzie, whose MSS. of the unpublished poems of the modern Gaelic bards have unfortunately been lost since his death. Our present friend, curiously enough, is the same gentleman from whose recitation Mackenzie took them down nearly forty years ago; and he believes that he has now been able to supply us with almost every line which he had previously given to the compiler of "The Beauties," though possibly the latter may have procured additional pieces from other quarters. We are afraid the poems

and songs by *Alastair Grannt* are entirely lost, and the same, we fear, holds true of many of Alexander Campbell's. It is scarcely necessary to say that we shall be glad to receive any of either these, and of Macrae's, which we have not already obtained, and to do our best to preserve them in these pages.

Our bard, Macrae, was in many respects a character, but exceedingly popular among the better classes in his day; and a sketch of his life here and in America would, we doubt not, prove most interesting. We shall be glad to receive any particulars regarding him; meanwhile we are glad to be able to give the following notes, supplied by the same gentleman who has given us the songs:—

When Ian MacMhurchaidh was very young he lost his father who was known among his countrymen as "Murchadh MacFhearchair," but some time after the Earl of Seaforth conferred upon the bard the post of ground-officer, deer-stalker, and forester, throughout Kintail and Lochalsh. In this capacity he seems to have been very popular, and to have made friends of all with whom he had any dealings. No gathering of the people, no wedding or market in the district was considered complete and jovial without the cheerful presence of the bard. The laird, the farmer, and the cottar were equally delighted and enlightened by John's conversational powers. His unbounded flow of noble sentiment was the admiration of all his acquaintances. He, in time, for some reason, resolved to emigrate to America. His friends endeavoured hard to persuade him from his purpose, but all to no effect. A final effort to retain him in his native country was made by the united action of three of the leading landed proprietors in the county of Ross. These gentlemen invited him to meet them, and, seating him between two of them, and hospitably entertaining him, they offered him his choice of any farm on either of their respective estates if he would only consent to remain in the Highlands, but it was all of no avail, and the bard, shortly after, emigrated to Carolina. Soon after his arrival there the American War of Independence broke out, and, as might be expected from a man of the bard's sentiments, he at once joined and took a prominent part in defence of what he considered to be the rights of his native Britain. He was ultimately taken prisoner, and confined in a wretched dungeon where he soon

after ended his life. It is said that his loyal compositions during the war greatly inspirited his brother Highlanders, and that in consequence, the Americans, when they got him into their hands, treated him with unusual severity.

Our informant adds—"As the grandfather of Mr J. W. Mackenzie, leather merchant, Church Street, Inverness, was along with Ian MacMhurchaidh in Carolina, he most probably heard his parents and others speaking of the bard's American career and death. Indeed, I heard it said that this gentleman, known among his friends as 'Fear-na-leth-laimh' (he having lost one of his arms in the War of Independence), was the bearer of the American portion of Ian MacMhurchaidh's songs from thence to this country. Could you not get some information regarding him from Mr Mackenzie?" We hope we may.

——o——

John MacMhurchaidh was accused by his wife's friends of being too jovial among the companions of his youth in the Cro of Kintail, and they decided on having him removed (I think) to Achagharigean, in Gleneilchag, vainly thinking that by transporting him across the high hill of Màm-an-tuirc that they would divert his attention from his old avocations in Cro. How far they succeeded may be gathered from the following:—

Fhir a ghluaiseas a null thar Màm,
Thoir soiridh bhuamsa gu Ceann-an-t' sàil,
Far an tric a ruag mi fear tàrgheal uaine,
Gu h-iteach uaibhreach, 's e suas an t-àth.

'S tric bha t-eug agam air ma làimh,
Nuair dheanainn ceum a mo leine bhàn,
Bhiodh seoid mu'n cuairt di, 's mar i bu luaithe,
Cha chuala cluas nuair a fhuair i bàs.

Bu chuid de m' sholas an tòs a Mhàigh,
Bhi sios an Fhoideach an ordugh blàr;
'S mar tachradh brònag rium anns a chomhail,
Bhiodh botal mor ann, 's e dh'òlte carst.

Am bheil sibh 'n duil gun dean caonadh stàth?
A mair an crùn sin fad iomadh la?
Cha d' chosd mi diu bho na tha mi 'n taobh so,
'S cha phailte 'n cùineadh an diugh na bha.

From the following fragment it will be seen that the bard had no high opinion of his new neighbours in Gleneilchag when

as a farmer he first joined them. It appears, however, that he changed his opinions before he left the glen, for he consented, when sailing for Carolina, to leave one of his little daughters in charge of his neighbour, the late Farquhar Macrae, at Fàdoch. This lassie grew up to be a handsome woman, and afterwards married respectably a man of good position :—

Nall thar a bheallach
'S e 'm braman a ghluais mi,
Tighinn air chuairt
Bho'n t-sluagh san robh 'n daimh,
Measg dhaoine gun aithne
Bha 'n t'aineolus fuaidht' riu,
Mu 'n d' fhuair iad mise nam pairt ;
Ach 's i mo dhroch eilean
Bu choireach ri m' ghluasad,
Choisinn domh uatha
Nach b-uras dhomh tamh.

Cha b' e càrraid an òtraich
Bu deoin leis an t-sluagh ud,
Obair na b-uaisle ghabh iad fos laimh,
Bhi ag ol as a bhotul,
'S an copan mu 'n cuairt dhi,
'S fear a toirt bhuaithe
Mar shireadh cach.
Bhiodh mire, bhiodh muirn ann,
Gun smuaintean air gruaimean,
'S cuid a dh-fhir shuarach
A fuireach bho chach.

The legend reciters of the west coast of Ross-shire and northern portion of Inverness-shire say that Ian MacMhurchaidh was so great a favourite with Mackenzie, the good laird of Farabrinn-an-Tùir, that it was difficult to part them whenever they met. But John got over this difficulty by taking his departure invariably about the break of day before his worthy host left his bedroom. This practice on the part of the bard convinced the laird that John had not the heart to say good-bye to him. Consequently, one night he called John's servant-man to an anteroom, where a table was loaded with creature comforts, and addressed him thus :—"Now it is more than probable your master will go away as usual without taking leave of me ; we will therefore be prepared for him this time by packing up ample provisions for your master and yourself till you reach home, in addition to

which you will carry this bottle of whisky and use it at your discretion." Just as the laird predicted, John and his servant were off by break of day on the following morning for Kintail. Passing through Glenorrin, and descending on Glenstrathfarar, they reached Tolltraille late in the evening, and made up their mind to pass the night in a small hut belonging to a herdsman on Lub-tholltraille. While the servant lit a fire and was preparing a repast, his master, Ian MacMhurchaidh, threw himself on *leabaidh-chul-bainge*, *i.e.*, a bed of heather or rushes arranged on the floor along the side wall of the apartment, behind a square block of wood. Weary and tired, stretched on his couch, John remarked, "Na 'm biodh dùrachd Fhir Farabrinn againn bhiodh drama 'nis againn" (If we had the laird of Farabrinn's wish, we would now have a dram). The servant replied, "Tha 'dhùrachd, agus bi'dh dhràm againn. So agaibh-sa botul de dheagh Stuth-na-toisachd a chuir Fear Farabrinn an dè ann an lub a bhreacain agam-sa" (We have his best wishes, and we shall have his dram too. Here is a bottle of the best Ferrintosh which the laird placed in a corner of my plaid yesterday for you). John, on hearing this, still stretched on his couch, composed and recited :—

A nise bho 'n a fhuair sinn i
Gu'n d' thoir sinn bàll gun fhuarachdainn,
Air botul ged bu truailleadh e
Deoch slainte Ruaridh 's olt' i.

*Fonn*—Ho ro gu 'm b' eibhinn leam,
Gu 'n cluinninn sud mar sgeulachd ort,
Gu 'm bi'dh tu falbh nan eud-bheannaibh
Le t-fheileadh mar bu choir dhut.

Leag dhiot a mhachair chumanta,
Gabh tuaireasgeul na bhunadh dhut,
'Nuair thig thu 'n aonachs' urad,
Biodh do chu 's do ghunn' air t-oglach.

Bu dual dhut sud bho d' shinnsearachd
Bhi siùbhal bheann is fhritheannan,
Le cuilbhear fada, cinnteach,
Dheanadh damh a chinn a leonadh.

Bi aoidheal ris a cheathairne,
Cum taobh nan daoine matha riut,
'S gur mor an cliu gun chleth
A choisinn t-athair air an t-seol sin,

Ge d' chithinn an Duneidinn thu,
Gur Farabrinneach a dh-eighinn dhiot;
Ach cùm na clachan steibhe,
Dh-fhag na daoine gleusda'n coir dhut.

Gur iomadh bochd is dinnleachdan,
Thug beannachd air do shinnseara,
Gur maireannach an dilib sin,
'S gur cinntiche na'n t-or e.

Guidheam fallain feile dhut,
'S gu ma math a dh-eireas dhut,
Saoghal fada céillidh,
Gun bhi eucorach no gòrach.

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE SCULPTURED STONES OF ROSS AND CROMARTY.

By Captain COLIN MACKENZIE, F.S.A. Scot.

—o—

### VI.

THE bottom portion of the Hilton stone, including the border, has unfortunately been broken away, but the centre of the slab appears to have been originally divided into three panels of equal size. It is the disposition of the sculptures on this stone, which constitutes one of its most interesting features, and helps to render it so unique among Scottish standing stones.

The topmost panel contains hieroglyphics which are remarkable for the admirable work with which they are filled in. The centre panel exhibits the mirror and comb symbol, and the representation of a Pictish stag-hunt, to which Dr Stewart calls attention on account of its close resemblance to the sculptures on the Forfarshire stones. The lowest panel is filled with a spiral pattern. Dr Stewart remarks:—"It may be indicative of a different influence from that which designed most of our Scotch crosses, that the spectacle symbol is here introduced into the ornamental border, instead of being placed in the central group, while the 'crescent' is of a different design from the common one, its 'sceptre' being not a separate object, but obviously an integral part of the crescent itself." The uppermost hieroglyphic is the double disc and sceptre, which occupies a place in the

border, above the top panel. The sceptre is solidly formed, and passes at the back of the figure, in the form of an inverted Z, being only invisible where the flanche lines connecting the two circles pass over it. That the space intervening between the flanche lines represents a solid mass, and that the sceptre is intended to pass *through* this solid bar, is evidenced by the two knot-work designs which enrich the surface. The faces of the circles are too much abraded to allow of any ornamentation being traced. Below the double disc and sceptre, but within the top panel, comes the crescent and sceptre, which is singular in its form. The sceptre is solid, and instead of the crescent being of the usual type, the concave side is formed by two semi-circular lines springing from the horns on each side, and meeting at the apex of the V. of the sceptre. A small semi-circle, drawn between the two arms of the sceptre, cuts off the interior angle at the apex, and this space, as well as the divisions lying between the sceptre and the horns of the crescent (which are curled inwards), is filled with spiral work. The upper portion of the crescent shews the diagonal ornament, and the extremities of the arms of the sceptre are highly ornamented, while the sceptre itself seems to form an integral part of the crescent, and render the figure a homogeneous whole. Below the crescent and sceptre, and occupying the bottom of the top panel, are two single discs, each filled with intricate knot-work of identical pattern. At the commencement of the first part of this article, I stated that these discs *might* represent brooches or targets, but that I was of opinion that they must be taken to represent an imperfect double disc. It has also been suggested that they *may* represent table-men, used in Celtic games, and they certainly bear a strong resemblance to one of these ancient pieces which was dug up in the cemetery of the Kirkheugh at St Andrews; but I am unable to change my original opinion. Speaking of the singular arrangement of these hieroglyphics on the stone, Dr Stewart observes:—"It will be remarked that the 'spectacle' ornament is here transferred into the border amid other ornamental tracery, while two unconnected circles take its usual place on the face of the stone, near to the crescent, the whole being filled up with elaborate tracery." The crescent and sceptre appears above the double disc and sceptre on the stones of Logie, Glenferness,

Aberlemno, Cossins, Inverury, Bourtie, and Dyce; and below it on the Hilton stone, and one at Elgin. The crescent and sceptre appears above the double disc without the sceptre at Logie, Golspie, and Ulbster; while this order is reversed on the Dunfallandy stone. The crescent and sceptre and double disc and sceptre appear in separate panels, side by side, at St Madoes; at St Vigeans the double disc and sceptre is to be seen above the crescent without the sceptre; and at Rosemarkie the double disc and sceptre occurs, with two crescent and sceptre symbols above it and one below it. On no other stone, except that of Hilton, does the crescent and sceptre occur with two single discs below it, but one of the two hieroglyphical stones found outside the limits of Pictland, viz., that at Edinburgh, has the crescent and sceptre, with the apparent remains of a single disc below the right horn. There, therefore, *may* have been *two* single discs, but as the stone is greatly worn it is impossible to say. The figures are simply and rudely incised, without floriation or ornament, and the stone is perhaps the very oldest of its class, and far removed therefore by place, style, and time of execution, no doubt, from the handsome Hilton slab.*

* I mentioned in a former number that the hieroglyphics are now generally considered to represent personal ornaments, and perhaps also insignia of office, or heraldic devices. The following quotations from Dr Stewart's notes to the *Sculptured Stones of Scotland* will fully illustrate the subject :—"It seems likely that the spectacle ornament may represent a fibula of two spirals, while the double discs without the 'sceptre' may be meant to represent brooches formed of penannular rings." "It seems to me, therefore, that the figure called the 'spectacles,' and the oblong figure . . . may probably be meant to represent an ornament of the nature of a clasp or buckle; while, if the crescent is not of this description, or for being fastened on the dress, it may have been meant for an ornanent like the golden tiaras of which numerous specimens have been found in Ireland and some in Scotland." "In some instances the 'sceptre' is seen to pass through loops in the 'crescent,' or one limb is seen to pass under and the other above the lines of the 'crescent;' while in others the 'sceptre' and 'crescent' obviously form one object. The impression which these details leave is, that the 'sceptre' is a piece of mechanism for attaching the objects with which it is figured to something else. On the stone at Congash the appearance which the sceptre assumes is plainly that of an *acus*, or pin for fastening a brooch." "In many cases the angles of the 'sceptre' are filled up with something as if for the purpose of strengthening them. . . At times it appears as if the lines which connect the circles of the 'spectacles' passed *through* the 'sceptre' so as to unite them as one object, and sometimes a piece of mechanism may be seen like a joint, as if to allow means of play in the sceptre. If the latter could be supposed to be a contrivance for fastening these objects to the dress in one case, it might be so in the others." "The object certainly cannot be regarded as

In commencing to describe the second panel, which contains the mirror and comb symbol and the representation of a Pictish stag-hunt, it must be remembered that Dr Stewart calls attention to the similarity existing between the hunt portrayed on the Hilton slab and those on the Forfarshire stones. Indeed, the Hilton stone is so singular in many respects, resembling the Tarbat fragment alone closely in its border, but stones at Elgin, St Vigean's, and Aberlemno, in several other important particulars, that I have deemed it advisable to draw up a table contrasting it with these latter. It will be recollected that the foliage pattern on the St Vigean's cross is the only one in Pictland which Dr

a sceptre, which has always been represented by a single line, with its appropriate head." "It must be remarked also that the 'sceptre' never occurs as part of the mirrors and combs, but always as connected with the 'crescents,' 'spectacles,' 'serpents,' 'horse-shoe,' and 'oblong ornaments,' which I have supposed might have been used as badges, ornaments, or brooches." "If, therefore, we should be led to regard the 'spectacles,' 'horse-shoe,' 'oblong figure,' 'serpent,' and 'crescent,' as figures of personal ornaments of various kinds, the so-called 'sceptres' may be held either to be parts of such ornaments, or to represent the contrivance by which they were fixed to the person." "If we should accept this idea of regarding the spectacles as a *personal* ornament, whether a clasp or not, we might extend it to the other symbols—such as the mirror and comb—which we can recognise, and may believe to have been articles of personal use, and to the crescent and horse-shoe figure, which we only guess to have been of the like character, by supposing that they may all have been used as marks of family descent or official dignity." "The occurrence of the spectacle symbol on a silver ornament and pin is a remarkable fact in the history of the symbols, and if we could be sure that these relics were found in a sepulchral cist, it would suggest the use of this figure as a personal badge." "If these [the symbols] can be held to be of the nature of clasps, brooches, and objects of personal use, their occurrence among other recognised sepulchral symbols, sculptured on tombstones, may be regarded as a mere variety of the idea which led to the frequent deposit of these objects in early graves, in conformity with the statement of M. Didron, that, after the custom had been abandoned of burying them with the dead, they still continued to be represented upon the tombs." "If it be held that the sculptured 'symbols' on the early slabs are to be regarded as the representations of actual objects used by the people as the distinguishing insignia of family descent, badges of office, or the like, it is not difficult to understand the continuance of the same figures on the Christian slabs for a time. If, on the other hand, we should be led to believe with some that the figures in question were symbols of a heathen worship, it is not conceivable that they should be found on the Christian memorials of a later date. In some things the early missionaries were directed to symbolise with the customs of the heathen, in the hope of leading to an entire change in their object; but the use of their temples and rites of worship were proscribed from the first, *and no symbol of their faith would have been sculptured by Christian hands in juxtaposition with the great symbol of the religion of Christ.*" Mr Macintyre North, in his recent work, *The Book of the Club of True Highlanders*, gives two clever drawings suggestive of the manner in which the brooch, or fibula, shaped like the Double

Stewart thinks at all resembles the Hilton border.* I have already mentioned the cases on which the double disc and sceptre is found placed above the crescent and sceptre, and *vice versa*, and I subjoin a table to the same effect, but which will place the combinations more clearly to the eye; and also another showing the occurrence of the mirror and comb upon the same slabs and crosses, the localities in which they are found, and their accompanying hieroglyphics, which will make my meaning plainer to the reader when describing these symbols. (See Tables I., II., and III. appended.)

*(To be Continued.)*

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GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS — ELECTION OF OFFICE-BEARERS.—On Wednesday evening, 15th of March, the following were elected the Office-bearers of the Gaelic Society of Inverness for 1882-83, viz. :—Chief, Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, Esq., M.P., F.R.S. Scot. ; Chieftains, John Macdonald, merchant, Exchange, Dean of Guild Mackenzie, Editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, and Colin Chisholm, ex-President of the Gaelic Society of London ; Hon. Secretary, William Mackay, solicitor ; Secretary, William Mackenzie, *Free Press ;* Treasurer, Duncan Mackintosh, Bank of Scotland ; Council, Alexander Macbain, M.A., rector, Raining's School, Councillor Chas. Mackay, John Whyte, librarian, Geo. J. Campbell, solicitor, and James Fraser, C.E. ; Librarian, John Whyte ; Bard, Mrs Mary Mackellar ; Piper, Pipe-Major Alexander Maclennan.

Disc and Sceptre, may have been worn by our Celtic forefathers. In conclusion I may say that some of the hieroglyphics of the less singular forms may be met with among the ornamental devices of races, widely dissevered from each other, and from Scotland. Dr Stewart, in the *Sculptured Stones*, figures a Dyak shield, from a drawing by Mr Frederick Boyle, the traveller, which has the crescent without the sceptre in the middle, and the double disc with its connecting lines, but without the sceptre, at each end. He remarks :—"That such figures would be natural distinguishing marks among a rude people, we may gather from their continued use by the tribes of Borneo in the present day. The first of the present engravings represents the shield of a Dyak of that counrry, which, as will be observed, is ornamented with a crescent and other figures. The crescent is painted on the centre ; the circular ornaments at the ends are of bone, and are rivetted to the frame." The double disc without the sceptre bears a considerable likeness to those on the Logie and Ulbster stones, and the plain crescent is much in the same style as that at Lindores, which, however, has a sceptre. It was only the other day that I saw the double disc figured in one of the plates illustrating Baron Nordenskiöld's discovery of the North-East passage, a work now publishing, in parts, at Stockholm. An English translation has already appeared.

* Since commencing my subject my attention has been called to the edge of the old stone at Mugdrum, Fifeshire, which I think also exhibits a phyllomorphic design or leafy scroll-work, and might, if more perfect, be found to form a sort of link between the Ross-shire stones and the St Vigean's cross.

# LAND AND SPORT IN THE HIGHLANDS.

## II.

SINCE our first article on this question appeared a decision has been given by the Court of Session which is full of interest to all who concern themselves about the question of Land and Sport in the Highlands. The deer forest of Applecross, Ross-shire, had been let by Lord Middleton to a shooting-tenant for one year at a rent of £2000. The Assessor entered the subjects in the Valuation Roll for the County at £1400, deducting £600 in respect of certain items not "lands and heritages," and consequently not assessable under the Valuation Acts, but the use of which was granted to the tenant under his lease. The view of the Assessor was sustained by the local Court of Appeal, but Lord Middleton carried the case to the Court of Session on the ground that the use of the gardens, carriages, horses, deer, ponies, and boats, services of the house servants, eight foresters and gamekeepers, and eight gardeners, these not being "lands and heritages," were not assessable under the Valuation Acts; and the value of these items he calculated at £1550, claiming that the land itself, apart from the stock, premises, servants, and other conveniences upon it, was not worth more than £450 per annum. He, however, restricted his claim for deductions, for "items" to £1400, leaving the separate value of the land at £600; and his contention was sustained by the Court of Session, their Lordships holding that the deer and the necessary keepers, carriages, and other items, formed no more a part of the value of the land than did the sheep and shepherds on a pastoral farm; and the position of the Applecross and other deer-forests was, in the opinion of the Court, the same as if a sheep-farm were let with the stock, shepherds, and other necessaries upon it, with full liberty to the tenant to kill or dispose of the sheep stock in any manner he might think proper.

To us this decision appears of a very important character, and it is surprising to find how little notice has been taken of it by the press, or by those more immediately concerned in the value of land and deer forests. We are told by Mr George G. Mackay, and other land speculators, that Highland estates have

been selling at from forty to fifty years' purchase ; but, according to the contention of Lord Middleton, sustained by the Court of Session, it now appears that it is not for the lands that these high prices were paid, but, to the extent of two-thirds or more, for the deer-stock (which otherwise cost the purchaser nothing) and the offices on the lands. The stock followed the land, without any additional charge, and, naturally, so long as the game laws are maintained enormous prices will, in such circumstances, be obtained. The Legislature at present enhances the value of these properties by special enactments for the purposes of sport and consequent desolation, while the proprietor, who uses his property for the production of food for the people, is placed at an enormous disadvantage, he having, of course, to let it unstocked with sheep or cattle, while, his pastoral or arable tenant has to purchase the necessary stock for his holding, and it is therefore impossible that he can pay the owner a rent anything approaching to that paid by a tenant who leases his lands already stocked with wild animals for nothing.

But supposing for a moment that the time may come—and it is not at all unlikely—when the Game Laws are abolished, or very materially modified! How will it affect the value of Highland properties now so largely prostituted to a system of repulsive slaughter, mis-named sport?

The Applecross decision, by which less than one-third of the whole annual rental is held to be the real value of the land itself, apart from the stock of wild animals upon it (secured to the proprietor by his own class in Parliament by the arbitrary enactment of the Game Laws), will become more and more important as this question is more carefully considered. Those who are daily turning their estates into deer forests will find Lord Middleton's case not unworthy of consideration; for, depend upon it, the principle there laid down will yet be applied by the nation —when public opinion shall have forced the Legislature to put a stop to the present system of desolating the land by turning it into huge deer forests, and driving the people across the seas.

And it is in this connection agreeable to find some of those who have had the most extensive experience of small holdings publicly declaring that a small tenantry—who, so soon as they shall have secured political power, will make short work of our

present Game Laws—is better and more profitable than large holdings held by gentlemen farmers. Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch referred to this question in a recent address delivered by him in Glasgow, in a way which has both surprised and disappointed many of his warmest friends, and which has called forth criticisms from other Highland proprietors of a most encouraging nature to those who believe in and advocate small farms. Sir Kenneth is reported to have said:—"Under our present system it seems evident that small farms are as doomed as hand looms were when power was first introduced, and that farming must fall more and more into the hands of capitalists able to conduct operations on a great scale with a maximum of machinery and a minimum of labour. Those who, at the present juncture, fancy they see signs that this process is being reversed are not reading facts aright. Most of our economists hold that the object to be aimed at is a maximum of production with a minimum of labour, and they hail the tendency to large farming as a step in the highway of progress. But there is another school that believes agricultural production compatible with the retention of the rural population." The natural inference from these remarks is that Sir Kenneth approves of the first proposition stated by him, and that he is against small farms. It has been so understood by all who have read it; and, in fact, he admits as much in the first paragraph of his reply to the Duke of Argyll; while we look in vain for any suggestion from him that "our present system" should be changed rather than that the small tenants should be eliminated from the land. We have been led to expect very different things from Sir Kenneth, who, by the way, may be said to have had no great personal experience of large farms on his West Coast property, and we question if even on the Conan estate he has much land on which "operations on a great scale with a maximum of machinery" and steam-power has been or can ever be profitably carried out.

The Duke of Argyll, a few days later, addressing a meeting in Edinburgh, made a most salutary and telling reply. After informing his audience that out of the 4893 occupiers of the soil in the county of Argyle, only 95 paid a rental of over £500 a year, 990 between £100 and £500, 508 betweed £50 and £100, and 3300 tenants under £50, the latter of whom, he said, were

"fairly prosperous in their condition," he proceeded:—"Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, a most excellent landlord in the North of Scotland, said the other day that he thought the days of small farming were at an end, and that nothing would now do, except large farms conducted by great capitalists. Now, gentlemen, I should accept the conclusion of Sir Kenneth Mackenzie with the greatest possible reluctance, and I for one do not believe it. I can sincerely say that during the last five-and-twenty years—times, no doubt, of comparative prosperity to the agriculturist—no rents have been more fairly, more honourably, and more punctually paid than the rents by the very small farmers of the county of Argyle. . . . . I believe, that instead of the progress of agriculture tending to eradicate what is properly called small-class farms, from £25 to £200 and £300 a year, it will be quite the contrary. I believe they will be the most thriving of all classes, because, although they may not have a very large amount of capital in money, they may have that most valuable of all capital—industry and skill in the application of labour to the ground. Therefore, I for one hope that the county of Argyle will continue for generations yet to be what it is now—the home of a small and moderate class of tenantry, thriving by the application of some capital and of much industry and of great labour upon their possessions."

Lord Lovat, another proprietor of great experience, referring to the same question, at a local ploughing match, a few days later, said:—"Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, whom we all esteem so much, and who has done so much for the country, said the other day that the time would soon come when the smaller farmers would go to the wall, and large farmers only would come to the front. The Duke of Argyll, also referring to this subject, said he could not see it in that light. I agree very much with what the Duke of Argyll said. In Argyleshire, he said that not more than 2 per cent. of the farmers were what could be called large, these being tenants who paid £500 and upwards of rent a year. In this part of the country, if the whole arable land were to be farmed by men paying £500 a year, what an enormous depopulation would have to take place! In looking over the valuation roll of the county the other day, I was surprised to see that in this locality, in the parishes of Kirkhill, Kiltarlity, and Kilmorack

there are only six farmers who pay £500 a year for arable land. In regard to large and small farmers in these three parishes of Kirkhill, Kiltarlity, and Kilmorack, there are 150 who pay less than £4 of rent; 54 under £10; 30 under £20; 32 under £50; and from 20 to 30 pay £100. If large farms were to be the rule, and the smaller farms done away with, what would happen to this part of the country? I think, gentlemen, that these small farmers in the Highlands are the backbone of the country. What enormous improvements they have made over the whole face of it, and I have no doubt they will continue to do so. Further, there is no difficulty in letting small farms to men who work for themselves; the difficulty is with large farms, where men have gone in without sufficient capital, and taken holdings, not having adequate means to carry on their business."

Add to the opinions of these large proprietors the fact that the tendency now, after long experience of large farms, is to break them up into small holdings. Mr Cameron of Lakefield, under the guidance of his factor, Mr William Mackay, solicitor, Inverness, has made considerable progress in this direction already; while, on the opposite side of Lochness, Mr Cunninghame of Foyers, inspired, we suspect, from the same quarter, is following Mr Cameron's example. A. M.

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LACHLAN SHAW'S HISTORY OF THE PROVINCE OF MORAY, comprising the whole counties of Elgin and Nairn, the greater part of Inverness-shire, and a portion of Banffshire, all designated the Province of Moray before there was a division into counties, has just been issued, enlarged, and brought down to the present time, by J. F. S. Gordon, author of the "Scotichronicon," "Monasticon," &c. The work, which has been long out of print and very difficult to get, has been generally regarded as the most important local history published in Scotland, and under Dr Gordon's able and experienced editorship it has been very greatly enriched and brought down to date; comprising a complete family, parochial, municipal, civil, military, and ecclesiastical history of the wide district to which it refers. At the same time, though a local history, the work will be found to be one of general interest, many of the most stirring events in connection with Scottish history having had their origin in the Province of Moray; and in family history the district is peculiarly rich. It is issued in three handsome volumes, beautifully printed; and in every respect the work may be regarded as an appropriate addition to the library of every Scottish gentleman. Price, to subscribers, 30s; to non-subscribers, 50s. By a special arrangement we are in a position to supply a few copies to immediate subscribers at the original price—30s per copy. Application should be made at once to this office.

## LAZY ARCHIE FRASER.

—o—

In the extensive district known as the Aird, near the river Beauly, and in the midst of the wild yet romantic scenery where

> The whelming torrents roar
> Rude rushing down the excavated deep,

form the beautiful and romantic Falls of Kilmorack, there lived many years ago a man named Archibald Fraser, better known among his neighbours by the sobriquet of Lazy Archie.

This man was somewhat of a character, and was regarded by his neighbours as a foolish, good-tempered fellow, not quite so devoid of intellect as to be a *natural*, yet not altogether so bright as his fellows. Some people, indeed, were ill-natured enough to hint that Archie's indolent, sleepy manner arose more from laziness than from any lack of brains. However this may be, he certainly got through life without taking his full share of labour. He was a strong, able, good-looking young man, with a fund of quiet humour which made him a favourite in spite of his laziness. He would so amuse his companions with his dry jokes and quaint sayings, that they would be oblivious at the time to the fact that Archie was making them do his share of the work as well as their own.

Many stories are told of his ingenuity in shirking labour. Rod-fishing is an occupation that does not require any extreme exertion ; but even this was too hard work for Archie, though, as it was absolutely necessary that he should provide food for his young family in some way, he found fishing in the well-stocked waters of the Beauly—where, at the time we write of, salmon were so plentiful that, in parts of the river not agitated by the rush of the water over its numerous natural cascades, they could be seen sporting in myriads—an easier way of doing so than any other. His *modus operandi* was as follows :—He had a number of tame ducks which he had trained to fish for him. He used to bait his lines and fasten them to the legs of the ducks, which he drove off in the middle of the river, while he comfortably reclined on the grass. In a little while he would entice them back, and as they landed he would unfasten the lines and take possession of the fish caught in this novel manner.

On one occasion his indolence nearly cost him his life. He was employed with a number of others making preparations for the funeral of the Lovat of that day, who was buried at midnight in the family vault. Getting tired, as usual, of the work, Archie looked about for a chance of shirking, and conceived the happy idea of going into the open vault and taking a quiet rest, rightly conjecturing that it was the last place in which his comrades would look for him. Archie made himself comfortable in the darkest corner of the spacious vault, quite undisturbed by the gloomy associations of his surroundings. Whether the solemn stillness of the place, or the effects of the whisky with which all the labourers had been liberally supplied, was to blame, the fact remains that Archie had only been sitting quietly for a few minutes before his head drooped, then his eyes closed, and in five minutes he was sound asleep. Hour after hour passed by, and still he slept. The funeral cortege arrived, the masses were said, the anthems sung, the corpse of the deceased Lovat was laid in the vault, and the crowd dispersed, yet still Archie slept on. His disappearance caused no surprise among his companions, who supposed that he had, as usual, got tired and skulked home; but when, next day, his wife informed them that he had not been home, they began to think some accident must have befallen him. Search was made all round the neighbourhood; but as no one dreamt of going near the vault, of course the search was ineffectual.

For three days and three nights was the unsuccessful search kept up, and fears were entertained that poor Archie would never be seen again in the flesh, when quite unexpectedly his retreat was discovered by the vault being opened to allow the workmen to complete some arrangements inside.

One can fancy the consternation of the men on seeing, as they opened the door, the gaunt, half-famished Archie rush out with a terrific yell, his face deathly pale, with hollow cheeks and sunken eyes. The workmen fled panic-stricken, not recognising Archie in the wild figure which sprung frantically after them. Thus they all ran to the nearest house, where, the inmates not being so startled as the men, were collected enough to recognise Archie, who by this time had sunk on a seat, half-fainting from exhaustion. The scare over, Archie was attended to, and having partaken of a hearty meal, which he swallowed as ravenously as

a hungry wolf, he was enabled to go home to comfort his sorrowing wife and children.

This exploit of Archie's made a great talk in the district, and for a while he was quite the lion of the place, receiving a good deal of sympathy and assistance. He found it so very much more pleasant as well as profitable to be relating his wonderful adventure to deeply interested hearers, and living on the fat of the land, for the kindly simple-minded country folk seemed to think they could never feed him enough to make up for his enforced three days fast, that he grew lazier and more disinclined for steady work every day. The consequence was that when the excitement had blown over, and Archie had subsided into his original insignificance, his family were poorer and worse fed than ever.

Some little time afterwards his neighbours began to observe a difference both in his own appearance as well as in that of his wife and children. They grew plump and fat, and a most savoury smell of cooking was noticed issuing frequently from their cottage as though they fared sumptuously every day, yet to all appearance they were as poor as ever. Archie was as lazy, his croft as ill-tended and unproductive, and his children as ragged as usual. It was a puzzle which the good folks of the place set themselves to find out.

Occasionally one or another would drop in at Archie's cottage, as if by accident, just at dinner time, and of course would be asked to take a share of what was going. On their expressing admiration of the extra quality of the broth, and enquiring of what it was composed, Archie would lightly turn it off by saying it was a rabbit he had snared, or it was one of his wife's hens which had got its leg broken; but these excuses only served to excite the curiosity of the neighbours to a higher pitch, for well they knew that no snared rabbit nor broken-legged hen could make such rich and delicious broth. One honest wife, more ingenious than the rest, took the precaution secretly to examine the refuse thrown out of Archie's cottage, when she discovered not only bones of hens, but also of geese and turkeys, in profusion, and even those of some young animal, either lamb or kid. Her report of what she had discovered, confirmed and strengthened the suspicions which already existed, that all these dainties could not be honestly come by.

Archie was interviewed by some of his acquaintances, and taxed with theft, which accusation he indignantly repudiated; and, telling them to mind their own business, he stubbornly refused to gratify their curiosity as to the source from which he drew such a supply of dainties.

Baffled, yet fully convinced that some underhand work was going on, the neighbours talked more than ever. The rumour spread, losing nothing by repetition, until it reached the ears of the civil authorities, and one unlucky day poor Archie was apprehended, and taken before the nearest Justice of the Peace on a charge of stealing. There were plenty of witnesses to prove Archie's possession of articles of food, far beyond his power to procure honestly. And then he was called upon for his defence. To the surprise of all present Archie persisted in saying that he had come by the things honestly, and moreover that he had worked hard for them; and with an air of injured innocence complained of the unkindness of his neighbours in bringing such a charge against him, and defied them to prove that they had lost any of the articles they had accused him of stealing. The worthy Justice was puzzled. It was a peculiar case. Here was a man found in the daily consumption of food totally out of his power to buy, yet there was no one in the district complaining of being robbed; further, it was proved that Archie was never absent long enough from his home to enable him to steal these things from any distance, and as he firmly maintained his innocence, the magistrate had no option but to order his discharge.

After this episode poor Archie found his life anything but agreeable. All his acquaintances looked at him askance. They thought him a common, paltry thief, and accordingly looked upon him with undisguised contempt; for, with the strange moral obliquity peculiar to the Highlanders of a past generation, while they regarded as a hero the man who stole a score of cattle, they looked with infinite disdain on the humble thief who merely rifled hen-roosts and sheep-pens.

It was a hard time for Archie and his family. No one would employ him even if he was ever so industrious, and had it not been for his mysterious inexhaustible larder he and his family must have starved. His former associates shunned him, and his accusers grew bolder and more inveterate every day. Having

failed to prove him a thief, and yet wishing to account for the strange supply of provisions, the good folks began to whisper together and hint at witchcraft being at the bottom of the mystery. This idea being broached rapidly gained force, until at last the minister was spoken to about it and asked to investigate the scandal. The consequence was that Archie was summoned before the Presbytery to answer to the dreadful charge of being leagued with the evil one. Poor Archie was now in a sad plight. Though he was able to withstand the terrors of the law, he shrank affrighted from the (to him) far more terrible power of the Church, and reluctantly promised to show the source from whence he drew such plentiful supplies. He then proceeded, with the whole crowd of elders, deacons, and people, to the foot of a steep, high rock near his house, and pointing up to a certain place near the top, he exclaimed, "There is my secret; in that cleft there is an eagle's nest. I discovered it by accident, and climbed up to try for eggs. I found they were hatched, but I saw that the parent bird was busy getting food for her young brood. A fine turkey was lying dead in the nest, which she had just brought, and while she was absent I secured the turkey, which made us a splendid dinner. The idea then occurred to me, why should I not go again and obtain food? I did so, carefully watching when the old bird should be absent on her foraging excursions. Thus I obtained a constant supply of food of the best quality, although I had to climb that steep and rugged rock to get it; so it is quite true that I had to work hard for it."

This explanation satisfied every one. Archie had vindicated his character as an honest man, and he was at once reinstated in the good opinion of his neighbours. But, alas! "Othello's occupation's gone!" for whether the eagle had got tired of providing food of which she got no benefit, or whether she was frightened at her nest being discovered, or from some other reason, certain it is that she and her young brood took a moonlight flitting; and the next time Archie made his perilous ascent he found the eyrie desolate and empty. Thus he had to fall back upon his former plain and scanty fare, for which he had to work, and again became the butt of his comrades' homely, good-natured ridicule. Yet lazy Archie often said that he was far happier so than when he enjoyed plenty at the expense of the ill-will of his neighbours.

M. A. ROSE.

## MR JOHN MACKAY, C.E., ON THE SUTHERLAND EVICTIONS.

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In a recent issue we referred to Mr Mackay's excellent address before the Edinburgh Sutherlandshire Association. The reader will be glad to have an opportunity of perusing a portion of it at greater length. Referring to the "Sutherland Clearances," Mr Mackay said :—

We still helplessly condemn the fatuity that caused them. We hopelessly deplore the national blunder that permitted such barbaric acts to be perpetrated upon a generous, a loyal, and unoffending people, the most moral, the most religious population in the Highlands of Scotland, leaving the remnant of it that could not take itself away, struck and benumbed with a terror from which it has not yet recovered, and never will.—

Gus an till an gràdh 's an t-iochd
'S dual do athair thoirt d'a shliochd
'S gu'm faic na triath gur fearr na treun
Na milte uan am mile treud.

Thrust out of their ancient homes in fertile plains and sheltered valleys on to sterile hillsides, or equally sterile sea shores, to make new habitations for themselves, if they could or would, out of moory, mossy, heathery hillsides, or lead an amphibious life on sandy, rocky, stormy sea shores, without aid, without even encouragement being given or extended to them, to live or not to live, to dig or not to dig, to improve or not to improve, often without sufficient sustenance, need it be surprising that the population has dwarfed and dwindled away? The greater surprise is that it has not died out of existence altogether, and that it has in spite of oppression, repression, contumely, and neglect maintained itself as it has. Surely such facts as these speak volumes for the tenacity and morals of that people. What was the condition of the population thus treated in so barbarous a manner in a civilized country, vaunting so much of its civilization? I will give it you in the words of a Sutherland lady, put by her on record upwards of fifty years ago. She says—"I have of late frequently heard strangers coming amongst us express their surprise at the marked intelligence evinced by the old people of this district, devoid of any degree of early cultivation. To this it may be answered that the state of society was very different then from what it is now, progressively retrograding as it has been for the last few years, at least in this part of the country. At the time I allude to the lords, lairds, and gentlemen of the county not only interested themselves in the welfare and happiness of their clan and dependants, but they were always solicitous that their manners and customs and intelligence should keep pace with their personal appearance. The fact was the chief knew his clansmen, and it was deemed no inconsiderable part of duty in the higher classes of the community to elevate the minds as well as to assist in increasing the means of their humbler relatives and clansmen. I am aware that many unacquainted with the close ties of such a system argue largely that the distinction of rank appointed by God could not be maintained by such indiscriminate intercourse—still the habits of that day never produced a contrary effect. The chiefs here for many generations had been 'men fearing God and hating covetousness.' Iniquity was ashamed and obliged to hide its face. A dishonourable action excluded the guilty person from the invaluable privilege enjoyed by his equals in the kind notice and approbation of their superiors. Grievances of any kind were minutely inquired into and redressed, and the humble orders of the community had a degree of external polish and manly mildness of deportment in

domestic life that few of the present generation have attained to, much as has been said of modern improvements." That is a picture to you of the civilization and morality existing and reigning in Sutherland, and other districts of the Highlands, at the beginning of this century, before the dark and dread days of the evictions were seen or thought of, and it may be asked what was the result of such kind and considerate conduct on the part of chiefs, lords, and lairds? History has a ready reply. From 1760 to 1810, a period of only half a century, the Highlands of Scotland, under the regime which the Sutherland lady so graphically described, sent forth 80,000 of its best and bravest men to defend the country, and fight its battles, and when they did go forth, they restored the prestige of the country, retrieved its laurels, and brought victory to crown British banners in every quarter of the globe. There is not a village round Paris, nor round Brussels, which I have been in, and conversed with their oldest inhabitants, but still revere the conduct of these Highland soldiers, so different it was to that of the other regiments of the British army. Were this the time and place, I could keep you further relating anecdotes I gathered from French and Belgians of the grand "*soldats ecossais*," lambs in the house, lions in the field of battle. It was from that grand population in the Highlands, nurtured and reared in the way the Sutherland lady describes so truly, that those gallant, brave soldiers went forth in legions to conquer or to die. What has Sutherland itself done in that eventful period of our history, before sheep came to be of greater value in the estimation of lairds than a brave and loyal population of happy, contented, and hardy peasantry! In the '45 the chiefs of Sutherland had 2550 men under arms in the defence of the Throne and the country. In 1760, in the short space of nine days, 1100 Sutherland men responded to the call of their chiefs and served their country for four years. In 1777, when the country was in dire need of men, gallant and true, an equal number answered the call to arms, and served under their chiefs for five years. In 1794 the Sutherland chiefs again appealed to their clansmen, and 1800 men followed them into the field, Sutherlands and Mackays. These men, sons of crofters and tacksmen, behaved themselves in England, Ireland, and the Channel Islands in a manner that drew forth from commanding generals the highest enconiums for the good conduct and military bearing in quarters and in the field. General Lake, on his defeat by the French at Castlebar, said of the Mackay Regiment of Fencibles, "If I had my brave and honest Reays here this would not have happened." In 1800 the 93d Sutherland Highlanders was raised, 1000 strong; 800 of them were Sutherland men, and how that regiment comported itself whenever it had an opportunity of showing the stern stuff of which it was composed, its history nobly tells. In the Cape Colony all the Dutchmen spoke of it with raptures. By its conciliatory and gentle, and considerate conduct, it alleviated conquest to the conquered. Such were the sons and brothers of the evicted of Sutherland.—

"Where are they now? Tell us where are thy sons and daughters,
Sutherland! sad mother! no more in thy bosom they dwell;
Far, far away, they have found a new home o'er the waters,
Yearning for thee with a love that no language can tell.
Nimrods and hunters are now lords of the mount and forest.
Men but encumber the soil where their forefathers trod;
Tho' for their country they fought when its need was the sorest,
Forth they must wander, their hope not in man, but in God."

I need not enlarge upon this theme, but I may be permitted to ask what are loyalty and affection? Are they virtues to be held cheap by the country? It is said that

loyalty in the subject is the stability and safety of the throne, the palace, and the castle, but after all, loyalty and affection are simply the development of our best sentiments, which can be cultivated, which can be increased or diminished by kind or harsh treatment, by good or bad government, exactly as the Sutherland lady described in the past, and as we ourselves, most unfortunately, see in our own day in the Highlands and in Ireland—grievances unheeded and unredressed, till agitation and outrages bring them to the light of day. Then remedies more or less drastic have to be applied, and loud complaints heard of confiscation and cries for compensation. Was any compensation ever heard of for the evicted of the Highlands? Highlanders carried the spirit of loyalty with them even when evicted. They were proud of the sentiment, and maintained it, from the furnace of fire on the field of Culloden, so glorious to the vanquished, so humiliating to the conquerors, to the fires of the evictions and through them to the present day in spite of the divorce from their chiefs, in spite of the want of sympathy that might reasonably have been expected from chiefs whom they so implicitly trusted, and whom they so well served, little conscious of what was their own due for such elevated services, and in spite, too, of after neglect, harsh treatment, and want of any encouragement when the evil day overtook them. Greed of gold, love of display in the hearts and minds of Highland chiefs, led to the national disaster of the extirpation of the heroic population of the Highlands of seventy years ago, the boast and the pride of Scotland, the safety of England, and the terror of her foes. Shall we see its like again? No, not for another century or more. Wealth, with its concomitant vices—pride, luxury, tyranny, oppression, and disregard of the golden rule—lead to nihilism, socialism, communism, as it has led to the decline and fall of empires and kingdoms, ancient and modern. Well will it be for us and for themselves if our aristocracy and plutocracy, imitating the bright and grand example of the best and most beloved monarch that ever ruled the destinies of our country, to exercise the rights conferred upon them by the Crown, and by Acts of Parliament framed by themselves, that from them to us might flow a stream of affection, pure and unalloyed, and from us to them course its way back in veins of true loyalty and attachment, as a return for the proper exercise of duties implied and understood in the conferring of rights. This done and observed the throne and the castle are secure; this not done, both are insecure—a breath can unmake them, as a breath has made. Both are in danger of being swept away here as elsewhere, and in other countries.—

> Remember, man, the universal cause
> Acts not by partial, but by general laws.

The eternal law of right and justice to all classes and between all classes must ultimately prevail. The British Government is no longer at the dictation of the rich and powerful. Was not the great principle of National Education in Scotland rung from rapacious noblemen by John Knox? Was not political power wrenched from an unwilling oligarchy half a century ago? Has not free trade in corn been made the law of the land in spite of the opposition of the landed interest? Were not civil and religious freedom secured to us by the best blood of our countrymen, in the face of much opposition and bloodshed? Frequently evil is done by want of thought as much as by want of heart. I have attempted to describe what was the happy and contented condition of the Highland people, and the state of civilization that ruled at the beginning of this century, before the terrible change came that tore them from their homes, and thrust them out totally unprepared for such a dire catastrophe. Humanity shudders at the scene. Need it be surprising that a people so accustomed to gentle, kind,

considerate, and conciliatory treatment from former chiefs, were absolutely stunned by such a sudden and terribly revolutionary visitation. No wonder that the people reeled and staggered like ships caught in a storm and about to sink into an unknown abyss. Bowing to their fate with despair in their looks and terror in their hearts, without striking a blow in self-defence, or in the preservation of what they considered almost their own, they have not yet recovered from the shock, and never will, if left to the tender mercies of ruthless factors, strangers to them, ignorant of their language, their character, their capabilities, and their idiosyncrasies. These men in the past were, as we know, ruthless; they may be better now, yet many of them are still accused of exceeding their authority, and provoking the kindlier feelings of landlords from operating in favour of their ancient tenantry. The Highland crofter has been accused, is now accused, of indolence and want of industrious habits. What was? what is the premium offered him for industry? Where is there now, even in this day, an inducement held out to him to be industrious? The terror frequently inspired by factors unmans him. The fear of eviction and rent-raising represses him. Is this a state of things, a condition of tenantry worthy of Highland lords and lairds—worthy of the benign rule of Victoria? How different from the period when chiefs knew their men, lived amongst them, and guided them in the way they should go! No man may be more independent with generous and judicious treatment though comparatively poor, than the crofter on a good croft, with his horses, his cows, and his sheep, and his rent paid. He rightly considers himself placed in a situation and in a station of life and society far above the day labourer. Those who wish to see only two castes—capitalists and day labourers—may smile at this union of independence and comparative poverty; but it is established beyond a doubt that the opposite system has quenched the independent spirit of the Highlander, and it gives additional strength to the argument of those who object to the reduction of the agricultural population, and regret their removal to the centres of population and seats of industry, seats of misery, vice, and immorality. It would really appear that the eviction of rural populations, and forcing them to leave the country for the purpose of adding field to field, has brought about its own retribution at last. The evicted, after enduring severe hardships, many struggles, and untold misery, now produce a surplus, send it to this country, and thereby force down prices to an extent unequal to pay the rents exacted for large farms, thus showing that in the long run there is a compensation for all evils; and many regard the present condition of agricultural affairs as a retribution for past misdeeds.

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BLACK-MAIL.—In his "Gaelic Etymology," Dr Charles Mackay alludes to *mail* being from the Gaelic *màl*, rent, tax, tribute. The question is what is the derivation of *black*. Two or three centuries ago, when a drove of cattle was going south through the Highlands, it had to move along glens, and in doing so had to use the roads when any; these roads and bridges being kept up by the work of the local residents. Often by the roadside, fences would be either absent or defective, and the hungry cattle, making a rush at any growing crops, would in a few minutes do a good deal of damage. To pay for the use of the roads, and for the damage done to the crops, it would be only fair that some payment should be made by the owner of the drove. This would be most easily done by giving one or more of the cattle. What would be the best place to collect this tax. Not where the strath or glen was wide; but where it was at the narrowest. That spot would be where there was a pass. The Gaelic for pass is *Bealach*; this sounded quickly would soon become *Blach*; instead of sounding *ch* guttural, it, by corruption, was sounded like *k*. So that Black-Mail means the tax levied at the pass. Since the above custom was given over by Highlanders, the expression has got an unfavourable meaning.

THOMAS STRATTON, M.D.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF SCOTLAND.—At the last meeting of this Society, William Mackay, solicitor, and Hon. Secretary of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, was elected a Fellow.

THE ROYAL VOLUNTEER REVIEW, 1881.—We have had an opportunity recently of inspecting, in Mr Finlay Maciver's premises, Church Street, Inverness, two large and admirable representations in water-colour of the Royal Review of Volunteers held in Edinburgh in August last. Both pictures are painted by Mr Donnelly, the special artist of the *Illustrated London News*, and are to be reproduced in chromo-lithography by Messrs Paton & Sons, Edinburgh. One gives a view of the spectacle as seen from the comfortable quarters of the grand stand, which appears crowded with the beauty and fashion of Edinburgh. One of the Highland Regiments has just reached the saluting point, headed by a soldierly looking officer in whom we readily recognise the esteemed Colonel of the Inverness-shire Battalion, Cluny Macpherson of Cluny, C.B. The other picture represents the Review as seen from St Anthony's Chapel, and no better point could have been selected from which to convey an adequate idea of the immense number of troops and spectators assembled within the park and on the surrounding heights. This picture shows a wide extent of landscape under a wet and stormy sky, and a well painted foreground full of such incident as is only to be met with in a large crowd out for a holiday. Both pictures should find their way into the possession of all who take an interest in our volunteer army, and who can afford to pay the moderate sum charged for them.

DEATH OF THE *HIGHLANDER*.—The poor *Highlander*, after many vicissitudes, and notwithstanding its wonderful vitality, has at last been killed. It is nearly a year since it was reduced from a weekly to a monthly issue, and in the latter form only one number of it has appeared since November 1881. It is now in course of being again wound up, circulars having been issued as we write asking creditors to assent to a trust-deed for their general behoof. Every true Highlander will regret this, for no newspaper property was ever started in the North of Scotland with equal prospects of success. Highlanders felt the necessity of having a newspaper of their own, and they supported Mr Murdoch's venture to an extent and in a manner which, under anything approaching rational management, would have made the paper a decided success in every respect, and secured a liberal competency, if not a fortune, for its proprietor. At one time it had a large and influential circulation, and it was well advertised; but latterly it became much more Irish than Highland, and the result is what we have just stated. A sketch of its origin, struggling career, and final collapse would prove not only interesting but highly instructive, and at the same time establish beyond a doubt that a splendid field existed for a paper specially devoted to Highland interests, if properly conducted. Its very name was at one time a valuable property, but we fear that long ago any virtue that was in it has, in consequence of its extreme views and its general mismanagement, for ever taken wings. When we entered the field seven years ago the *Gael*, the *Highlander*, and the *Highland Pioneer* were in their glory, patting each other on the back. While the last two were busy dealing us clumsy but ineffectual kicks, the first gave us the cold shoulder by completely ignoring our existence. Since then the *Glasgow Highlander*, *Bratach na Firinn*, and the *Highland Echo* appeared on the scene and went their way; and now we are left alone, the sole occupants of the Celtic field, *mar Ossian an deigh na Foinne*, daily gaining ground in circulation and influence.

GAELIC TEACHING IN CUMBRAE.—We congratulate the inhabitants of the island of Cumbrae on the recent settlement in their midst of a practical enthusiast in Celtic literature, in the person of the Rev. W. A. Gordon Macpherson, of St Andrew's Episcopal Church. This gentleman, who, until recently, resided in England, is the present representative of the Macphersons of Pitchern, and a relative of our friend, the most popular chief perhaps in the Highlands, Colonel Cluny Macpherson of Cluny, C.B. It is therefore only natural that Mr Macpherson should be a genuine admirer and supporter of everything Celtic. Only a few weeks ago he started a Gaelic class, in which he has already some forty pupils, and the number is steadily increasing. Twice a week he conducts a night school for English-speaking pupils, and the intention is, in May next, to give a sum of money, amounting to between £30 and £40, in prizes sufficiently large to stimulate good competition. One or two of our best Celtic scholars will be chosen as examiners, and it is intended at the same time to give a popular concert. The Earl of Glasgow and several other noblemen and gentlemen have already subscribed handsomely to the prize fund, and we warmly urge upon those who can afford it to encourage the good work in which Mr Macpherson is engaged by following their excellent example.

## SECOND-HAND BOOKS WANTED AND FOR SALE.

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IN future we shall grant space, not exceeding one page a month, *free of charge*, to subscribers, for the intimation of Second-hand Books, wanted or for sale, in any way connected with the History, Language, Literature, Traditions, and Folk-lore of the Celtic Races. The lowest cash price must be stated; the cost of carriage or postage in all cases to be paid in advance by the seller, or deducted by the buyer from the price. *No names will be published.*

WANTED.—The following works, or any of them:—Wood's Douglas's Peerage; Douglas's Baronetage; a complete set of The New Statistical Account for Scotland; The New Statistical Account for the County of Inverness; Historical and Genealogical Account of the Macdonalds of Clanranald: Edinburgh, 1819; Memoir of Sir Ewen Cameron of Lochiel; Highland Society's Gaelic and English Dictionary; Armstrong's do., do.; Smibert's History of the Highland Clans; Skene's Highlanders of Scotland, 2 vols., 1837; The Transactions of the Iona Club; Clerk's Memoir of Colonel Cameron of Fassifern; No. III. and Vol. I. of the *Celtic Magazine*. State *lowest* cash price to Publishers of *Celtic Magazine*, Inverness.

FOR SALE.—Dr Maclauchlan's Early Scottish Church, 10s 6d; Mrs Grant of Laggan's Poems, 3s; Seanachie's History of the Macleans, good copy (without maps), 21s; Fullarton's History of the Highland Clans and Regiments, new edition, 2 vols., strongly bound, in good condition, 30s; Original edition do., do., 4 vols., containing the Stewart Papers, Plates, &c., &c., slightly spotted and 1 plate of arms cut out, 15s; Marchant's History of the Rebellion of 1745, published in 1746, 5s 6d; Stewart's Collection of Gaelic Poems, fine copy, original boards, 10s 6d; Thoughts on the Descent and Origin of the Gael, with Observations relative to the Authenticity of Ossian, by James Grant of Corriemony, good copy, original boards, 10s 6d; Book of the Club of True Highlanders, by C. N. Macintyre North, recently published, new, strongly bound in half-calf, the plates mounted on linen bands, £4 4s—publishers present price, £5 5s; Spalding's Troubles in Scotland, original edition, 2 vols., 12s 6d; Shaw's History of the Province of Moray, new edition, brought down to date, by J. F. S. Gordon, author of the "Scotochronicon," "Monasticon," &c., 3 handsome vols. for 30s—publishers present price to non-subscribers, 50s.

THE

# CELTIC MAGAZINE.

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## BISHOP CARSWELL AND HIS TIMES.

By the Rev. JOHN DEWAR, B.D., Kilmartin.

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### III.

IN order that we may see how eminently fitted Carswell was to be the pioneer of the Gospel amongst his fellow-countrymen let us glance at his previous history. Most of the notices that survive are given by Dr Maclauchlan in the Introduction to the Gaelic Translation of John Knox's Liturgy. We find his name enrolled amongst the alumni of the University of St Andrews as early as 1541 as attending the College of St Salvator, the oldest college of the mother University of Scotland, endowed in 1456 by the good Bishop Kennedy. The masters and students lived within the walls of the College, and John Carswell, says Wodrow, took in that year his degree of B.A. He would, according to the custom of those times, go through a course of dialectics, mathematics, and physics, and form an acquaintance with the fathers and schoolmen of the Christian Church—he became "laureat and graduat in philosophy;" in other words he took his degree of M.A. in 1544. St Andrews was the archiepiscopal See of Scotland, an ancient seat of learning, an important and flourishing city, and from this, the centre of papal jurisdiction in Scotland, the Reformation made its appearance. John Knox was teaching there in 1542, and about that time he seems to have avowed his renunciation of Romanism, and about the same time (1543) the people

got liberty to read the Bible in an approved Scots or English translation, and public proclamation was made of the Act in all the chief towns; and John Knox says that the Bible was read to a great extent in Scotland. George Wishart too had come about this time to proclaim the Gospel fearlessly to his countrymen. "Then might have been seen the Bible," says Knox, "lying upon almost every gentleman's table. The New Testament was borne about in many men's hands." No doubt Cardinal Beaton, the great enemy of the Reformation, would do all he could to prevent the liberty amongst the students, but the seeds of the Reformation were very generally disseminated amongst them and throughout the whole country. One of John Carswell's abilities and penetration could not fail to catch the spirit of the times. After completing his course at St Andrews, he joined Lennox in his flight to England—and here, of course, he would find the Reformation principles prevailing everywhere. Still he does not seem to have broken with the Romish Church, for we find that he was soon afterwards acting in the capacity of treasurer of his native diocese. This was an important office, giving him the custody of the sacred vessels, vestments, and ornaments of the Cathedral Church, the charge and custody of the various revenues. His next office was that of Rector of his native parish. The old Castle of Kilmartin is said to have been the residence of the Rectors, so that they must have lived in the same style as the powerful barons. Besides the Church of Kilmartin, Carswell, as Rector, had the charge of two old chapels, the Chapel of Kilbride at Lochgair, and the Chapel of Kilmachumaig at Loch Crinan. He was also Chaplain to the Earl of Argyll. In addition to the Parish of Kilmartin, of which we meet with him as Rector as early as 1553, we find that in 1558 Sir George Clapperton, Chancellor of the Chapel Royal, granted the rectory of the parish of Kingarth in Bute, and that of South Wick, to Mr John Carswell, parson of Kilmartin; and a distinguished knight, Sir John Mac-Vurarthie served the cure of Kingarth, as vicar under Carswell, during his life-time. Carswell was afterwards promoted to be Chancellor of the Chapel Royal at Stirling. The Chapel Royal was a richly endowed foundation erected by Pope Alexander VI. in the time of King James the IV. The Dean at this time was Alexander Gordon, Bishop of Galloway, known also as Arch-

bishop of Athens. He had been appointed to the See of the Isles in 1553, and transferred from that to the See of Galloway in 1558, and he was one of the few bishops who joined the Reformation party. As Chancellor of the Chapel Royal Carswell would have the oversight of all schools, particularly the school at Stirling attached to the Chapel Royal. Stirling had showed itself zealous in the cause of Reformation, and as we find the Dean and the Chancellor joining the Reformation party, we may well believe that amongst all classes there was an earnest longing for it. Knox's final return to Scotland was in May 1559, and by August 1560 the work of the Reformer was crowned with success, and the Reformation virtually established in Scotland. John Carswell was in 1560 nominated as Superintendent of Argyle by the congregation assembled in the Great Kirk at Edinburgh; but the proviso was added, "unless the countries whereto they (the superintendents) were appointed could, in the meantime, find out men more able and sufficient, or else show such cause as might make them unable for that dignity." The election had to be carried through by the common consent of lords, barons, ministers, elders, and all others common people present for the time, who were all cited to the place of election (the most central church of the diocese) to assist in the election, and by their votes to consent to it, or else to object to the life and doctrine of the person nominated. He must therefore have already given singular proofs of his eminent qualifications to be the overseer of the Reformed Church in his native diocese. It is not too much to say that he was learned and accomplished, in the highest sense of the word. John Row, the Reformer, an alumnus of St Andrew and contemporary of Carswell, who was afterwards appointed Superintendent of Galloway, while minister of Perth, took charge of the education of gentlemen and noblemen's children who were boarded with him—at school and in the fields they spoke nothing but Latin, and nothing was spoken in his house but French. The portions of Scripture read in the family, if out of the Old Testament, was read in Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, and English, and the New Testament was read in Greek, Latin, French, and English, and the stipend of this accomplished and learned divine was £16 13s 4d and one chalder of white oats; and when one thinks of the awful picture that Mr

Buckle and Lord Macaulay draw of the unkempt savages that were to be found in our barbarous Highland glens, one would almost incline to the belief that a man of Carswell's attainments must have dropped from the skies instead of having been reared amongst the barbarous Celts. But—

Insolens, andax, facinus nefandum--

it is not too much to say that in spite of Lord Macaulay's well-rounded periods and Mr Buckle's elegant caricatures, the truth must sooner or later prevail. The colouring of all these descriptions is superb and the fancy sublime and the diction faultless. But we should remember that the "Fertile Fancy" of the 19th century can, with equal plausibility, clothe in cartoon the venerable principal of a University, a learned and eloquent divine, with "a tartan kilt and a tartan plaid," and has even ventured to pourtray the premier in the capacity of Hero of the Midlothian campaign, as "ane wild Hielandman," whose brag it was—

All my opponents to grief I bring
With my oratorical Highland fling;
I'd a desperate fight with the bold Buccleuch,
And tried to teach him a thing or two;
For the land of bag-pipes and coarse oatmeal,
I hailed in my speech as *the land o' the leal*;
And there my eloquence was repaid
By an ounce of snuff and some yards of plaid.

The truth is, though, as Dr Cunningham remarks in the St Giles' Lectures, "our Highland glens were regarded then as Siberia is now among the Russians, or as Botany Bay was lately among ourselves," as the Duke of Argyll says in his "Essay on the Ecclesiastical History of Scotland, "The intense excitement occasioned by the circulation of new ideas, the desire of knowledge, and the paramount interest of religious movement produced at that time the closest intercourse between the most distant parts of Europe. The communion of mind was quick and powerful, more than we can well conceive, for whom the improvements of physical science have not done more than was effected by those strong incitements," and the excitement was felt even in the Highlands, which must claim no inglorious share in the Reformation.

The commission given to the Superintendents by the Assembly was to plant kirks, preach, visit kirks, schools, and colleges,

to suspend, deprive, transplant ministers, to confer vacant benefices, to procure the eradication of all monuments of idolatry in the provinces or bounds assigned them. They had also to hold a Synod in the province twice a year, and they had to appear to be tried by the General Assembly, and to report their diligence. They had also jurisdiction in all cases of discipline, the civil and spiritual jurisdiction not being very well defined and distinguished from each other at the time. Carswell laboured under a serious disadvantage, inasmuch as the Gaelic was almost exclusively spoken in his province, and there was as yet no Gaelic Bible. The Bible, which was the favourite version of Puritans and Presbyterians, was the Genevan Bible—the translation of the English refugees who had fled to Geneva from persecution. It was printed in 1557, and is better known as the Breeches Bible from its rendering of Genesis iii. 7. "Then the eyes of them both were opened, and they knew that they were naked, and they sewed fig-leaves together and made themselves *breeches*." The Church, however, early provided a service book for the guidance of ministers and exhorters and readers; it contained forms of prayer for public worship, for marriage, visitation of the sick, for the administration of the sacraments, and an Act of Assembly ordained that every minister, reader, and exhorter should have one of these books. This Act was passed towards the end of the year 1564, and on the 24th day of April 1567 a Gaelic translation of this prayer-book, commonly called John Knox's Liturgy, was printed in Edinburgh and put into circulation. The translator was Mr John Carswell, Bishop of the Isles. It is difficult to estimate the merits of this work—the first Gaelic book ever printed—aright. Carswell candidly confesses that he was deficient in his knowledge of the Gaelic language and in his power of writing it. He says—"I never acquired any knowledge of the Gaelic except as one of the people generally." He says that many would therefore "mock his little work, because that the language wants the polish of the poets, and because the words want force." He had to contend with a further difficulty—"the printer had not one word of Gaelic, but printed by chance or by guess." Thus Carswell makes no pretensions to any excellence in his execution of the work, yet let us apply a test which will show the merits of the translation. Carswell translates the Lord's prayer and the creed, &c. I have by me a translation of the

Confession of Faith by the Synod of Argyll in 1725—the edition in my possession is the third edition of this book, printed in 1757—and annexed to it are the Lord's prayer and the creed, &c. I shall write the Lord's prayer in parallel columns as we find it in Carswell's Liturgy of 1567, and in the edition of the Confession of Faith :—

LORD'S PRAYER.

| *Carswell, 1567.* | *Confession, 1757.* |
|---|---|
| Ar Nathairne atá ar neamh | Ar Nathairne ata air neamh |
| Go mo beandaigthe hainm | Go ma beannuighte hainmsa |
| Go dtí-dtí dod ríghe | Gu dtigeadh do Rioghachdsa |
| Goma denta do thoil adtalmhuin | Deantar do thoilse air dtalmhuin |
| Mar atá ar neamh | Mar ata air neamh |
| Tabhair dhúinn aniu | Tabhair dhuinn a niugh |
| ar naran laitheamhail | ar naran laetheamhail |
| agus maith dhúinn ar bfiacha | agus maith dhuinne ar bhfiacha |
| amhail mhaithmaoidne | anhail mhaithmuid |
| dar bfeicheamhnuibh | dar bhfeicheamhnuibh |
| agus na leig a mbuaidhreadh sind | agus na leig a mbuaidhreadh sinn |
| acht saór sind ó olc | Acht saor sinn o olc |
| óir is leatsa an ríghe | oir is leatsa an rioghachd |
| aneart agas a ngloir | agus an cumhachd agus an ghloir |
| tré bhióth sior. | gu siorruidh. |

I might institute comparisons in the same way between the Apostles' Creed and the Ten Commandments to show conclusively that the powerful mind of Carswell stereotyped the very expressions of the articles of faith of his fellow-countrymen, and that the generations for 200 years after his time could not improve on the very words, many of which, in the absence of any printed authorities, he had to coin.

Carswell's influence has transmitted itself in another direction. In the absence of Bibles, there was no more effectual method of disseminating religious truth than by means of spiritual songs. Carswell composed several, and his verses were long cherished, and cheered the hearts and supported the drooping spirits of many a weary pilgrim in their seasons of trial and sorrow. One of these, his advice to his son, has come down through oral tradition to our own century. He endeavours in it to wean his son from the vanities of the world and fix his heart on the good of his soul and on the necessity of making provision for the solemn hour of death. It is a piece of great beauty and tenderness, and shows, as Dr Maclauchlan well remarks, that "Carswell

had considerable poetical gifts." He seems, too, to have given an impulse to others. Kennedy in his book gives some specimens of the spiritual poetry of one Mac-an-Leora, or Dewar, who flourished about the middle of the next century, and who composed many hymns, elegies, and laments. Two of his laments, which were composed on Argyll after his martyrdom, were long current in the district, "which," says Kennedy, "I heard sung, when I was very young, before I was taught to read or write; the peculiar tone of the laments with that deep and pathetic melody the tone conveyed caused me to shed tears along with the person who sung them." This Dewar lived at Fionnchairn, at the west end of Lochawe, in the immediate neighbourhood of Kilmartin. And for long after the Reformation there was more of religious poetry to be met with within the bounds of the Synod of Argyle than in any other part of the Highlands.

The spirit of Carswell seems to have animated his successors. His successor in the diocese of Argyle seems to have been Neil Campbell, who was also parson of Kilmartin, which was his native parish. It is a pity that we have so little authentic information about the state of Argyleshire at that time; but even contemporaries seemed to know little of what was going on there. In 1586 we find the significant entry in the minutes of the General Assembly—"The Bishops of Argyle and Isles to be subject to attend on Assembly, otherwise they are as in another dominion, which is prejudicial both to the King and Kirk." And even as late as 1596 the Assembly had no information as to the state of the Kirks of Argyle and the Isles, there seem to have been no Presbyteries within the bounds, though the rest of Scotland had been divided into Presbyteries. Still in that clever lampoon on the Bishops published in Neil Campbell's time he is honourably mentioned. I shall only give the last verse of the lampoon :—

Arva Caledonius fraterni ruminat agri
Rarus adis parochos O Catanaee tuos.
Solus in Argadüs praesul meritissimus oris
Vera Ministerii symbola solus habet.

Englished thus at the time :—

By chance Dunkel has lighted so
That Jacob he would bee;
But, O, good Catnes, when comes thow
Thy flock to teach or see?

For life and doctrine they may al
Resigne it to Argill,
So faith has left the Lowland clean,
Gone to the hills a while.

Over the doorway of an old roofless caibeal or burying-place in the churchyard of Kilmartin there is a rude inscription which seems to mark the grave of the good Neil Campbell:—

1627.
HEIR . LYIS . MR
NEIL . CAMBEL
AND . CRISTIANE . C.

And he alone of all the Bishops seems to have retained the confidence of the Presbyterian element in the Church, as another lampoon has it concerning this Bishop in his time,

Unus at hic Christi, caetera pars Satanae.
"Of thir one truelie preaches Christ,
The rest are divilish seed."

It would thus appear that the labours of Carswell had proved eminently useful and profitable to his native diocese, and the fire which he had kindled continued to burn brightly long after his death. *(To be Continued.)*

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GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS—ELECTION OF HONORARY CHIEFTAINS.—At a recent meeting the Rev. Dr Thomas Maclauchlan, F.S.A. Scot.; Sheriff Nicolson, LL.D.; and Mr Colin Chisholm, ex-President of the Gaelic Society of London, were unanimously elected Honorary Chieftains of the Society. This is the highest honour at the disposal of the members, and, under Rule III. of the Constitution, can only be conferred on "distinguished men" in the Celtic cause, "to the number of seven." The honour has been conferred on Drs Maclauchlan and Nicolson in recognition of their valuable literary labours in the Celtic field, and on Mr Chisholm on the more general ground of his many services to the same cause in London and Inverness, which include no inconsiderable amount of good work in our own pages and elsewhere. The other Honorary Chieftains are—Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie of Gairloch, Bart.; Professor John Stuart Blackie; Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, F.S.A. Scot., M.P.; and Colonel Cluny Macpherson of Cluny, C.B. At the same meeting a paper by Captain Macra Chisholm of Glassburn, on the Antiquity of Tartan; and a beautiful elegy on the late Rev. Alexander Macgregor, M.A., were read to the members, for both of which the authors were cordially thanked. We shall probably publish the Elegy in an early issue.

## THE WITCH AND THE CRIPPLE TAILOR.

—o—

MANY years ago there lived in a solitary but beautiful Highland glen, a strong, fierce-looking old woman, who had the name of being well posted up in witchcraft, and accused of being in full communion with the dark spirits abroad. Every accident or misfortune that happened to either man or beast was laid to this old woman's charge. Altogether, she was an object of fear and terror in the locality. Old Christy (as she was commonly called) lived in a small, thatched cottage, beside a roaring brook, at the upper end of the glen, and at a respectable distance from all the other dwellings of the place. Late travellers often maintained that they met her crossing the moor, between the late and early, not in human shape, but in that of a hare or goat, as it was firmly believed in those days that witches possessed the power of transforming themselves into various characters, and of assuming the outward appearance of several animals. Christy could enjoy a glass of good whisky or a pinch of snuff as well as any Highlander in the country.

And, with all her other peculiarities, she was exceedingly fond of nuts. She always had a bag of well-dried nuts hanging near her fire-place, on account of which she was familiarly known throughout the country as *Caileach nan cnò*. But at long last she took very unwell, and her trouble was very likely to prove fatal, and finish her earthly career. And in case of being taken unawares, she called her friends to her bedside, and laid down a long programme before them, as to the shape and quality of her death-shroud and coffin, the number of people to be at her funeral, and the amount of whisky to be consumed on that occasion. She also gave them strict instructions that they would be sure to bury her bag of nuts at her head in the churchyard.

Her friends had no hesitation as to her future abode, and after her death they acted up to the letter of the foregoing programme, because they were not sure, on account of her long and friendly relations with "Auld Nick," but he might grant her a special license to visit them in a much less agreeable form than she had been in the habit of doing.

But there lived a certain plucky young man in the place who had not much faith in the old lady's strength of character. He also was very fond of nuts, and he thought to himself that it was a pity to allow the good nuts to waste in the grave at the old woman's head. Acting up to this impulse he made up his mind to lift the nuts, and accordingly, when the rest of the family retired for the night, he took his spade upon his shoulder and made for the churchyard. It was a very dark night, and when he was approaching his destination, he accidentally met a bad character, a man who had the name of being a sheep-stealer, and they came so close upon one another in the dark that they could not retract.

"Hallo," said the sheep-stealer to the young fellow, "where are you going at this time of night with your spade?"

"Well," said the young fellow, "it does not matter much where I am going, but I know perfectly well where you are going; you are going to steal a sheep, and as both of us happen to be in a queer predicament, I'll tell you where I am going. I am going to lift the old woman's nuts, and if you give me half the sheep you steal, I'll give you half the nuts."

"Very good," said the sheep-stealer, "I am quite willing that we share the spoil between us."

"Be off, then," said the young fellow, "and I'll sit in the churchyard cracking the nuts till you return."

We shall now take a short farewell of the young fellow and the sheep-stealer, and have a look at the "Cripple tailor." The tailor was quite a character in the place, particularly on account of his inexhaustible stock of old stories. He had no strength in his limbs, but he was in the habit of using a small board under each knee and under each hand, and in that manner he would walk, or rather crawl, from house to house wherever he had work to do.

On this particular night he happened to be working at a house not more than sixty yards' distance from the churchyard; and as usual on such occasions, the house was full of eager listeners. The tailor was at his best, describing the strange proceedings of witches, fairies, and ghosts. At last, one of the party asked for a drink of water, and there did not happen to be any water in the house at the time. But one of the young men

present volunteered to go to the well, which was only about six yards from the gate of the churchyard. When our young friend was approaching it he heard a nut cracked. He stood and listened, and heard the second cracked. He did not wait to hear a third. He ran home, his eyes almost jumping out of their sockets, and in a very excited manner declared "that the old woman was sitting in the churchyard cracking the nuts at the hardest."

The effect of this speech was a burst of laughter from the whole company. He was called an old wife himself, an ass, a coward, and such like. A second hero went with manly step and firm resolution, but, exactly like his former friend, when he was approaching the well he heard a nut cracked. He stood and heard the second crack quite distinctly. Nor was more evidence required; he ran home like a madman, and swore by all the powers above and below, that Christy was there most certainly and no mistake.

"Well," said the cripple tailor, "I have been in many a part of the globe, but I declare that I never came across such a houseful of cowards as you fellows are. If I had the use of my limbs, I would bring home a bucket of water, though all the old women in the churchyard were sitting up and cracking nuts."

"Well, my friend," said a big sturdy sailor, sitting right opposite the tailor, "I'll carry you on my back."

"Come on, then," said the tailor.

The cripple tailor took a firm hold of the bucket in his hand; the big fellow got him on his back, and off they went. But exactly like their former friends, when nearing the well, they heard a nut crack.

"Did you hear that?" said the sailor.

"Yes," said the tailor, "I heard that."

"Shall I go on with you?" said the sailor.

"Yes," said the tailor, "you'll go a bittie yet."

They heard the second nut crack. "Did you hear that?" said the sailor.

"Ye-yes," said the tailor, "I heard that; I'm afraid she's there."

"Shall I go on with you?" answered the sailor.

"Yes," said the tailor, "you'll go a small bittie yet."

By this time the young fellow was wearying that his friend of the sheep was not coming, and he stood up in the churchyard

to see if there were any signs of him. When he saw the sailor approaching with the cripple tailor on his back, he concluded at once that it was his friend with the sheep, and in a deep, strong voice he roared, "Is he fat?"

"Fat or lean," said the sailor, and at the same time, suiting his action to his word, he took hold of the cripple tailor by the back—"Fat or lean," said he, "there he is to you," pitching the poor tailor right into the churchyard.

The big sailor took to his heels, and the cripple tailor arrived home after him, bespattered with mud and mire, without bucket or water; and if not a wiser man, he certainly was a much less bouncing hero than before he left.

EDINBURGH. N. MACLEOD.

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## TO MRS CAROLINE CHISHOLM, "THE EMIGRANTS' FRIEND."

—o—

THE following lines were composed by Mr Robert Lowe, now Lord Sherbrooke, to Mrs Chisholm, and they appeared in the *Sydney Spectator* of 28th February 1846. Many of our readers will now peruse them with pleasure:—

The guardian angel of her happy sex,
Whom no fatigue could daunt, no crosses vex;
With manly reason, and with spirit pure,
Crowned with the blessings of the grateful poor;
For them with unrepining love she bore
The boarded cottage and the earthen floor,
The sultry day in tedious labour spent,
The endless tale of whining discontent;
Bore noonday's burning sun and midnight's chill,
The scanty meal, the journey lengthening still;
Lavish'd her scanty store on their distress,
And sought no other guerdon than success.
Say, ye who hold the balance and the sword,
(Into your lap the wealth of nations pour'd)
What have you done with all your hireling brood,
Compared with her the generous and the good?
Much ye receive, and little ye dispense,
Your alms are paltry and your debts immense.
Your toil's reluctant—freely hers is given;
You toil for earth, she labours still for Heaven.

# THE SCULPTURED STONES OF ROSS AND CROMARTY.

By Captain COLIN MACKENZIE, F.S.A. Scot.

## VII.

NEXT to the mirror and comb, as I said, is the figure of a mounted female. She sits upon what appears to be a kind of side-saddle, and she holds the reins in her right hand. She faces the near side of the horse, and the feet are represented close together and apparently covered with shoes, but no stirrup is visible. Her hair falls in plaits on each side of her head, her dress reaches to her feet, and a pleated plaid goes round her shoulders, crosses her breast, and falls down on each side nearly to the skirt of her dress. Between her two hands she holds a circular object, perhaps some description of hat. Abreast of her horse on the off side is another horse, but, as the female figure intervenes, no rider is visible. Behind the female figure is a dog, apparently in the act of springing; and behind that again two footmen, standing, and blowing long horns. They are dressed in tunics descending to just below the knee, and pleated plaids pass round their shoulders, cross their breasts, and fall to the ground on either side. Their hair is worn long behind, and the horns which they blow resemble those of the existing Highland cattle, but seem larger. Owing to the abrasion of parts of the Hilton slab, Dr Stewart's sketch does not exactly define the position in which these horns are held, but, from a photograph in my possession, I am of opinion that it is with their convex sides uppermost. Two nearly similar trumpeters, but only holding their horns in the opposite manner, are found on the Aberlemno cross (No. 3), together with horsemen and hounds in pursuit of deer. These trumpeters upon the Hilton and Aberlemno stones are therefore nothing more nor less than the "venatores tubicinantes" (the horn-blowing hunters), regarding whom—together with unclean apes, fierce lions, &c.—St Bernard cautioned William, Abbot of Thierry, in the twelfth century, and denounced their appearance in Christian sculpture. The horn was used by our ancestors both in the chase and in war. An armed horseman, blowing a horn, appears upon a stone at Dunkeld, and three pedestrian horn-blowers are seen in the

battle scene depicted on "Sueno's Stone," or the cross at Forres.*

* We learn from the Bible that trumpets were used at festivities, to give alarms, to assemble troops, to summon cities, and to produce panics, as in the case of Gideon. Some of these undoubtedly must have been simply made from the horns of oxen, like those used in various parts of the East at the present day. It was when the priests blew upon the trumpets of ram's horns that the walls of Jericho fell down. Horns were used for purposes of giving alarms as well as striking the shield, and for gathering calls and challenging among the Celts. Ossian (in Temora) describes Fingal and Cathmor recalling their troops by the sound of the horn, and Dermid challenging Foldath to single combat by blowing a blast on his father's horn and striking his shield thrice. Armstrong (*Gael. Dict.*) quotes—Corn caismeachd an righ, *the king's sounding horn.* Mr Dauney in his charming and exhaustive introduction to the *Ancient Scottish Melodies* says :—"With the ancient inhabitants of Scotland, whether Picts or Celts, Saxons or Scandinavians, we believe that the horn was perhaps the oldest military instrument. 'In battle (says Pinkerton, speaking of the Scandinavian nations) the horn was chiefly used down to the fourteenth century.'" The horn is frequently noticed in the Sagas, but one quotation from Olaf tryggvison's Saga will suffice for the present purpose, and I shall give it from Longfellow's poetical adaptation :—

"'Sound the horns!' said Olaf the King;
And suddenly through the drifting brume
The blare of the horns began to ring.

. . . . . .

Louder and louder the war-horns sang
Over the level floor of the flood;
All the sails came down with a clang.

. . . . . .

Louder the war-horns growl and snarl,
Sharper the dragons bite and sting!
Eric, the son of Hakon Jarl,
A death-drink salt as the sea
Pledges to thee,
Olaf the King!"

Mr Dauney continues :—"Many delineations of this instrument are to be found among Strutt's illustrations of the ancient Anglo-Saxon manners and customs, and many of the horns themselves are still extant. They generally united the purposes of a drinking cup with those of an instrument for the emission of sound." Mr Macintyre North, in his *Book of the C'lub of True Highlanders*, has figured several old Celtic horns, one of which, with an ornamented rim, and formed of plates of bronze, greatly resembles the shape of the horns of the stones. He also quotes from the *Book of Aneurin* :—"The horn given thee by Urien with the wreath of gold around its rim, blow in it if thou art in danger. . . . . Around are heard the curved horns." From the fact of the curved horns being mentioned, I believe that Urien's gift was an ox horn surmounted with gold, and that the horns depicted on the standing stones were of the same description. I have a curious sounding-horn in my own possession, formed of a cow's horn, ornamented, and bearing the date 1587. It has a pin to screw into and close the mouthpiece, and thus convert it into a drinking horn. Mr Dauney further writes :—"With our Scottish troops, in former times, it was customary for every man in the host to carry a horn 'slung round his neck, in the manner of hunters,' the blasts of which,

Below the female figure and the trumpeters are the figures of two mounted Pictish warriors, whose horses move at an ambulant pace, in the same direction as that of the female figure, viz., from

together with the furious yells with which they were accompanied, not only served to drown the cries of the wounded and dying, but sometimes struck terror into the enemy. That the Scots were more than usually expert at these practices, we have the testimony of Froissart in several of his descriptions. One occasion of their employing these horns was within their encampments at night; as the same historian tells us, in detailing the particulars of Edward III.'s first expedition against the Scots. 'They made immense fires, and about midnight, such a blasting and noise with their horns, that it seemed as if all the devils from hell had been there.' This was a night in August 1337; and the following evening it appears that the performance was repeated. Barbour, in his 'Bruce,' alludes to the same custom :—

'For me to morne her, all the day
Sall mak as mery as we may:
And mak us boun agayn the nycht,
*And than ger mak our fyrs lycht;*
*And blaw our hornys*, and mak far,
As all the warld our awne war.'"

Polybius (B. ii. c. 2) describes the advance of the Gauls against the Romans as follows :—"*For, besides their horns and trumpets, the number of which was almost infinite*, the whole army broke out together into such loud and continued cries, that the neighbouring places everywhere resounded, and seemed to join their voices with the shouts and clamour of the instruments and soldiers." The Bible tells us of Gideon's stratagem for defeating the Midianites, in Judges vii. 20 :—"And the three companies blew the trumpets, and brake the pitchers, and held the lamps in their left hands, and the trumpets in their right hands to blow withal: and they cried, The sword of the Lord and of Gideon." Trumpets and fires were also used as warning signals, as we read in Jeremiah vi. 1 that the children of Benjamin are warned to "blow the trumpet in Tekoa, and set up a sign of fire in Beth-haccarem: for evil appeareth out of the north, and great destruction." In the Orkneyinga Saga, when Swein Aslief's son sees a large number of foes coming in the gloaming to burn him in his house, he and his men run to a neighbouring hill and from thence defend themselves. "They had a horn which they sounded." The country people rally to the call and the enemy are beaten off. The word used in the Saga is *lúdr*, and the signal horn of the Shetland fishermen is to this day called by them the "ludr-horn." Only recently, during the trouble in the South of Ireland, horns have been blown during the day and fires lighted by night to summon the peasantry to resist evictions. Truly, history repeats itself. Representations of the horn are to be found both in Egyptian and Assyrian art. Allusions to what Wordsworth calls the "wreathed horn" of Triton—the conch shell—are common to both Greek and Latin poets. Dr Smith thinks that the Lat. *cornu* (Gr. κερας) was originally made of horn, The horn plays an important part in all Aryan mythological traditions, from Hindostan to Scandinavia. The "bugle-horn" pervades our heroic ballads, just as the "stock-horn" and shepherd's pipe do our lyric poetry. Pope perhaps did not fully calculate the effect of his truism when he wrote in the *Dunciad*,

"Pan to Moses lends his pagan horn."

right to left as one looks at the stone. These horsemen apparently wear short skirts or kilts, and pleated plaids over their shoulders which cross the breast and fall down on either side. They wear the peaked beard and the long hair, curled upward at the end, which are so characteristic of the Pictish race, and as usual their heads are bare. They are armed in the accustomed Pictish manner, with a round shield, or targaid, on the left arm, the short sword fixed on the left side, and a spear held, advanced, in the right hand. They ride on peaked saddles, which reach almost to the horses' croupes, and the reins, headstalls, and girths are plainly distinguishable. No stirrups are seen, and though they are probably represented as wearing shoes, these are not plainly distinguishable.* Below the figures of the horsemen there appears

The "horn" is present throughout a multitude of languages. *Hebrew*, kern, keren; *Ethiopic*, karn, karan; *Syriac*, karn, karen; *Arabic*, kurn; *Persian*, kurnæ; *Greek*, κερας, καρνον; *Latin*, cornu; *French*, corne, cornet; *Spanish*, cuerno; *Gaelic*, *Irish*, *Welsh*, corn; *Armorican*, corn, gorn; *English*, *Anglo-Saxon*, *Old Saxon*, *German*, *Icelandic*, *Swedish*, *Danish*, *Norwegian*, horn; *Gothic*, haurn; *Dutch*, horen, hoorn. The change from the *k* or *c* to the *h* in the Teuto-Gothic tongues is one of the illustrations of what is known as Grimm's Law. This law is most amusingly set forth by the late Lord Neaves in a piece of poetry written, I believe, for *Blackwood's Magazine*. The particular change which I have mentioned is thus alluded to:—

> "Even KA, when they tried it, they never came nearer
> Than to HA or to GA, or to something still queerer.
> . . . . . .
> If your wife in her καρδια would give you a cornu,
> The Midden-man said, 'In her Heart she would Horn you.'"

* The sculptured figures of horsemen are found in Pictland proper, most frequently in the counties of Perth and Forfar; less so in those of Fife, Kincardine, Elgin, and Ross; while only one example each appears in Banff and Aberdeen, and these are very rude and simply incised. Aberdeenshire is one of the oldest sites of civilisation in Scotland, and is most prolific in hieroglyphical pillar stones; but its crosses are few, and cannot compare with those of later founded, and apparently more favoured ecclesiastical centres. Outlying examples of these Pictish figures are found in Lanark, Renfrew, and Dumbarton, and the Island of Eileanmore, Argyleshire; which, though beyond the limits of latter-day Pictland, show that the race still maintained some influence in these parts, through which they must have passed in their journey north-eastward. The figures are found sometimes alone, sometimes in pairs, sometimes in in groups, and on one stone three horsemen are represented riding abreast. Often they are represented hunting the stag and hind with dogs. They are only found upon crosses and sarcophagi, and never upon rude pillars. Upon a cross at Scoonie, Fife-shire, an Ogham inscription runs right through the centre of a hunting scene, yet none of the characters interfere with the figures, and it is conjectured that they are both of the same date. The dress of the mounted Pictish warrior seems to have been a short skirt or pleated kilt, coming down to just above the knee, but it is possible that he

a galloping hind attacked by hounds. She has what appears to be the shaft of a spear sticking in her side; one dog seizes her

wore short drawers underneath this when riding; indeed, figures at Meigle, Perth, and Edderton, Ross, are represented as clad in these drawers, which reach only half-way down the thigh. Occasionally he is represented as having a plaid wound round his shoulders, as at Hilton, Kirriemuir, St Andrew's, and Menmuir. Short cloaks were also worn, which may be observed on the Meigle and Rossie crosses. Men in cloaks with hoods drawn over their heads, and who, carrying no arms, I take to be ecclesiastics, are to be seen upon the "Priests' Stone" at Dunfallandy, and on the St Madoes and Eileanmore crosses. Some figures wear shoes, which are easily recognisable, as at Meigle, but on other stones they are not so readily to be descerned. The Pictish riding shoe or boot rose in two long tongues from the instep and the heel, and reached to above the ankle, leaving a large V-like aperture open at the sides. The Pict combed his hair back, high over his forehead, and allowed it to fall in wavy masses on each side to below the ears (judging from the full face figures on the Aberlemno crosses and the St Andrews sarcophagus), while behind it hung below the nape of his neck, and curled upwards at the extremities. No description of hat seems to have been worn. When the Pict went to war or the chase, he carried a round shield, or targaid, on his left arm, a short sword on his right thigh, and a long spear, at the full length of his arm, point forwards, in his right hand. The only exceptions to this order which I have found upon the standing crosses are as follows: At Aberlemno a horseman hurls a spear with his left hand, and on a fragment at Drainie a foot soldier (much abraded) carries a round object, presumably a shield, on his right arm. In every other case I have found the rule hold good. The shield was round and occasionally a rim is shown round the edge, and a circular boss in the centre. In one specimen three concentric circles are to be seen within the circumference. The sword was short and broad, with a cross hilt and a knob on the pommel. On one occasion it resembles a couteau-de-chasse, and on another the scabbard has a large circular termination. The spear was long, often with a heavy head. It was sometimes carried across the body, the shaft resting on the pommel of the saddle; or it could be slung to the rear, with the point upwards in a sloping direction. When attacking (judging from the evidence afforded by the stones) the spear was held above the head and either thrown or darted at the enemy. On the Aberlemno cross (No. 2), as I have already said, a horseman is represented throwing a light spear or lance. Below this a horseman with upraised spear, grasped a little way behind the middle, attacks three foot soldiers, who are drawn up three deep, one behind the other. The first carries a shield and a sword at the slope over his right shoulder; the second is armed with a shield and spear, the latter of which he holds near the butt at the long trail, the point thus projecting considerably in front of his front-rank man; the third does not appear to be armed. The second figure wears a broad-brimmed low-crowned hat, and affords the solitary example I know of a hat being worn by any of the figures depicted on the Pictish standing crosses. It may therefore be conjectured that these foot soldiers represent foreigners, possibly Northmen, but this, of course, is open to many objections. Pictish mounted warriors also appear upon "Sueno's Stone" at Forres, but they are too much weathered for their style of armament to be recognised. The Pictish saddle was furnished with square flaps, and in some cases reached back nearly to the horse's croup. The saddle-cloth was peaked and hung down almost below the rider's feet, indeed at Ballutheron it falls considerably lower; it was sometimes pleated either vertically or diagonally, and

just behind the fore leg, while the other is in the act of fastening upon her haunch. Dr Stewart thinks that these dogs resemble greyhounds.*

examples may be found on stones at Meigle and Kirriemuir. Characteristic headstalls and bits may be seen at Kirriemuir and St Madoes, and bridles furnished with single and double rings at St Madoes and Inchbrayoc, all greatly resembling specimens figured by Dr Wilson in his *Prehistoric Annals of Scotland*. The double girth and the crupper in use are well exemplified on the cross at Kirriemuir, but no stirrups seem to have been used. Some time since, the earth which encumbered the base of the Edderton cross was removed by the Rev. Dr Joass of Golspie, F.S.A. Scot., and the incised figures of the horsemen were brought to light. The earth has evidently preserved these figures in a large degree from injury or weathering by the elements, and at first I was inclined to think that the two lines which pass under the foot of each horseman were stirrups, but on further consideration I am of opinion that they merely represent the peaked saddle-cloth. The Pictish horses are represented with long flowing tails, and closely cropped manes in the Roman fashion, and they are often sculptured with a great deal of spirit, as for instance at Meigle and Kirriemuir. Logan writes :—"The ancient Caledonians were celebrated for the use of horses in war. Their descendants neglected this arm, without entirely disusing it. . . . Mac Murrough's horse cost 400 cows, but he rode without either stirrups or saddle. The Celtic riders do not appear to have used these articles. A bridle seems to be indispensable. . . . Sometimes a single rein is seen; and a cord, or fillet, is in some cases carried once or twice round the neck. . . . The Irish, notwithstanding they neither used stirrups nor saddle, were very expert equestrians. . . . About two hundred years ago they occasionally used a pad without stirrups. . . . The Gallic, German, and Scythian horsemen [the Picts claimed to have come from Scythia], as seen in the remains of ancient sculpture, wore the sagum, thrown over the naked shoulders, and enveloping the rider much like the cloak of the modern cavalry. They carried a shield and javelin, to which a sword was sometimes added. Similar arms were borne by the British tribes, and retained until late ages by the inhabitants of Wales. The Irish, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, used also a staff." A figure in a conical cap, and carrying a staff or spear with a round knob at the end, is to be seen on a rude stone at Rhynie, Aberdeen; and another in Pictish dress, bearing a knobbed staff in the left hand, occurs on the Kirriemuir cross (No. 3).

* Logan says :—"Dogs were employed by the Gauls both in hunting and in war. The Celtic dogs were excellent in the chase, and those of the Britons were superior to all others. They were so much esteemed that great numbers were exported, not only to Gaul but to Italy, being highly valued by the Romans. [Strabo.] They excelled in swiftness, a quality for which all Celtic dogs were celebrated. [Arrian.] Those of the Belgæ, Segusi, and Sicambri, were next in value to the British. . . . Ovid uses *gallicus canis* for a greyhound. The Scots dogs were celebrated all over Europe. [Symachus]." Again, in other places, he states :—"There were a sort of very large and fierce creatures, called wolf-dogs, being a cross from the two animals. [Pliny.] They appear to have resembled the Irish wolf-dogs. . . . The Irish greyhounds that were used for hunting the wolf are described as having been bigger of limb and bone than a colt." Now the term used by Dr Stewart is obviously misleading. Logan's Celtic dog, or *gallicus canis*, and his Irish wolf-dog (bigger that a colt), to both of which he applies the designation of "greyhound," must not be taken to be greyhounds

The bottom panel is filled with a finely executed and well preserved pattern of concentric scroll-work, the lower portion of which is unfortunately awanting.

Having now fully described one side of the slab, we turn to the other. Dr Stewart says:—"The stone at Hilton of Cadboll is one of three which stood at no great distance from each other, on the low coast of Ross-shire, on the north side of the Cromarty Firth[?] They are, perhaps, the most remarkable in Scotland for their elaborate finish and varied representation. . . . . The stone is referred to by Cordiner in his Antiquities and Scenery of the North of Scotland, pp. 65-66, London, 1780, and in his 'Remarkable Ruins,' London, 1788, in which last work it is engraved." Books like Cordiner's are not to be had access to except at rare intervals, or by those blessed with rare opportunities, and I greatly regret that I have been unable to procure a sight of Cordiner's works, as I should have much liked to quote his observations concerning the Ross-shire stones. Hugh Miller, however, in his *Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland*, 1834, thus notices the Hilton slab:—"The obelisk at Hilton, though perhaps the

in the modern acceptation of the word; that is to say as meaning the race of dogs with which we now course the hare. Of the Irish wolf-dog, one solitary representation (and one which in my mind it is impossible to regard as anything else) is incised upon a fragment at Newbiggin, Aberdeenshire, along with the mirror, comb, and combcase (?) symbols. After comparing the various sculptures of dogs upon the Pictish stones, studying their features and peculiarities, and contrasting their size relatively with that of the deer they pursue, I can come to no other conclusion than that these dogs represented a breed of which the Scottish deer-hound is the descendant, and which is still world-famous for strength, swiftness, courage, and devotion. "White-breasted Bran" was the dog of Fingal. Sculptures of the stag-hunt with horse and hound are found in the Pictish counties of Forfar, Fife, Elgin, and Ross, and there is one outlying example in Renfrew. It therefore appears that this species of hunting was confined to the lower lying parts of the country. On many stones, also, there are representations of archers shooting deer, which was probably the manner in which they were attacked on foot and killed in the mountains, and which was the parent of that purest form of true Highland sport, *deerstalking*. Indeed, Logan, writing in 1831, states that seventy years previously (*i.e.*, about 1760) a poacher was detected who had long eluded capture, through never bringing down his quarry but with the silent bow. The same author quotes Lindsay of Pitscottie's accounts of the hunting of James V. with the Earl of Athole, in the great forest of Athole, in 1529. Pennant quotes, from William Barclay's *Contra Monarchomachos*, a most interesting description of the Earl of Athole's hunting match in honour of Mary, Queen of Scots, in 1563, when she was but twenty-one years of age, and must have been in the full bloom of youth and beauty. The districts of Athole, Badenoch, Mar, Moray, &c., were driven, and finally two thousand red deer, besides roe and fallow, defiled past the Queen, as the old writer describes, "in some-

most elegant of its class in Scotland, is less known than any of the other two [Shandwick and Nigg], and it has fared more hardly. For, about two centuries ago, it was taken down by some barbarous mason of Ross, who converted it into a tombstone, and, erasing the neat mysterious hieroglyphics of one of the sides, engraved on the place which they had occupied a rude shield and label, and the following laughable inscription; no bad specimen, by the bye, of the taste and judgment which could destroy so interesting a monument, and of that fortuitous species of wit which lies within the reach of accident, and of accident alone:—

HE.THAT.LIVES.WEIL.DYES.WEIL.SAYS.SOLOMON.THE.WISE.
HEIR.LYES.ALEXANDER.DVFF.AND.HIS.THRIE.WIVES.

The side of the obelisk which the chisel has spared is surrounded by a broad border, embossed in a style of ornament that would hardly disgrace the friese of an Athenian portico; the centre is thickly occupied by the figures of men, some on horseback, some afoot—of wild and tame animals, musical instruments, and weapons of war and of the chase." Through information obligingly furnished by the Rev. George Macdonald, minister of Rosskeen,

thing like battle order." The account winds up thus:—"It was of those that had been separated that the Queen's dogs and those of the nobility made slaughter. There were killed that day 360 deer, with 5 wolves and some roes." This shows how scarce wolves had become. Captain Burt, who wrote in the early part of the last century, describes two modes of deer hunting. The first of these was by making a wide circle round the hill upon which the game was supposed to be, and gradually contracting it till the summit was reached and the quarry killed. This was nothing more or less than the "Tiuchill" [Gael. and Ir. *Timchioll*—a circuit] to which Scott alludes in the *Lady of the Lake*—

"We'll quell the savage mountaineer,
As their Tinchel cows the game."

He further describes this mode of hunting in *Waverley*.—"The active assistants spread through the country far and near, forming a circle, technically called the *tinchel*, which, gradually closing, drove the deer in herds together towards the glen, where the chiefs and principal gentlemen lay in wait for them." Old Lindsay of Pitscottie (before mentioned) also notices the "Tinchill." "After this there followed nothing but slaughter in this realm, every party ilk one lying in wait for one another, as they had been setting *tinchills* for the slaughter of wild beasts." The other method mentioned by Captain Burt was adaptable to heavily timbered districts, and consisted in driving the woods forward with a large number of men, gentlemen with guns being posted at the further end to give an account of the game. This system is still in vogue wherever woods or plantations are so thick and dense as to preclude the dislodgement of the deer by other means. But the "Tinchill" itself is by no means dead, as some who practice true sport know to their cost.

I am able to state that there exists, besides the above inscription (which is given alike by Hugh Miller and Dr Stewart), the date 1676, and the name of "A. Duff," and the initials of his three wives, as below—

| | |
|---|---|
| A | DVF |
| K | S |
| C | V |
| H | V |

It is remarkable that, in the description of the parish of Fearn, the *New Statistical Account* (which, under the head of "Antiquities," simply quotes the *Old Statistical Account*), should make no reference whatever to the Hilton slab; while in the description of the adjoining parish of Nigg, after describing the crosses of Nigg and Shandwick, it is remarked thus—"The stone at Hilton is in the parish of Fearn." It was therefore the duty of the chronicler of Fearn, and not of Nigg, to have noticed the stone, and it is a great pity he did not do so. The Hilton slab, however, need not fear neglect as heretofore, having been removed to a place of safety. Through the courtesy of the Rev. Hugh Fraser, minister of Fearn, I am able to quote from some written notes collected by Mr Denoon, a respected inhabitant of Hilton, as follows:—"This stone originally stood, or was placed, in a sloping position sideways, in the chapel park, at the east end of Hilton, about 50 yards from the foot of the hill and 140 yards from the sea-shore. It was removed about 18 years ago [1863?] at the instance of Mr Macleod of Cadboll, and taken away on a cart, prepared for the purpose, to the pleasure grounds at Invergordon Castle, where it may be seen at present. It is about 8 feet long, 3½ feet broad, and 8 inches thick." The Rev. Mr Macdonald writes:—"It stands to the S.W. of Invergordon Castle, about a quarter of a mile on the north side of the west approach to the Castle, quite close to the American Gardens. The height of the stone is seven feet ten inches, and the breadth four feet. It is square at the top, and there lies what appears to be a fragment of it close by." I have not, unfortunately, had an opportunity of examining the stone myself, and I know the difficulty of obtaining accurate measurements without proper appliances, and due time being allowed for comparison of results, but I rely upon Mr Macdonald's figures as being substantially cor-

rect. Dr Stewart further observes :—"A country tradition assigns to them [the Hilton, Shandwick, and Nigg stones] a common origin, as the memorials of three Danish princes who were buried here. The stone at Hilton has, at some former period, been taken down and converted into a gravestone, and it now lies in a shed, the wall of which is believed to form part of an ancient chapel." Mr Denoon illustrates the above as follows :—"The ruins of a chapel can still be seen where the stone was originally placed, and when I came here about 30 years ago [1851?], the walls of the chapel were still standing, and inside these walls might be seen one or two stone wash-pots [fonts-piscinæ—or holy water basins?], and at the west end of the chapel was a small house or porch which contained the stone referred to. The whole edifice was surrounded by a stone dyke, at the outside of which was a broad ditch made for the purpose of keeping the chapel and burying-ground dry, and the most of us here remember when the Hilton people used to bury their still-born and unbaptised children around the chapel, and till this day few or none of them will venture to go near the place after it gets dark. The said Alexander Duff is supposed to be the priest who last officiated in the chapel, but few believe that the priest had any wives, and it's not very likely that his remains lie where the stone was first placed. It is said that some great man of Dutch or Danish extract had been drowned or killed near Hilton, and that the stone was placed over his remains. But the oldest and best informed of the natives maintain that the stone was placed over the remains of a son of the King of Denmark." I shall not go into the question of the Danish tradition now, but I shall consider it after describing the Shandwick and Nigg crosses. But though not actually going into the history, traditional or analytical, of the Hilton slab, we may at least consider whether it bears in itself any external evidence as to the person or persons whom we may suppose it commemorates. Dr Stewart says :—"It has been suggested that the occurrence of the mirror and comb on the stone at Hilton of Cadboll, where a female on horseback is also represented, may be held to support the view just referred to [viz., that the mirror and comb symbolise a female interment.] The scene in which these figures occur is that of a hunt where mounted horsemen also are figured, so that it seems difficult to

restrict the application of the symbols to the female figures; while the mirror and comb are found on the stone at St Vigeans, where any reference to a female seems excluded." But in another place Dr Stewart states that Mrs H. Gray (*Sepulchres of Ancient Etruria*, p. 492) "gives the drawing of a lady's tomb on which appears the representation of a combat, obviously as a picture, and not as characterising the person commemorated." These two statements seem somewhat at variance with each other, but I am inclined to regard the fact of a mirror and comb appearing upon the same slab, with the representation of a hunt as symbolical of a double interment. It must be remembered that there are *two* horses depicted, and that the lady rides the near horse; the sculptor, therefore, has probably been unable to represent the figure of her husband, who would naturally ride on the off side. Indeed, for the matter of that, one of the mounted horsemen might be meant to represent the husband. The tomb above which the Hilton slab was raised, I, therefore, believe to have been that of a lord and his lady, the hunt symbolising the exploits of the former, and the mirror and comb the latter. The mirror and comb also occur upon a cross at Kirriemuir, along with the figure of a Celtic judge, or more probably an ecclesiastic, who is seated in a chair, the back of which is surmounted by animals' heads, while beside this figure is the representation of a sword which occupies a small compartment by itself, and is upon the opposite side of the face of the stone from the mirror and comb symbol. But here again I find nothing but the fact of a husband and wife interred together and commemorated upon the same slab. Even supposing the figure really to be that of an ecclesiastic, it must be remembered that the Pictish lay abbots both married and fought, as for instance Crinan, Abbot of Dunkeld, and Abbot [or Abthane as Fordun calls him] of Dul, who married Beatrice [Bethok or Betowe in the *Chronicle of the Picts and Scots*], daughter of Malcolm MacKenneth, King of Scotland, and was killed in 1045 [see *Annals of Ulster and Tighernac*] fighting with Macbeath. I see nothing inconsistent in the theory of a mirror and comb symbolising a female interment, but on the contrary, judging by the evidence afforded by the tomb of Prioress Anna at Iona which bears the double comb, the mirror without a handle, and the date of 1543, I think we have much right to assume that they do. *(To be continued.)*

## A MAIDEN AT EVENING BY THE SEA.

—o—

Divided, my love?—Oh, never! Oh, never!
A thousand seas could never divide,
The width of the world is powerless to sever,
Hearts that like ours are so closely allied.
At twilight I come, and with tender emotion,
I commune with thee in thy far distant clime,
I list to the voice of the whispering ocean,
Hearing thy words in its anthem sublime.

I love, dear, to wander in yonder green meadow,
Dappled with amber, and roseate, and white,
When the fitful changes of sun and shadow
Flit like the spirits of darkness and light.
The fresh green leaves and each blade and blossom,
The harebell blue and the primrose pale,
The daisies like stars on the earth's green bosom,
Quivering with joy in the balmy gale.

The golden sunshine around me streaming,
The west so bright with each rainbow hue,
The glowing red in the azure gleaming
Like coral caves in the ocean blue.
The dewdrop clear, that the breath of heaven
Left in the purple hyacinth bell,
Shines in the beautiful light of the even,
Like a glistening pearl in an Orient shell.

And as the green meadow in beauty peerless,
In winter was dark without sun or flower,
Without thee, darling, my life would be cheerless,
That now is so blest with its golden dower.
To me thou'rt the sunlight that gladdens the meadow,
Thy whisper gives joy and thy breath gives repose,
Thy kiss, dear, can banish the duskiest shadow,
Thou smilest, and blossom the lily and rose.

The birds are asleep in their leafy bowers,
The spirit of poesy holds her sway,
And as I wander among the flowers,
She bringeth thee near though so far away.
The sweet-scented breezes that round thee hover,
As the crimson shadows are growing dim,
Seem all to whisper, I've seen thy lover,
I've come with a message to thee from him.

There's summer within and there's summer around me,
And the voices of nature are blending with mine,
And soft to the touch are the fetters that bound me,
And bind me for ever and ever as thine.
Ah me! who could say that ought e'er could divide us,
We two aye so nearly in feeling allied?
Whatever, my darling, in life will betide us,
There lives not the power that can us divide.

MARY MACKELLAR.

## THE GAELIC CENSUS OF SCOTLAND.

A RETURN has been recently issued relating to the Gaelic-speaking people of Scotland, as taken at last Census, by an arrangement come to almost at the last moment, on the motion of Mr Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P. The return shows that of the 3,735,602 comprising the whole population of Scotland, only 231,602 are put down as speaking Gaelic, or one in every sixteen. The following table gives the population in the various counties:—

| No. of Division, &c. | Division. | Population. | Whereof Speaking Gaelic. |
|---|---|---|---|
| | I.—NORTHERN DIVISION. | | |
| 1. | Shetland | 29,705 | 12 |
| 2. | Orkney | 33,044 | 36 |
| 3. | Caithness | 39,859 | 4,346 |
| 4. | Sutherland | 22,376 | 16,776 |
| | II.—NORTH-WESTERN DIVISION. | | |
| 5. | Ross and Cromarty | 79,467 | 56,767 |
| 6. | Inverness | 86,389 | 60,447 |
| | III.—NORTH-EASTERN DIVISION. | | |
| 7. | Nairn | 8,847 | 1,058 |
| 8. | Elgin (or Moray) | 45,069 | 1,273 |
| 9. | Banff | 59,783 | 330 |
| 10. | Aberdeen | 269,047 | 604 |
| 11. | Kincardine | 35,465 | 18 |
| | IV.—EAST MIDLAND DIVISION. | | |
| 12. | Forfar | 268,663 | 690 |
| 13. | Perth | 130,282 | 14,537 |
| 14. | Fife | 172,131 | 126 |
| 15. | Kinross | 7,330 | 15 |
| 16. | Clackmannan | 24,025 | 86 |
| | V.—WEST MIDLAND DIVISION. | | |
| 17. | Stirling | 106,883 | 441 |
| 18. | Dumbarton | 78,182 | 1,423 |
| 19. | Argyle | 80,771 | 50,113 |
| 20. | Bute | 17,634 | 3,725 |
| | VI.—SOUTH-WESTERN DIVISION. | | |
| 21. | Renfrew | 225,611 | 4,119 |
| 22. | Ayr | 217,730 | 649 |
| 23. | Lanark | 942,193 | 11,500 |
| | VII.—SOUTH-EASTERN DIVISION. | | |
| 24. | Linlithgow | 44,005 | 47 |
| 25. | Edinburgh | 388,836 | 2,145 |
| 26. | Haddington | 38,510 | 294 |
| 27. | Berwick | 35,273 | 43 |
| 28. | Peebles | 13,688 | 3 |
| 29. | Selkirk | 26,346 | 8 |
| | VIII.—SOUTHERN DIVISION. | | |
| 30. | Roxburgh | 52,592 | 25 |
| 31. | Dumfries | 76,167 | 17 |
| 32. | Kirkcudbright | 42,290 | 11 |
| 33. | Wigton | 38,443 | 28 |

It will be seen from the above that the chief Gaelic-speaking counties are Ross and Cromarty, Inverness, Argyle, Sutherland, and Perth. In Caithness about 1 in 10 of the population speak Gaelic, and in Dumfries-shire 1 in 4500. The 11,500 Gaelic-speaking in Lanark is accounted for by the number of Highlanders in Glasgow, who number 8517. In the city of Edinburgh the number is 1770. In consequence of the stupid form in which the schedule was made up by the Government officials, the above figures fall far short of the actual number of Gaelic-speaking people in Scotland.

# JOHN MACRAE—IAN MACMHURCHAIDH—THE KINTAIL BARD.

—o—

## II.

THE bard having once determined to emigrate, was anxious to get as many of his countrymen as possible to accompany him to Carolina, and he composed several songs urging upon them the desirability of doing so. The following is an excellent specimen of his efforts in that way:—

Bho na sguir mi 'phaidheadh màil
'S gun ruith mo chuid as mo làimh,
'S ann a bhitheas mi na mo thraill
Fo 'nabaidh bh' agam roimhe so.

Ho! cha 'n eil mulad oirn,
Car son a bhiodh mulad oirn?
Mulad cha 'n eil oirn no gruaim,
Gur fada bhuainn a ghabhadh e.

'N uair a dh-eireas esan moch,
Feumaidh mise 'dhol a mach;
Saoil sibh fein nach cruaidh an t-achd,
A bhi fo smachd an atharraich.

Teirgidh 'chuid dha' n duine chrion
Nach d'rinn bonn do dh-fhialachd riamh,
Their fear eile sin nach fhiach
A chaith e trian dheth lathaichean.

Mairidh chuid dha 'n duine choir,
Gheibh cach dheth furan gu leor,
Bidh pailteas aige ri bheo,
Ge neonach le fear gleidhidh e.

Cridhe farsuing is e fiall,
Coisnidh 's caithidh e mhiann;
'Nuair is fhaisg e air dol sios,
Thig lionmhorachd na lamhan-sa.

Cuir an t-searrag sin a nall,
Biodh i lan gu ruig an ceann,
Olaim slainte na 'm bheil thall,
A chionn 's gu'm faighinn naigheachd orr'.

Bho na reic sinn na cuid ni,
'S gu'n d' fhuair sinn orra 'n diol pris,
'S duilich leam mar tig an t-sith,
Nach leag an Righ an rathad leinn.

This is another of the same class :—

Beagan a dhaoine mo dhuthcha
Falbh an taobh sa 'm faigh iad pailteas.

Dh'eireadh fonn, fonn, fonn,
Dh'eireadh fonn oirn ri fhaicinn.

Falbhamaid uile gu leir,
'S beag mo speis do dh' fhear gun tapadh.

Falbhamaid an ainm Dhia,
Triallamaid 's riadhamaid barca.

Fagaidh sinn uile na h-uaislean,
Nach ludhaig dha 'n tuath a bhi aca.

Gheibh sinn fiadh is eala bhàn ann,
Tarmachan air ard gach creachail.

Gheibh sinn bradan agus bàn-easg,
'S glas-iasg, ma 's e 's fhearr a thaitneas.

In the following song he points out the changes which had taken place at home, and the consequent misery to those who would remain in their native land :—

Nise bho na thachair sinn,
Fo's cionn an stoip 's na creachaige,
Gu'n ol sinn air na faicinn e
'S na cairtealan san teid sinn.

Tha tighinn fotham, fotham, fotham,
Tha tighinn fotham, fotham, fotham,
Tha tighinn fotham agus fotham,
Tha tighinn fotham eiridh.

Mhnathan togaibh an t-urras,
Sguiribh dheth na h-iomadan,
Cha bharail leam gu tillear mi,
Bho'n sguir mi dh-ioman spreidhe.

Mhnathan sguiribh chubarsnaich,
Bho'n char sibh fo na siuil a stigh,
Cha bharail leam gu'n lùbar sinn,
Ri dùthaich bhochd na h-eiginn.

H-uile cùis dha theannachadh,
An t-ardachdainn 's e ghreannaich sinn,
Lin-mhora bhi dha 'n tarruinn,
'S iad a sailleadh na cuid eisg oirn.

Gur iomadh latha sàraichte!
Bha mi deanamh dige 's garraidhnean,
An crodh a faighinn bàis oirn,
'S mi paidheadh màil gu h-eigneach.

'S iomadh latha dosguinneach,
A bha mi giulan cosguis dhuibh ;
'N uair reidheadh a chuis gu osburnaich,
Bhi ag osunnaich mu'n deighinn.

On one occasion the bard was passing through Comhlan, in Glenaffric, where his cattle perished, during a severe snow-storm, in the preceding Spring. Instead of lamenting the circumstance, John called for his favourite bottle, and moralised in the following characteristic, happy, and melodious strain :—

'S mi dol seachad air an airidh
Far an d-fhag mi mo chrodh alluinn,
Gun bhi ann dhiubh ach na cnaimhean,
'S iad gun bhliochd, gun dair, gun laoigh.

Ho ! cuir a nall am bodach,
He ! cuir a nall am bodach,
Nuair a chuireadh e oirn sogan,
'S e 'm botul a b' annsa leinn.

Lion am botul, fair a dhà dhiubh,
Na biodh cùram ort a pàidheadh,
Mar a faigh thu as an laimh e,
Ni seiche ba dàir an t-suim.

Chi mi thall na gabhair cheannaich,
Aig nach eil ach beagan bainne,
Mar b' e mheud sa rinn mi dh' fheannadh,
Gu 'm bu bheag mo mhàlaibh ribh.

Gu 'm b' e earrach dubh a challa e,
Leis na chaill sinn an crodh bainne ;
Ge do thug e bhuainn na h-aighean,
'S e na gearrain bha mi caoidh.

Ciod uime bhiodh oirn dorran ;
Mairidh 'n saoghal dhuinn ge b' oil leinn,
'S iomadh fear a chuir e dholaidh
Mheud 'sa thug e thoil dha chionn.

Carson a bhiodh oirn gruaimean,
Foghnuidh 'n saoghal so car cuairt dhuinn,
Gheibh sinn creideas feadh na tuatha,
'S ni sinn suas na thugadh dhinn.

Bitheamaid cridheil, bitheamaid ceolmhor,
Gabhamaid gach ni mar 's coir dhuinn ;
As a bheagan cinnidh moran,
Tuilleadh 's na dh'-fhonas a chaoidh.

Bitheamaid sunndach, bitheamaid geanach,
Cuireamaid air chul gach ainnis ;
Gu 'm bi rud aig math-an-airidh ;
Sin mar tha mo bharail dhuibh.

'S iomadh slaodaire tha beartach,
'S caonnag air an duine thapaidh,
'S fhearr a bhuilicheadh le tlachd e,
Na esan ge pailt a shuim.

Am fear is mo gheibh dheth 'n t-saoghal,
Bidh e stri ri tuilleadh fhaotainn ;
Ma gheibh sinne biadh is aodach—
Cha toir iadsan maoin don chill.

*(To be Continued.)*

## HIGHLAND REVENGE.

HIGHLAND revenge suggests to most people something savage and barbarous, but yet it was not always so. A noble revenge has been often known in the Highlands, as the following will show. At one time the lower part of Mull belonged to Mackinnon of Strath, and the Macleans, to whom the rest of it belonged, were anxious to get possession of his share. With this intent, taking advantage of Mackinnon's youth ; of his being out of the country, and of the age and infirmity of his uncle, Macdonald of Sleat ; the Macleans of Duart and Lochbuy divided the estate among their own friends, driving the followers of Mackinnon all away from the island. Some years after this, Mackinnon being grown to man's estate, went to seek aid from his relative, the Earl of Antrim in Ireland, telling him that he wanted again to get possession of the inheritance of his forefathers.

He set forth with forty young gentlemen to become leaders of his host. He called in Mull, on his way to Skye, and went to the hut of one old woman of his clan, whom the Macleans had been afraid to banish because she had the reputation of being a witch. The old woman's joy was great at once more beholding her chief. She welcomed him warmly ; and, when he confided his intentions to her, she asked how many men he had with him. "Only forty," he replied. "'Tis enough," she cried, "and if you follow my advice your revenge over the Macleans will be com-

plete before the morning sun rises in the heavens. Duart and Lochbuy sleep to-night at Ledaig House without suspicion, and, therefore, without guard. Their men have been making merry, and are now, after much drinking, sound asleep in their galleys. If your men are men, and if you are a true son of your fathers, you can slay them all without much difficulty."

Mackinnon returned to his men, asking them to follow him to the woods. He then made each of them cut a bough off a tree and strip it of all its leaves. He cut for himself a tall straight branch, leaving all its foliage and twigs upon it; and, carrying those, they quietly and cautiously marched on Ledaig House. When they got there everything was still, and his despoilers were sound asleep. He then planted his own green leafy bough at the door of the house, whilst he suspended his sword above the door. He next made his followers plant their bare poles at stated intervals around the house. This done he returned with his men to "Camus-na-fala," and they embarked in their galleys again.

Next morning the Maclean chiefs were greatly surprised at what happened, and for a time they were at a loss to understand what it all meant.

At length Lochbuy exclaimed, "I see it all; Mackinnon has been here; that is his branch with the leaves; the bare poles represent forty men that he had with him, and that is his sword which he has left above the door to show how easy it was for him to have slain us. He had been very merciful. We shall send for him and give him back his inheritance. There shall be no war betwixt us and one who acted in so noble a manner."

And so it came to pass; Mackinnon got by his magnanimity what he might not have been able to win by his sword, even through what might have been a long and bloody conflict.

MARY MACKELLAR.

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THE MACDONALDS OF GLENGARRY AND CLANRANALD.—The history and genealogies of these two distinguished families, by Alexander Mackenzie, F.S.A. Scot., are now published separately, and can be supplied direct from this office at 7s 6d each, beautifully printed on toned paper, and neatly bound in cloth, gilt. The issue in both cases is limited to 150 copies.

# NOTES ON THE ANTIQUITY OF TARTAN.

WE extract the following from a paper on Tartans, by Captain Macra Chisholm of Glassburn, recently read before the Gaelic Society of Inverness. The gallant Captain has by no means exhausted the subject, but he has done good work in starting the ball in so interesting a manner; and we shall possibly be induced to follow him in future issues of the *Celtic Magazine*. Captain Chisholm said :—

The ancient Caledonian Celts painted their bodies, no doubt for the purpose of rendering their appearance more terrible to their enemies; well understanding the saying of Tacitus, that "The eyes of men are the first to be overcome in battle."

Cæsar tells us that "all the tribes of Britain painted their bodies"—and the practice of staining the body was retained by the *Angli* to so late a period as the Norman Conquest (William of Malmesbury). Red, blue, and yellow seem to have been the favourite colours—blue bodies and red legs. Lindsay wrote, "The other pairte Northerne ar full of mountanes, and verie rud and homelie kynd of people doeth inhabit, which is called *Reidschankes*, or wyld Scottis."

Pliny tells us, the *Glastum*, with which the Britons dyed their bodies, was found in Gaul, but does not say the inhabitants made a similar use of it; from which Dr Macpherson thought, that as the painting could not have been derived from Gaul, it originated among the Caledonians. The Picts, by popular tradition, took their name from this practice; and their Chronicle and Isodore agree in saying, that the Scoti became Picts from this circumstance. Cæsar says, that the Britons painted their bodies with *Woad;* men and women dyed their bodies with this vegetable. The stains were impressed in youth; for it was a sort of tattooing, and for this purpose certain irons were used. The British youth, says Solinus, were "marked with the figures of different animals *by nice incisions* . . . . by which their limbs received a deep colouring in durable scars."

But the attention of the clergy was at last called to this relic of paganism; and the Council of Cealhythe in 787, denounced those who used such ornaments, as moved by "diabolice instincts."

It appears that undressed skins of animals formed their first covering; and woollen garments, however scanty, were also used. It is said that the Monks of Iona dressed in skins, although they had linen, and also their monks' habit in woollen stuff, which they imported, no doubt from the mainland. Skin coverings continued to be used until, and after, the art of fabricating more suitable materials was discovered. The Belgæ are believed to have introduced the use of woollen vestments. Gildas, surnamed the wise, a British monk, and the most ancient British writer extant—born 520, died 590—describes the Scots and Picts of his time as having only a piece of cloth tied round their loins. On a remarkable obelisk at Forres, the Scots are represented in a tunic fastened round the waist. Varro says that the Britons wore a garment called Guanacum which was of divers striped colours, but not Tartan, woven together and making a gaudy show; and Tacitus says, the Æstii, a German nation, wore the British dress, which must have been the Gallic.

Throughout Scotland, more particularly in the North Highlands, the cloth, in the

most simple condition, was made of the undyed wool, the white and black being generally appropriated for blankets, plaids, or the breacan. The Breacan-feile, literally the chequered covering, is the original garb of the Highlanders, and forms the chief part of the costume; the other articles, although equally Celtic, and now peculiar to Scotland, being subordinate to this singular and most ancient dress.

The manufacture of woollen cloth must have existed among the Celtæ from a very early period; and they became particularly ingenious in dying the material, and in its fabrication. The Highlanders had neither cochineal lac dye, foreign woods, nor other excellent substances to impart various tints to the Breacan, but their native hills afforded articles with which they had found the art of dyeing brilliant, permanent, and pleasing colours. Bark of alder was used for black, that of willow produced flesh colour. Crotal geal, a substance formed on stone, was made use of by West Islanders to dye "a pretty crimson colour." Other vegetable substances were employed by the Highlanders, who were able to produce finer colours than is generally supposed. The Caledonian women who "wove the robe for their love," made it "like the bow of the shower" (striped, but not Tartan). Every farmer's goodwife was competent to dye blue, red, green, yellow, black, brown, and other compounds.

Clan Tartans are, no doubt, many centuries old, but it is difficult to find that we can go farther back than the reign of Malcolm Cean-More, who ascended the throne in 1057. He married, Margaret (granddaughter of Edmund Ironside) in 1066 or 1070. The marriage was pre-eminently happy in itself, and attended with the happiest consequences for Scotland. From the reign of this most noble and illustrious lady—Queen Margaret—may be dated the earliest efforts of Scotland in commercial industry. She encouraged merchants to import, both by sea and from England, many various kinds of goods, such as Scotland had never before known, more particularly in wearing apparel of an ornamental kind. She laboured earnestly to polish and civilize the Scottish nation, and to elevate the taste and the tone of her people by encouraging among them both the useful and polite arts. Many ladies were employed at the Court in useful and industrious occupations, and the peasant women were instructed and encouraged in the industry of spinning and weaving. "She has sought wool and flax, and hath wrought by the council of her hands," as the Scripture says of the valiant woman. Queen Margaret deserved that the following words should be applied to her:—"A woman of understanding is the friend of silence: nothing is equal to a wise woman." The author of "The Sainted Queens" now before me, states that "Historians have said that the invention of the Scottish Tartan owes its origin to the efforts of St Margaret, Queen of Scotland"; but, unfortunately he does not mention the name of any of these historians.

"The Celtic weavers were certainly most ingenious artists, and produced works that astonished other nations by their singularity. They used alternate colours, both in the warp and woof, thereby producing an admirable appearance, formed in distinct striped squares." Each square contains the complete pattern or set of the tartan. Every plaid or piece of tartan is formed of a repetition of these squares. Each square has in its centre the check or cross of that particular tartan. The word Tartan is derived from the Gaelic *Tarstin* or *Tarsuinn*, across. In the Cluny Macpherson Tartan it will be observed that the central cross is a double red cross in a ground of white. The Chisholm Tartan has for its central cross the very reverse, viz:—a double white cross in a red ground: "the 42d Tartan" a black cross in a green ground, and so on.

In the Clan Tartans there was a great deal of ingenuity required in sorting the

colours, so as to be agreeable to the nicest fancy. For this reason the women were at much pains, first to give an exact pattern of the plaid upon a small rod, having the number of every thread of the stripe on it. The pattern of the web was not left to the weaver's fancy. He received his instructions by means of a small stick, round which the exact number of threads in every bar was shewn, a practice in use to this very day. Sir Benjamin West regarded the Clan Tartans as specimens of national taste, and says there was great art displayed in the composition of the various patterns, and in the combination and opposition of colours. The particular "setts," or patterns, of Tartans, appropriate to each clan, must have been long fixed. Every tribe and every island differed from each other "in the fancy of making plaids, as to the stripes, in breadth and colours."

The Breacan of the Highlander was a sort of coat armour or tabard, by which his name and clan were at once recognised.

The Highlanders sometimes made the plaids very fine, but for general wear they made the *Cathdath* intended as its name—battle colour—implies, to be worn during war; but the plaid and the *feilebeag* were always of common tartan. A king or chief had seven colours in his tartan. Chieftains and other nobles from four to six colours, and the poor plain cloth (clodh or lachdan). Green and black, with a stripe of red was at first the predominent tartan.

I have already stated above, the probability there is for supposing that our great and good Queen Margaret, was the inventor of the Scottish tartan, about the year 1070, which would make our Clan Tartans at least eight centuries old.

The son of Queen Margaret, Alexander I., who ascended the throne in 1106, was most probably the first king who wore the Highland Tartan Costume. He is represented on his seal, engraved in Dr Mayricks superb works, *with his feile-beag and round targe.*

At the Coronation of Alexander III. A.D. 1249, when he was only eight years of age, the Bishop of St. Andrews, having explained the Coronation Oath, both in Latin and French, he girded Alexander with the belt of knighthood, placed him in the Stone Chair, and crowned him King. When this part of the ceremony was over, *an old man of the Celtic race, attired in the garb of his country*, hailed Alexander *in the Gaelic tongue* as King of the Scots, and the lineal descendant of the ancient Sovereigns of Alban. We may safely conjecture that the old Celt was dressed in the distinctive costume of the Gaël, the feile-breacan, or belted plaid of his Clan Tartan.

There is a portrait of the gallant Sir William Wallace at Taymouth Castle, where the patriot is represented in a *plaid of tartan* fastened on his breast by a large brooch.

In the charge and discharge of John, Bishop of Glasgow, treasurer to King James III. 1471, are the following items:—

"An elne and ane halve of blue *Tartane* to lyne his gowne of cloth of gold ... ... ... ... .. £1 10 0

Four elne and ane halve of Tartane for a sparwort aboun his credill, price ane elne (10s) ... ... ... 2 5 0

Halve ane elne of doble Tartane to lyne ridin collars to her lady the Quene, price 8 shillins."

In the Battles of Blar-na-leine (1513), Tippermuir (1643), and Culloden (1746), the Highlanders fought in their Tartan Kilts.

After the battle of Sheriffmuir (1715) the Highlanders were prohibited from carrying their arms or wearing tartan by the first Parliament of George I. in 1716. This Act was repealed through the efforts and influence of the Duke of Montrose in 1782.

The belted-plaid is indisputably the invention of the Gaël, and bears no resemblance, either in its material or arrangement, to the habits of any other people. The costume of the Scottish Highlanders, like their language, being so different from that of the other inhabitants of the British Islands, is proudly retained as a national distinction.

The Highland garb worn by one who knows how to dress properly in it is undoubtedly one of the most picturesque in the world. The ample folds of the tartan, that are always arranged in the kilt to show the characteristic or predominant stripe, and adjusted with great care, and the plaid gracefully depending from the shoulder, is a pleasing and elegant drapery, which, being of itself, as it were, the entire vestment, presents an *ensemble* equally remote from the extremes of Asiatic and European dresses. It partakes of the easy flow of Oriental costume, and avoiding the angular formality and stiffness of European attire, combines a great degree both of lightness and elegance.

Lord President Forbes, addressing the Laird of Brodie, who was at the time Lord Lyon of Scotland, said of the Highland dress—"The garb is certainly very loose, and fits men inured to it to go through great marches, to bear out against the inclemency of the weather, to wade through rivers, to shelter in huts, woods, rocks, on occasion when men dressed in the low country garb could not endure."

The first regiment on Britain's battle-roll wearing tartan was the 42d (the Black Watch or the *Freiceadan Dubh*), in which regiment I had the honour of serving for many years. Surely the 42d Royal Highlanders should be kept sacred for the Highlands and for Highlanders; and we may feel confident that were Her Most Gracious Majesty appealed to on the subject, she would be pleased to adopt the dictum of George II., viz. :—"That natives of the Highlands, and none other, are to be taken into the 42d Royal Highland Regiment." How else can it retain its national character, or uphold the true martial spirit unalloyed?

In conclusion, I would say, let us cherish our national distinctions—the Gaelic language, our clan tartans, and the "garb of old Gaul," if we wish to retain the "fire of old Rome" and the spirit of our ancestors.

"Lean gu dlùth ri cliù do shìnnsre."

# Literature.

*DUAIN AGUS ORAIN*, Le Uilleam Mac-Dhunleibhe. Glasgow: Archibald Sinclair, 62 Argyle Street, 1882.

We congratulate the Islay Celtic Association on the publication of this volume. This Association has rebuked in a very practical way those other Associations who spend their energies mainly in eating and drinking to the sound of the bagpipes. Here is really "something begun and something done." If the good example set by the associated men of Islay and Cowal infects other Celtic bodies, which we hope it will, then the old retort of the poet, that the bards are not defunct, but those who cherished them, will soon lose its point.

We may say at once that Dunleibhe, *Anglice* Livingstone, is a poet who well deserved the honour done to him by his spirited countrymen. Nay, we make bold to add that although, if report be true, the editor of this nicely got-up volume is an Islayman, and although the publisher can claim the same honour, Livingstone's memory and work demanded a fairer shrine than that with which it is here furnished. The mechanical part of the work, printing and paper, is very well done.

With a great deal of the editor's work in this volume we are very much disappointed, and so, we are persuaded, will be many who knew the bard, which we did not, having never been in Islay, and having never seen him in the flesh. We might refer to several sins of omission, by which obscurities in the poems are left to perplex those who are not natives of Islay, but is not perhaps of great importance.

When we turn to the biographical notice of the poet we find it to be of such a kind that we are almost sorry we read it. Wordsworth tells us somewhere that if we would enjoy poetry we must love the poet whose gift it is. Is it possible to love such a man such as Mr Blair has described? We don't know, but it looks as if the editor was willing to wound his author, yet afraid to strike him straight in the face. The dagger is at work though carefully wreathed in apologetic excuses plucked from the poet's "want of early culture," and from his "imperfect training." Yet what better training or culture had the very best of our Gaelic poets—some of whom not only went out early to herd cows, but continued to herd them all their days? Livingstone, as painted by the brush of Mr Blair, was morally considered a poor specimen of humanity. As a frontispiece to the book we have a sketch of the poet which, it seems, "rather flatters" his personal appearance. The editor has taken good care that the same charge cannot be made against his delineation of the poet's soul. At least it is an ugly picture, and if it flatters, one would rather not see the horrible original. Biographers are said to be prone to doat on their subject, and to describe it accordingly, but Mr Blair extenuates nothing, even to the "small suspicious-looking eyes," and, we hope, sets down nought in malice. We could love the bard for all his "blind hatred of England and all her belongings," Queen Victoria excepted, nor should we break our hearts though he believed all the old legends ever written, and so forfeited every claim to the title of a scientific historian. But the case is different when we are told that he was "suspicious" and "distrustful," his small eyes seeing a foe everywhere, or envious, so that he grieved at the good of another. This is not after the manner of poets. This, however, was not all, for the poet was not over-scrupulous as to the means employed to "circumvent" a fancied opponent. It seems, too, that his Celtic brethren fared no better at his hand than the Saxon, which reminds us of part of an epitaph on the gravestone of some Lord Reay country robber three centuries back—"He was bad to his friend, and waur to his foe!" In fact, Livingstone, in our own language, but in Mr Blair's meaning, was a "cantankerous sneak."

Livingstone was not the first fool who thought that God gave England all the good it has through Scottish brains or hands. Mr Blair thinks it worth while to record that the poet made an exception in the case of Bunyan, and in admitting his originality, added, in a way that turned the laugh against his pro-English antagonist—*the tinker that he was!* "The prosperity of a joke lies in the ear that hears it," and so there may be some ears that can make out the joke, and make it prosperous. Ours can find nothing of the kind to bestow prosperity upon. Wit is evidently at a discount in Islay, and yet it is so near Ireland! Compare this poor allusion to Bunyan's trade with the remark of the Scot who, when arguing in the same vein as Livingstone, was asked if Shakespere was a Scot, replied, "Ah! weel, Shakespeare had brains enough to be a Scotchman!" The poorest ear will make that prosperous.

As we read the poems of Livingstone we missed many things which fermented in the bosom of our great poets, but we thought we found in them pure and unadulterated love of country and of kindred. We turn to the biography only to find a chilling scepticism on even this point. "Some who knew him well questioned the genuineness of his enthusiasm for his country, and maintained that it was mingled with a great deal

of selfishness." Ah, poor bard, here it is insinuated that thy "vindications of Celtic character," in what was to thee a foreign and crabbed language, thy glorification of the ancient heroes of thy country according to thy lights, and thy unmeasured denunciation of the whinstone hearts of her modern oppressors who crushed out the old life and the old ways, were not for the sake of thy brethren, but for thine own poor personal interest. Had'st thou been here perhaps those would'st have said that the insinuation is a clerical dock leaf to sooth the smarting which thy poetic nettle has caused in the high places of thy native island. All we say is, had the "selfishness" of the clergy spoken out as Livingstone spoke, the Highlanders would never have heen used as they were—much as we deprecate the unmeasured abuse which he allows himself to write in some of his poems.

We agree with the regret expressed in the *Gael* of August 1873 on account of our poet's silence on the matter of religion, even when natural opportunities for referring to it presented themselves. The writer in the *Gael*, whom we take, from the identity of the remarks in the *Gael* and the biography before us, to be the same with the editor, brings the poet to task for not eulogising in his elegy to Mr Blair the "loving, peaceful, calm, spirit of the gospel" exhibited by him in life and death. But he might have found another illustration of the bard's reticence on this point in his very pretty elegy to Mr Strachan, Mr Blair's predecessor in St Columba. Thus, the religious life of parson and farmer alike is in its utmost working impartially ignored. The more is the pity, if for nothing but the influence of the poet himself and the permanence of his work.

But Mr Blair's illustrations of the oddities of the poet's theology are not very fairly dealt with. It would appear that he once asked to be reconciled with a dying friend, not under the pressure of Christian sentiment, but moved by the fear that the ghost of his friend might re-visit the earth and avenge himself on his poetic adversary! We should like to see the twinkle in the "small suspicious looking eyes" before we committed ourselves to the conclusion that the poet was the victim of such abject superstition, more especially as the friend in question was "amused," not shocked, by the poet's anticipation of evil from his spirit after he had gone.

Another incident in the poet's career drew from him the remark, "I believed the end was near, but I had much peace in the thought that I would yield up the ghost on pure Highland heather." To a plain mind there is nothing here which might not be spoken by a subscriber of the Thirty-nine Articles. The poet's strength failed on a lonely moor, and he found comfort in having the heather for his pillow rather than be, say drowned in the dirty Clyde. We once heard a naval officer who nearly came to grief on shore say that he would not mind being drowned in pure salt water, but to be drowned in a peat bog would be shocking! Every one knows the value to be set on such conversational statements, but our biographer interprets so seriously the "much peace" that the thought of dying on the heather gave the faint and sick bard that he finds in it a new heresy—a "unique false ground of hope in death!"

But if the ground on which the poet rested his own hope was unique, the ground he wished others to build upon was "peculiar." An irate Celt took offence at his minister, and would have left him but for the intervention of the bard, who gave the following advice to his friend:—"Attend the Gaelic service, read the Gaelic poets, and I assure you you will be safe enough." "A peculiar ground of safety indeed!" is the sage comment. This is prosaic literalism with a vengeance, and from the editor of a poet,

We must qualify our reference to the poet's silence on the religion of his countrymen by saying that we have found one or two allusions to their religious practices which should be noticed. He mentions, for example, with honour the *laoidhean cràbhaidh* of his country (p. 143) in his beautiful poem, *On the Gravestones of the Bards*, a prize poem, but unlike many such academic self-conscious productions, it is instinct with power and beauty. There is a reference to family worship in the *Cuimhneachan Bhraid-Alba*, so full of tenderness and sympathy that one is led to think he had more than a dramatic interest in the subject. Lord Rosebery told us the other day that so long as Scotland had fathers who should train their families after the principles of the "Cottar's Saturday Night" he would have no fear of her sons. Our poet's lamentation is that this has been rendered impossible in our Highland glens, whence were driven the men "whose glory" was that which he describes in the verses we shall quote, and "whose custom it was to acknowledge the authority of truth and the law of godliness;"—

> "Cha'n 'eil ath-chuinge na ceòl
> A' moladh Trianaid na glòir
> Ach balbh mhulad nan tòrr fàsail,
> Far an cluinte gu moch
> Aoradh molaidh 's gach teach,
> Tha cùirn chòinich 's gun neach
> G' an àiteach', &c."—(p. 129)

From the Gaelic remarks prefixed in the *Gael*, *loc. cit.*, one would infer that Livingstone so identified himself with the pre-Christian wars, poetry, and mythology of his country as to become so much a Pagan himself as to ignore Christianity, just as the classical scholars of the Renaissance ignored the Apostles in their devotion to Cicero and Plato. We are not quite sure that the poet's close study of the *Chroniclers*, who certainly did not ignore Christianity according to their own notions of its character, can be made to run on all fours with the statements of the *Gael*. But what are we going to make of Livingstone's laborious studies under heavy disadvantages of Hebrew and Greek? Surely he did not believe that David and St John were Celtic authors, and surely he had more than a mythological interest in their writings. All we say is that seeing the editor has given prominence to certain phases of our poet's faith, which are anything but "safe," he might have, by way of antidote, emphasised for the benefit of the young men of Islay, and of the old too, the sentiment which has been quoted.

We have left ourselves no space to criticise with care the poems before us. They will repay in more ways than one accurate and painstaking study. Livingstone is entitled to a very honourable position in the bead-roll of Gaelic poets. He cannot be ranked among the highest of our poets, either in style or sentiment. He touches human nature at too few points to be worthy of such a dignity. Although the burden of his song is often a burden of woe and desolation, yet the deepest fountains of tears he is unable to open. The sorrow of circumstances of an outward kind he sets to pleasing melodies, but the pain of the soul, the grief of passion, of faith and love—for this there is no string to his harp. Then the absence of a bright sunny mirth to beguile our cares and rouse our energies will be on the side of the enemy in the struggle of the poet with time, whose tooth "gnaws Tantallon," and which soon hands over all but the very best to forgetfulness as its prey. The want of humour, that kindly twinkle of the eye of a serious man, never seen in the laughter of the fool, will also tell heavily against our poet in the same silent but relentless combat. This is all the more to be regretted, as we see indications in some early poems of a vein which if cultivated might

have given us something that would live and be sung in our cottages, even as Macintyre's *Seachairean Seilge*. We refer to his verses on his dog, and on the tailor's young pig. These are of no great value, but they have a promise in them of wealth, for which much in this volume is a poor substitute. The iron entered into the poet's soul, and so confused all things therein, that the tender, the sympathetic, the genial, the simplicities of everyday humanity could find no home it, and fled, like the bird in the song "Waes me for Prince Charlie." Henceforth he could see nothing but the gorgon countenances of factors, of covetous and cruel sheep farmers stalking on hills that did not belong to them, of lairds whose hearts were changed into flint, and so in his fury he champs the bit of Hebrew roots and Greek verbs. The sound of the trumpet becomes his delight, and the song of the lark is unheeded, or heeded only as a contrast to the prevailing misery. The upshot of this is that the half of his volume is filled with the battle of the warrior, with confused noise, and garments rolled in blood; and the poet has not been able to see with the eye of the prophet the Child born to make the curse of war the means of the blessing of peace. These war songs dwell too much on mere brute courage and strength, and glorifies too fondly the prowess which makes an enemy bite the dust. Though we are pleased with many graceful descriptions of nature, actions, and character in these poems, and though we admire the poet's endeavour to give us somewhat long, sustained, and semi-dramatic compositions in which an effort is made to reproduce the heroic past, still we are obliged to say that they fail to touch the heart, the spirit, the motive of the subject with which they deal. We have carnage in abundance, but we have no revelation given to us of the wild passions, noble or mean, which nerved the arm and whetted the sword for such work.

We are obliged to confess that the evident enthusiasm which brimmed over in the soul of the poet as he describes the battles of the Scot with the Saxon does not communicate itself to us as we read. We have too much of "bonnet and spear and bended bow," too much abuse of the trousers, and too much laudation of the kilt. We wish some good fairy had whispered in the bard's ear the Greek proverb, "Nothing too much," or another very wise one in art, "The half is sometimes better than the whole." His description of Bannockburn is a very good description of that battle merely regarded as a magnificent spectacle and a splendid victory for Scotland, but for what may be called *educative* power, Burns' line, "Tyrants fall at every blow," is worth the whole of it twice told.

We wish we could linger a little longer with Livingstone's muse as she sings, not of the far away past, but of the actual homely, suffering, toiling world in which the bard stitched with his needle to get his bread, and with a deep hunger in his soul which the busy needle could not provide for. He found this world of his to be such that there was no time to do anything but weep. Like Rachael he mourned for the things which are not, and refused to be comforted. He could not rejoice without the interruptions of a persistent grief in the beauty of Highland mountain, glen, wood, or shore, because their old sons, their old songs were not to be found, though he feels in them all something which "oppression cannot take from him," and of which he sings at times very sweetly. The bitterness of the poet never permits him to sing for us a simple unmixed strain of human joyfulness or of natural beauty. To the misfortunes brought upon the countrymen of the bard by the policy of weeding out the old cottars in so cruel and shortsighted a fashion, this one may be added, that it turned into gall the feelings of one of their gifted brethren, and so marred to a great extent the productions of his genius. There was one faculty, however, over which the flame of his grief passed harmless—viz., that of perfect command of pure and unadulterated Gaelic.

While many of our poets are carried off their feet by the foaming rush of their language, he holds it under absolute control, guiding it with skill and power to do his bidding. but we must stop, as we are reminded of the words of Gargan, the Nestor of *Blàr Shunadail*,

" Mar is lugh a their agus is mo a ni sinn
'S ann is àird a bhitheas gach gniomh dhuinn."

We shall do so by calling attention to a passage in his *Comhradh* in which the poet forgets the advice of the Norse sage, says too much and fails for this reason to effect his purpose—that of awakening our indignation against those who drove the Celt from his home. His fiery abuse is apt to send our sympathies to the other side. How different would the case be if he had laid bare the mental agonies and the sufferings of the oppressed, and in this mirror let us see the character of the oppressor. We should then have wept with him, we should have hated the cruel cause of our tears, but this rough and rude mode of attack makes us call for fair play to all persons assailed. It is well worth considering as an indication of the fierce, savage state of mind, caused by the modern policy of our lairds. Many have thought as Livingstone has spoken. The Irish have translated the thought into action in a terrible fashion. In our times our chiefs should ponder, if they are wise, the deep sullen pools from which these wild words come like bubbles to the surface, and see whether they may not be drained off or sweetened.

## SOCIAL UNREST IN THE ISLE OF SKYE.

THAT we were, and still are, on the verge of a social revolution in the Isle of Skye is beyond question, and those who have any influence with the people, as well as those lairds and factors who have the interests of the population virtually in their keeping, will incur a very grave responsibility at a critical time like this unless the utmost care is taken to keep the action of the aggrieved tenants within the law, and on the other hand grant to the people, in a friendly and judicious spirit, material concessions in response to grievances respecting any real hardships which can be proved to exist.

It is quite true that, though innumerable grievances unquestionably do exist, no single one by itself is of sufficient magnitude to make a deep impression on the public mind, or upon any mere superficial enquirer. It is the constant accumulation of numberless petty annoyances, all in the same direction, that exasperate the people. The whole tendency, and, we fear, the real object of the general treatment of the crofter is to crush his spirit, and keep him enslaved within the grasp of his landlord and factor. Indeed, one of the latter freely admitted to us that

his object in serving large numbers of notices of removal, which he had not the slightest intention of carrying into effect, was, in his own words, that he might "have the whiphand over them." This practice can only be intended to keep the people in a constant state of terror and insecurity, and it has hitherto succeeded only too well.

The most material grievance, however, as well as the most exasperating, is the gradual but certain encroachment made on the present holdings. The pasture is taken from the crofters piecemeal; their crofts are in many cases sub-divided to make room for those gradually evicted from other places, in a manner to avoid public attention, to make room for sheep or deer or both. The people see that they are being gradually but surely driven to the sea, and that if they do not resist in time they will ultimately and at no distant date be driven into it, or altogether expelled from their native land. A little more pressure in this direction, and no amount of argument or advice will keep the people from taking the law into their own hands and resisting it by force. The time for argument has already gone. The powers that be hitherto refused to listen to the voice of reason, and the consequence is that scarcely any one can now be found on either side who will wait to argue whether or not a change is necessary. It is admitted on all hands that a change, and a very material change, must take place at no distant date, and the only question at present being considered, in the West at least, is, What is to be the nature of the change? This is what we have now been brought face to face to, and, however difficult the problem may be—and it is surrounded with endless difficulties on all sides—the change must come; and it is admitted all round that the day when it shall take place has been brought much nearer by the inconsiderate action and unbending spirit of those at present in power in the Isle of Skye. This is now seen and admitted by themselves. In short, a great blunder has been committed. This opinion is almost universal in the Island, and it will be a crime against owners of land, against the interests of society, and against common sense, if the blunder is not at once rectified by the good sense of those who have it in their power to do so. Any one can make a mistake, but it takes a man of sense and prudence to rectify such a blunder as has just been committed

in the neighbourhood of Portree, and which, it is feared, may be repeated elsewhere throughout the Island. The error will soon be forgotten if rectified with as little delay as possible; and the class of men who are willing to sacrifice their own ideas of self-importance to confer a great boon upon society, is so limited, that we appeal with no slight confidence to Lord Macdonald's factor to retrace his steps, and arrange a settlement with his people in the Braes; and thus assuredly raise himself to a higher position in public estimation than he has ever occupied with all his power; and at the same time become an example for good to others. He can do all this with the less difficulty, seeing that not a single one of the grievances of the Braes tenants were originated since he became factor on the Macdonald estates, and that the only thing with which he can fairly be charged in connection with them was a too imperious disinclination to listen to the people's claims, and that he had not fully and sufficiently early enquired into the justice of them. He holds the peace of the Highlands at the present moment very much in his own hands, and his responsibilities are therefore proportionately very great. On his prudence very much depends the amicable settlement of a great question, or at least the shape which the present agitation for the settlement of the relations of landlord and tenant in the Highlands will ultimately take.

We believe that the sad consequences of the recent proceedings against his tenants is deplored by himself as much as by any in the Isle of Skye, where the feeling of regret and shame is universal among the people, from the highest to the lowest, irrespective of position or party.

There is a very strong feeling that the law must be maintained; but the opinion is very generally expressed that the people ought not on this occasion, and in the present state of the public mind, to have been brought into contact with the criminal authorities; and that by a little judicious reasoning this could have been very easily avoided. We quite agree that the law must not only be respected, but firmly vindicated, when occasion demands it, but at the same time the owners of land who press hard upon their poor tenants are living in a fool's paradise if they expect that harsh laws, harshly administered, will be allowed to stand much longer on the statute-book if such as the recent proceedings

at Braes are to be repeated elsewhere throughout the country. Just now the facts of history deserve careful study, and we trust that the lessons they teach will not be thrown away on those more immediately concerned in maintaining their present position in connection with the land.

An attempt has been made to show that the Braes tenants have no real grievances; and our own opinion before we went to examine them on the spot, and it is so still, was that they are, from a legal standpoint, in a far worse position to assert their claims than the tenants of Glendale, Dr Nicol Martin's, and other proprietors on the Island. We are now satisfied, however, that they have very considerable grievances from a moral stand-point, and no one will dispute that grievances of the latter kind are generally as important, and often more substantial and exasperating than those which can be enforced in a court of law.

The Braes tenants maintain that in two instances considerable portions of their lands have been taken from them without any reduction of rent, and their contentions, we have no hesitation in saying, are capable of legal proof.

I. There is no doubt at all that they had the grazings of Benlee—the original cause of the present dispute—down to 1875, when it was taken from them and let to a sheep farmer as a separate holding. It can be proved that Lord Macdonald paid them rent for a small portion of it, which he took into his own hands for the site of a forester's house and garden. It can also be proved that it was not a "common" in the ordinary acceptation of that term, though it is called so in a map made by a surveyor named Blackadder, who, in 1810, divided the crofts from the run-rig system into ordinary lots, while the grazings of Benlee continued to be held *in common* as before. The Uist people, and others from the West, paid a rent for the use of it to the Braes tenants when resting their droves on their way to the Southern markets.

II. The townships are, or were, divided into seven crofts, occupied by as many tenants, and an eighth, called the shepherd's croft (and which that necessary adjunct to a common or club farm, received in return for his services). The shepherd's croft has since been withdrawn, and let direct by the factor to an eighth tenant, and that without any reduction of rent on the other seven crofts in each township, while they have now to bear the burden of paying their shepherd for their own resources. This is a virtual rising of the rents, without any equivalent, by more than 13½ per cent., altogether apart from the appropriation of Benlee.

These grievances took shape long before the present factor came into power, and he himself informed us that it is only since the present agitation began that he became even acquainted with the complaint regarding the shepherd's crofts. For townships to have such a croft is quite common in the Island, and the practice is well known and understood.

It has been stated that the rents are now not higher than they were in 1810, but, apart from the fact that Benlee and the eighth croft have since been taken away, why com-

pare the present with 1810, a time at which, in consequence of the wars of the period, rents and produce of every kind were very high. The rental of Lord Macdonald's Skye property, we understand, was £8000, while in 1830 it fell to £5000. The tenants maintain that they have repeatedly claimed Benlee, and that the late factor told them if they had been firm when the last lease expired they would have got it, though whether with or without rent was not stated. This is admitted, though different views were by each held as to the payment of rent—the tenants expecting they were to get it in terms of their request without any payment, while the factor says that he meant them to get it on payment of the then rent. In any case it is impossible that they can now obtain a decent livelihood without additional pasture for their cattle, for they have been obliged to allow a great portion of their arable land to run into waste to graze their cattle upon it. They are willing to pay some rent for Benlee, and it is to be hoped, in all the circumstances, that the factor will meet them in a liberal spirit (as he can, without difficulty, get the lands from the present tenant at Whitsunday next), and thus avoid further heart-burnings and estrangements between the landlord and his tenants. That they have moral claims of a very substantial character cannot be disputed, and the mere fact that the lands have been taken from them so long back as 1865 can scarcely be pleaded as a reason why that state of matters should be continued. It has indeed been suggested, with some amount of apparent justice, whether in all the circumstances the people have not a moral claim to a return of the value of Benlee for the period during which it has been out of their possession, seeing that they still have the arable portions and part of the grazings of their original holdings.

### GLENDALE AND DR NICOL MARTIN'S ESTATE.

We visited these properties, some 30 to 35 miles from Portree and 7 to 12 miles from Dunvegan, accompanied by the special commissioners for the *Aberdeen Daily Free Press*, the *Dundee Advertiser*, and the *Glasgow Citizen*. The whole surroundings of the Glendale holdings at once indicate a comfortable crofting tenantry, indeed, the most prosperous, to outward appearance, that we have seen in the North-West Highlands. The estate is owned by the Trustees of the late Sir John Macpherson Macleod. The people are remarkably intelligent and well informed, and their grievances place those of the Braes men entirely in the shade. The following account of them and their position generally, largely from Mr William Mackenzie's account in the *Free Press*, and taken down in the presence of the writer, may be held as a true statement of their case:—

While the people are thoroughly firm in their demands, it would be a mistake to call their attitude and actions a "no rent" agitation. They are all alive to their obligation to pay rent to the landlord, and where rent is withheld that is done, not in defiance of the landlord's rights, but as the best, and perhaps the only, means they can devise to induce the landlords to consider the claims and grievances of the people. The estate managed by the trustees of the late John Macpherson Macleod consists of about a dozen townships. According to the current valuation roll, lands, &c., of the annual value of £400 9s, are in the occupancy of the trustees. Dr Martin pays £133 for Waterstein, and the shooting tenant pays £140. The ground officer pays some £30 for lands at Colbost, while the rest of the estate is occupied by crofters, who among them pay a rent of about £700. The extent of the estate is about 35,000 acres. Ten years ago the rent was £1257, while now it is £1397 odds, showing a net increase on the decade of £139 16s 1d, or slightly over 11 per cent.

The tenants complain that the different townships were deprived of rights anciently

possessed by them; that some townships were by degrees cleared of the crofters to enable the laird or the factor to increase their stock of sheep, and that such of these people as did not leave the estate were crowded into other townships, individual tenants in these townships being required to give a portion of their holdings to make room for these new comers. They also complain of the arrogant and dictatorial manner in which the factor deals with them. So the Glendale crofters, wearied for years with what they have regarded as oppression, have now risen up as one man, resolved to unfold before the public gaze those matters of which they complain, and to demand their territorial superiors to restore to them lands which at one time were occupied by themselves and their ancestors, and to lessen, if not to remove, what they regard as the severity of the factor's yoke, and generally to place them in that position of independence and security to which they consider they are fairly and justly entitled. The functions performed by the factor of Glendale are exceedingly varied in their character. He is, they say, as a rule, sole judge of any little dispute that may arise between the crofters. He decides these disputes according to his own notions of right or wrong, and if anyone is dissatisfied—a not uncommon occurrence even among litigants before the Supreme Courts—the dissatisfied one dare not carry the matter to the regularly-constituted tribunals of the land. To impugn the judgment of the factor by such conduct might entail more serious consequences than any one was disposed to incur, and further, the extraordinary and, of course, mistaken notion appears to have prevailed that if any one brought a case before the Sherift Court the factor's letter would be there before him to nonsuit him. This factorial mode of administrating the law is probably a vestige that still lingers in isolated districts of the ancient heritable jurisdiction of Scotland; and it is only right to state that Glendale is not the only place in the Highlands where the laird or the factor have been wont to administer the law. Among the privileges which the Glendale people formerly possessed was the right to collect and get the salvage for timber drifted from wrecks to the shore. Of this privilege it was resolved to deprive them, as may be seen from the following written notice which was posted up at the local post-office, the most public part of the district:—"Notice.—Whereas parties are in the habit of trespassing on the lands of Glendale, Cowergill, Ramasaig, and Waterstein, in searching and carrying away drift timber, notice is hereby given that the shepherds and herds on these lands have instructions to give up the names of any persons found hereafter on any part of said lands, as also anyone found carrying away timber from the shore by boats or otherwise, that they may be dealt with according to law.—Factor's Office, Tormore, 4th January 1882." The lands over which they were thus forbidden to walk consist mainly of sheep grazing, in the occupation of the trustees and managed for them by the factor. The people were also forbidden to keep dogs.

These notices, it is stated, had the desired effect—trespassing ceased, and the crofter, with a sad heart, destroyed his faithful canine friend. Grievances multiplying in this way, it was resolved by some leader in the district to convene a public meeting of the crofters to consider the situation. The notice calling the meeting together was in these terms:—"We, the tenants on the estate of Glendale, do hereby warn each other to meet at Glendale Church on the 7th day of February, on or about one P.M., of 1882, for the purpose of stating our respective grievances publicly in order to communicate the same to our superiors, when the ground officer is requested to attend." Such a revolutionary movement as this, the people actually daring to meet together to consider their relations with the laird and make demands, was not to be lightly entered upon, and it need not be wondered if some of them at first wanted the moral courage to come up to the

occasion. If any one showed symptoms of weakness in this way he was threatened, and on the appointed day the clansmen met and deliberated on the situation. At that meeting their grievances received full expression. It was in particular pointed out that the township of Ramasaig, which fifteen years ago was occupied by 22 separate crofters, is now reduced to two, the land taken from or given up by the other twenty families having been put under sheep by the factor. The people, who presumably were less valuable than the sheep, in some cases left the country altogether, while those that remained were provided with half crofts on another part of the estate. For instance, a crofter who perhaps had a ten pound croft, say, at Milovaig was requested to give up the one half of it to a crofter removed from Ramasaig, a corresponding reduction being made in the rent. In this way, while the sheep stocks under the charge of the factor were increasing, the status of the crofters was gradually diminishing, and the necessity for their depending more and more on other industries than the cultivation of their croft was increasing. To illustrate this all the more forcibly, I may state that the crofters at Ramasaig had eight milk cows and their followers, and about forty sheep on each whole croft—altogether over a hundred head of cattle and from 300 to 400 sheep. Lower Kell was similarly cleared. At this meeting of the crofters, to which I have alluded, it was resolved that, as a body, they should adopt a united course of action. They were all similarly situated. Each man and each township had a grievance, and no individual was to be called upon to make a separate claim. Each township or combination of townships was to make one demand, and if any punishment should follow on such an act of temerity, it should not be allowed to fall on any one person, but on the united body as a whole. To guard against any backsliding, and to prevent any weakling or chicken-hearted leaguer (if any should exist) from falling out of the ranks, they, one and all, subscribed their names in a book, pledging themselves as a matter of honour to adhere in a body to the resolution thus arrived at. The scheme having thus been formulated, each township or combination proceeded to get up petitions embodying their respective cases, and sending them to the trustees, Professor Macpherson, of Edinburgh, and his brother.

The tenants of Skinidin claim two islands, opposite their crofts, in Loch Dunvegan. Apart from this they complain that they do not get the quantity of seaweed to which they were entitled. This may appear to some a small matter, but to the cultivator of a croft it is a matter of great importance, for seaware is the only manure which he can conveniety get excepting, of course, the manure produced by the cows. The quantity of ware promised to the Skinidin crofters was one ton each, but the one-half of it, they say, was taken from them some time ago, and given to the "wealthy men" and favourites of the place. The result is that they have to cross to the opposite side of Loch Dunvegan and buy sea-ware there at 31s 6d per ton. This is not only an outlay of money, which the poor crofters can ill afford to incur, but it also entails great labour, which is attended with no inconsiderable danger to life. The crofters accordingly demand the quantity of ware, to which, they say, they are entitled.

The Colbost tenants, to the number of twenty-five, also put in a petition, in which they complained of high rents, and stated that owing to incessant tilling the land is becoming exhausted, and ceasing to yield that crop which they might fairly expect. In 1848, they say they got Colbost with its old rights at its old rent with the sanction of the proprietor. The local factor, Norman Macraild, subsequently deprived them of these privileges, while the rents were being constantly increased. They accordingly demand that their old privileges be restored and the rents reduced to the old standard, otherwise they will not be able to meet their engagements.

I will next take the petition of the Harmaravirein crofters. The place is occupied by John Campbell, who pays £9 15s 4d; John Maclean, £5 3s 4d; John Mackay, £6 2s 8d; and Donald Nicolson, £4 12s. The petition, which was in the following terms, deserves publicity:—"We, the crofters of Harmaravirein, do humbly show by this petition that we agree with our fellow-petitioners in Glendale as to their requests. We do, by the same petition, respectfully ask redress for grievances laid upon us by a despotic factor, Donald Macdonald, Tormore, who thirteen years ago for the first time took from us part of our land, against our will, and gave it to others, whom he drove from another quarter of the estate of Glendale, to extend his own boundaries, and acted similarly two years ago, when he dispersed the Ramasaig tenantry. We, your humble petitioners, believe that none of the grievances mentioned were known to our late good and famous proprietor, being an absentee, in whom we might place our confidence had he been present to hear and grant our request. As an instance of his goodwill to his subjects the benefits he bestowed on the people of St Kilda are manifest to the kingdom of Great Britain. We, your petitioners, pray our new proprietors to consider our case, and grant that the tenantry be reinstated in the places which have been cleared of their inhabitants by him in Tormore."

The petition of the Upper and Lower Milovaig and Borrodale crofters set forth that, notwithstanding their going north and south all over the country to earn their bread, they are still declining into poverty. The crofts too are getting exhausted through constant tilling. Before 1845 they say there were only 16 families in the two Milovaigs and one in Borrodale. There are now 5 in Borrodale, 19 in Upper Milovaig, and 20 in Lower Milovaig, averaging six souls in every family. The rent before 1845 for the two Milovaigs was £40. At the date mentioned Macleod of Macleod, who was then proprietor, divided each of the two Milovaigs into 16 crofts. They prayed that they might get the lands of Waterstein now tenanted by Dr Martin. The petition concluded—"Further we would beg, along with our fellow-petitioners in Glendale, that the tenantry who have been turned out of Lowerskill, Ramsaig, and Hamara by our ill-ruling factor be reinstated."

The tenants of Holmesdale and Liepbein, 29 in number, in their petition, stated that 48 years ago the place was let to ten tenants at about £60, and afterwards relet to 25 tenants at about £85, besides a sum of £3 2s 6d for providing peats for the proprietor. The rents, they say, have nearly doubled since then, and the inhabitants increased, the present number being nearly 200, occupying 33 dwellings. There was much overcrowding, there being as many as 15 persons upon crofts of four acres. The petition contained the following estimate of factors:—"Unless poor crofters are to be protected by the proprietor of the estate, we need not expect anything better than suppression from factors who are constantly watching and causing the downfall of their fellow-beings, in order to turn their small portion of the soil into sheep walks." These tenants prayed that the evicted townships of Lowergell, Ramasaig, and Hamara should be restored to the tenants, and thus to afford relief to the overcrowded townships. The crofters of Glasvein said they had no hill pasture for sheep, and no peat moss to get their fuel from. When some of the present crofters, they say, came into the possession of their crofts, the township of Glasvein was alloted to seven tenants, each paying an average rent of £5, whereas now the township is in the possession of 12 crofters, paying each an average rent of £4 or so. They accordingly sought to have this matter remedied.

It is but right to state that the factor—Mr Donald Macdonald, Tormore—takes exception to several of the statements contained in the petition.

In conclusion, I may state that the tenants of Glendale appear to be all hard-working, industrious men, and their houses are better, on the whole, than any crofter district that I have yet visited in Skye. The soil seems to be more fertile, it is well drained, and comparatively well cultivated. The men seem to be thoroughly intelligent, and some of them not only read newspapers, but have very decided opinions in regard to certain newspapers. One of these [the *Scotsman*] I heard spoken of as "The United Liar." But newspaper reading—that is Liberal newspaper reading—is not encouraged in Glendale. One man whom I met informed me that a crofter in Glendale was accused of reading too many newspapers, a circumstance which the factor strongly suspected accounted for the heinous crime of the crofter being a Liberal. At one time there were some small shops in Glendale, but these would appear to have practically vanished. Some years ago the factor set up a meal store himself, and the crofters, I am informed, were given to understand that shopkeepers would have to pay a rent of £2 each for these so-called shops, in addition to their rents. No one, however, appears to have ever been asked to pay this, but the shops ceased to exist. [Perhaps the most indefensible custom of all was to compel the incoming tenant to pay up the arrears, however large a sum, of his predecessor. This appeared so incredible that no one present felt justified in publishing it; but on consulting the factor personally, he not only admitted but actually defended the practice as a kind of fair enough premium or "goodwill" for the concern, and said it was quite a common practice in the Isle of Skye. We would describe it in very different terms, but that is unnecessary. It only wants to be stated to be condemned as an outrage on public morality by all honest men.] As I left the place the crofters were in great glee at the prospect of a visit from the trustees to arrange matters with them. They are hopeful that important concessions may be made to them, and if these hopes should not be realised, they appear to be animated with an unflinching determination to stand by one another, and, shoulder to shoulder, agitate for the redress of what they firmly maintain to be great and serious grievances.

I have left myself now but little space to speak of the condition of affairs on the estate of Dr Martin. This estate is one which is of great interest to the Highlanders. Borreraig, one of the townships in revolt, was anciently held rent free by the Macrimmons, the hereditary pipers of Macleod of Dunvegan. The principal grievance complained of by the crofters may be briefly rehearsed. The crofters are required to sell to the laird all the fish they catch at a uniform rate of sixpence for ling and fourpence for cod, and I have actually been informed of a case where some one was accused at a semi-public meeting of interfering in a sort of clandestine way with the doctor's privileges by buying the fish at higher prices. The crofters were also required to sell their cattle to the doctor's bailiff at his own price. A man spoke of his having some time ago sold a stirk to a foreign drover, and was after all required to break his bargain with the drover and hand over the animal to the bailiff. [This bailiff was, however, dismissed last Whitsunday, a fact stated in defence by Dr Martin's friends.] Tenants are also required to give eight free days' labour in the year to the laird, failing that to pay a penalty of 2s 6d per day; and while thus working, I was informed that if any one by accident broke any of the tools he used, he was required to pay for the damage. The breaking of a shearing hook subjected the man who did it to pay 2s 6d for it. I am aware that the friends of the laird maintain that the labour thus contributed by the people is in reality not for labour, but an equivalent for a portion of the rent. This is a very plausable excuse, but it won't bear examination. If it is regarded as a part of the rent, rates should be paid upon it, and the "annual value" or rent returned to the

county valuator each year should be the amount actually paid in money plus the value of the eight days' labour. Thus either the labour is free, or there is an unjust and inequitable burden thrown on the other crofters in the parish who do not perform such labour, as, of course, the labour given by Dr Martin's tenants is not rated. The tenants have now struck against performing this work, and Dr Martin's work was done this year on ordinary day labour.

The people also complain that the hill hand was taken from the tenants of Galtrigill, and the hill grounds of Borreraig, the neighbouring township, thrown open to them. This was a very material curtailment of the subjects let, but in addition sums of from 10s to 30s were added to the rent of each holding. No crofter on the estate has a sheep or a horse, and they are obliged to buy wool for their clothing from a distance, as Dr Martin will not sell them any. The tenants paid their rents at Martinmas last, but they have given notice that unless their demands are conceded they will not pay the rent due at Martinmas next. The leading points of their petition are that the rents be reduced, the old land-marks restored, and the hill grounds as of old given to them. This petition the tenants sent to Dr Martin some time ago, but he has not yet made any reply. The tenants do not appear to be very hopeful that he will make any concession, but they are evidently determined to walk in the same paths as their neighbours on the estate of Sir John Macpherson Macleod, and they are in great hopes that the friends of the Gael in the large towns of the south will manfully aid them in their battle against landlordism. Dr Martin generally denies the allegations of his tenants.

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THE SKYE CROFTERS AND THE PRESS.—The following newspapers were represented in the Isle of Skye during the week commencing on Sunday, the 16th of April. Mr Alexander Gow of the *Dundee Advertiser* and the *People's Journal* was on the ground a few days earlier, and Mr Macleod Ramsay of the *Glasgow Citizen* appeared on the scene in the same steamer that brought the authorities and the police to Portree from Glasgow and Inverness. On the afternoon of Wednesday, the 19th, Mr Dunn of the *Scotsman*, Mr Allan of the *Glasgow Herald*, Mr Proudfoot of the Glasgow *Mail*, Mr Cruickshank of the *Inverness Courier*, and Mr Nairne, sub-editor of the *Northern Chronicle*, made their appearance. Later on, Mr Barron, editor of the *Courier;* Mr Cameron, the war correspondent of the London *Standard*, who was sent down specially from London ; and Mr Gordon, from the *Glasgow News*, turned up. A more intelligent body of men, taking them all in all, it has not been our lot to meet ; and if their opinions generally, based on the facts which they ascertained on the spot, guided their respective editors, the actual opinions expressed by the Scottish press would be very much stronger in favour of the crofter than it has even yet become. As we write a very marked change has come over the *Courier* in the short space of less than a week ; but we presume, until an order is issued from the Whig headquarters, that the *Scotsman*, who hates the crofters a great deal more than Satan, is hopeless, in spite of any experience it may have obtained. Mr Gow and Mr Ramsay, who were the only representatives of the press on the ground on Wednesday morning, and saw the whole scrimmage, did excellent work in the most trying circumstances. The *Courier* and *Chronicle* were the only northern organs specially represented in the island, except ourselves, which, we fear, speaks little for the sympathy and interest of our Highland newspapers in the native population. On Sunday, the 23d, Mr Dunlop of the *Freeman's Journal* appeared on the ground, and others are said to be on their way north, and yet the proprietors will continue to shut their eyes to the pass at which we have arrived.

THE

# CELTIC MAGAZINE.

*Conducted by ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A. SCOT.*

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## BISHOP CARSWELL AND HIS TIMES.

By the Rev. JOHN DEWAR, B.D., Kilmartin.

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### IV.

ANY notice of Bishop Carswell would be incomplete without an allusion to his connection with Carnassary Castle, with which his name is traditionally associated. Kennedy says, "The Right Rev. Bishop was exalted far above a Rector, or minister of a parish (as some publishers choose to state), he was *High Bishop of Argyle*, mighty and wealthy above all others, in holy orders, over three districts: he could vie with any *baron or chief* within his diocese, and built the *Castle of Carnasary* so as to compete with his superior *Argyll* himself. This castle is situated on a rising ground at the top of a strath called Strathmore, within less than a mile north from Kilmartin. When the *Earl of Argyll* saw it, he approved much of the elegance of its structure; but disapproved of its situation, which he considered as despicable as if erected on a dung-hill. The Right Rev. prelate may have thought this retired situation more suitable for his studies than any other site on the coast, where beautiful and extensive scenery and the terrific roaring of the *Gulf of Breacan* might interrupt his meditation"; and the "Origines Parochiales" assert "that Carnasary Castle was built by Mr John Carswell, Bishop of Argyle, to the use of the Earls of Argyll." The tradition of the district is to the same effect, that there was an old Castle at Carnassary but that Carswell re-built it. The stone with the armorial bearings

and inscription amongst the ruins seems to belong to the new structure. The arms are quarterly—1st and 4th Girony of eight; 2d and 3d old fashioned ship. Inscription in Irish characters Dia le unnduimhne, and *the arms are impaled with the Scottish lion within a double tressure.* The Scottish lion would imply connection with royalty, and might be the Lord Campbell who died in 1453, and was married to Margaret Stewart, daughter to Robert Duke of Albany, brother to Robert John, the third King of Scotland. But we should remember that the galley is seldom used by the Campbells on their coat of arms before the time of Earl Colin, who was created Baron Lorne in 1470. The lion, on the other hand, came to be used by all who could claim kindred with royalty, however remote. Witness, for instance, the Curate of Kilmartin in the days of Episcopacy. A Mr William Maclauchlane was presented to the parish of Kilmartin by His Majesty on the forfeiture of Archibald Earl of Argyll, 1st August 1682, much to the chagrin of the parishioners. The parishioners of Kilmartin hastened to join Argyll's standard in 1685, and on the failure of the expedition, many of the parishioners were put to death, some banished to the West Indian plantations, and most of the heritors were sentenced to death, and their estates placed under forfeiture. But Mr William profited by all these misfortunes. He got possession of all the tithes, and found himself the happy recipient of a stipend larger than any of his predecessors enjoyed, probably, since the days of Carswell. This gave him an opportunity of cultivating certain artistic tastes, which he seems to have possessed. He made a private entrance for himself to the church (a very judicious proceeding on his part), inscribing over it—

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|---|---|
| M. | (Mr |
| W. M. | William Maclauchlane |
| 1686. | 1686.) |

and having a shrewd suspicion, no doubt, from the temper in which he found his parishioners (smarting under the calamities which befell them recently in defending their civil and religious liberties) that none of them were disposed to erect a monument to his memory, Mr William resolved, like Absalom of old, to erect a monument to himself "to keep his name in remembrance"—and in the year 1686 he did erect a monument, which still survives.

It is a fearfully and wonderfully designed specimen of Mr William's learning and artistic taste, full of all manner of curious devices, with a Latin inscription, and emblazoned with the coat of arms of Maclachlan, *impaled with the Scottish lion within a double tressure.* We may well believe that Mr William had the faintest connection with Royalty, unless we recognise some affinity in the fact that on the appearance of King William and the Revolution, King James *deserted his kingdom* and Mr William *deserted his parish.* Now, the 5th Earl in Carswell's time was married to Lady Jean Stewart, natural daughter of King James the Fifth, and Carswell dedicates his Book to him—

Do Ghiollaeasbuig Vanduibhne Iarrla Erragaoidheal—

and in his hymn to this Book he says—

Go húa-nduibhne rig ad réim—

so that tradition may, as usual, be quite correct in connecting Carswell's name with Carnassary, and he must have built it, with the sanction, possibly, at the instigation, of his patron Argyll. The Castle is in the form of an oblong hall, between two square towers, terminating in battlements with a variety of crow-stepped gables, tall chimneys, small bartizans, characteristic of the pristine Scottish baronial residence. It is in the plain perpendicular style, having little ornamentation beyond the moulding on the walls and parapets; but there are remains of some beautiful ornamental tracery above the door and on the mantle-pieces. The walls are exceedingly thick, with circular stairs, sleeping closets, and cells in their thickness—altogether it is the plain, substantial, elegant fabric that we would expect a man of Carswell's calibre to design for his residence. In a military point of view it may be condemned; but for picturesqueness and scenery few would wish a more desirable site for residence. Far as the eye can reach, it commands the most lovely and varied and romantic scenery. From the hills that rise on either side of the Castle, Carswell could gaze on what he himself calls "the fair land of the territory of the beautiful sea-coast of Alban." To the north may be seen in the distance the bold spiral outlines of the mountains of Mull and Appin, the lofty summits of Ben-Cruachan, while beneath lie the innumerable islands that stud Loch Craignish and the *Dorus Mòr*, and wherever the eye chooses

to turn it rests on an intricate, extensive, diversified scene of quiet and awe-inspiring arrangements of nature; at one time it is the hills of Knapdale, again the peaks of Jura, again

> Scarba's isle whose tortured shore
> Still rings to Corrievreckan's roar
> And lonely Colonsay,
> Scenes sung by him who sings no more.

One would fain associate Carswell's name with Carnassary, for it was destined to play no unimportant part in the after struggles of his countrymen for their religious liberties. In 1644-45, when a great body of the Macdonalds, commanded by Coll Macdonald, came to execute their revenge on *the Argyle's* country, the people of Kilmartin seem to have fled for refuge to their strongholds, Duntroon Castle, and Carnassary Castle—many of them taking refuge in dens and caves known only to themselves—and the only thing which seems to have eluded the search of the plunderers "was," says Kennedy, "one humble dun cow which happened to escape their notice, it being hid in a thicket of birch, in a hollow below Kilmartin. The cow was called by the natives *Bo mhaol odhar Ach-a-bheann.* It appears that the calf of this cow was carried off by the freebooters, which caused its melancholy dam to lament its absence. It is told that *her* bellowing and vehement roaring in this deserted strath (like the pelican's mournful tones in the wilderness), made the forlorn inhabitants feel their loss with greater pain, seeing nothing left them but naked fields."

The amiable and pious wife of Sir Duncan Campbell of Auchinbreck, Lady Henrietta Lindsay, whose love was truly

> Love that can find
> Christ everywhere embalmed and shrined,
> Aye gathering up memorials sweet
> Where'er she sets her duteous feet,

passed many of her days at Carnassary, then called *Castle Bowdraught*, and here she no doubt followed her usual course of making her house a little sanctuary, where domestics and neighbours assembled to hear the words of eternal life; "these bounds being then," to use her own words, "as a heath in the wilderness as to the means of grace." During these killing times when, as she herself says, "the growing desolation and trouble daily in-

creased to the putting a further restraint on ministers and people, many of whom were imprisoned, harassed, chased to the hazard of their lives, the violating of the consciences of others, and the fearful bloodshed of many; retrenching our liberties, so that it was made a crime to meet or convene to the worship of the living God, except in such a manner as our nation was solemnly sworn against; laying bonds on ministers not to preach, or people to hear, under such and such penalties, fines, hazards as were endless to rehearse; things running to such a height to the introducing of Popery itself, if the Lord had not prevented, that there were almost no thinking persons but were under the dread and fear of this approaching judgment." Here she was visited in the summer of 1685 by what she calls her "desirable sister," Lady Sophia, whose heroic rescue of Argyll from prison will forever embellish the page of history; and here she was attacked, that same summer by high fever, and visited by her mother, the Countess of Argyll. And Lady Henrietta left behind some memorials of her residence here. Over the entrance-gate is the following inscription :—

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|---|---|
| S. | (Sir |
| D. C. | Duncan Campbell. |
| L. | Lady |
| H. L. | Henrietta Lindsay. |
| 1681. | 1681.) |

And in 1685, when Argyll returned from Holland, to quote his own declaration, "to take up just and necessary arms in the name and fear of the Great God, and the confidence of his mercy and assistance, for our own and our country's relief from the foresaid most grievous and intolerable tyrannies and oppressions, the defence and re-establishment of the true and pure Christian religion commonly called Protestant, in opposition to the Anti-Christian Roman religion commonly called Papistical, and the recovery and re-establishment of all our just rights, liberties, and privileges, according as we stand indispensably engaged thereto before God and man," his son, the Hon. Charles Campbell, placed a garrison in the castle of Carnassary, and Sir Duncan Campbell soon afterwards marched to Tarbert at the head of 1000 men. And Carnassary Castle ultimately perished in the general wreck which followed the failure of Argyll's enterprise. The occasion

is described in a petition which Sir Duncan Campbell of Auchinbreck presented to the Estates of Parliament after the Revolution. The petition states "that the petitioner having from his sense of the justice and necessity of the said Earl, his undertaking, and for the defence of the country, caused man and garrison his house of Carnassary; the same was besieged, and a treaty for surrender being in dependence, the deceased Lauchlane McLaine of Torlisk, &c., conjunctly and severally, with their barbarous accomplices, did, in the first place, cause hang Dugald McTavish, fiar of Dunardarie, at the said house of Carnassary; and immediately after the surrendering thereof, did barbarously murder Alexander Campbell of Strondour, the petitioner's uncle, and without any regard to any conditions of faith given, they did fall upon and wound above twenty of the soldiers of the garrison, plunder and carry away out of the said house three-score horse led of goods and plenishing, and after all these cruelties and robberies, the said deceased Lauchlane McLaine of Torlisk, with his above named followers and accomplices, did set fire to the said house of Carnassary and burn it to ashes."

But while Carnassary fell a prey to such fierce masters, and such ravenous plunderers, what hallowed memories cluster around that ivy-mantled ruin. A solemn stilness and a hushed repose seem to mantle it round, broken only by the sighing of the wind or the flight of the jackdaw from its recesses; yet from this spot, no doubt, winged prayers ascended to the throne of God, which were answered in due time. "Far from me," says Dr Johnson, "and from my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue." And this ground has been dignified by the wisdom, and bravery, and virtue of those; but for whose sacrifices, and prayers, and efforts on behalf of our Freedom and our Religion,

> The stars that blazed in Albion's hemisphere,
> And long dispensed unclouded radiance there,
> No more were suffered to indulge their light,
> Torn from their orbs and sunk in endless night.

That man is truly little to be envied who can gaze unmoved at the sad memorials of those whose hard lot it was to mingle in scenes of strife and bloody conflict in order that they might

transmit to posterity the peace and plenty and security of our happy days,

> Where pure Religion o'er the blissful plains
> Pours her eternal beam, and endless Freedom reigns.

In this sacred spot, it may be, he, who is said to have been a conventual brother of the Abbey of Iona, and whom God commissioned anew to go in the spirit and power of St Columba to confer "the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion" upon his countrymen, penned his memorable salutation—"Unto every Christian throughout the whole earth, and especially to the men of Alban (Scotland) and of Eireand (Ireland), to such of them as desire to receive the faithful words of God, in their hearts and minds, John Carswell sends his blessing, and prays for the Holy Spirit for them from God the Father, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

But while we can view this ruin and its precincts with all the borrowed charms that sacred romance can lead to its blessing or its woes now that

> The sounds of population fail,
> No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
> No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
> But all the bloomy flush of life is fled, .

the folks of that distant era could regard it with very different feelings. It would appear that the strictest discipline was maintained in the castle, and any one who missed a meal had to content himself till the next came round. One of the gillies happened to return from a long journey, possibly having eaten nothing since daybreak, and had reached a ford immediately below the castle, and was no doubt "interested," like Captain Dalgetty, "by the smoke which ascended from the castle chimneys and the expectation which this seemed to warrant of his encountering an abundant stock of provant." He was just in the act of crossing the water when he was roused out of his musings by the sound of the dinner-bell. Eager to secure his repast, and desperate at the thought that he might have to wait till the next came round, he pitched a load ot meal which he had in front of him into the water, and applying his spurs to his Bucephalus rod furiously up the steep, and it is to be hoped reached the hall

in good time: in any case, it is said that the discipline was somewhat relaxed after this ludicrous incident. The good wives of the Strathmore of Ariskeodnish would appear to have had their own musings about the stern discipline in another direction. Looking at this giant edifice which lifts its lofty head at the top of the strath and is visible for miles all round, and reflecting on the enormous quantities of butter, eggs, fat hens, and other small brocks that were rigorously exacted from them in the shape of tithes to sustain its giant occupant and his numerous train, they muttered their wrathful lampoon in the words in which it still survives amongst them :—

*An Carsalach mòr* tha'n Carnasrie,*
Tha na coig cairt 'n a osain,
Tha 'dhroll mar dhruinnin na corra,
'S a sgròban lom gionach farsuing.

(*The Big Carswell* in Camassary,
There are five quarters (45 inches) in his hose,
His rump is like the back of a crane,
His stomach empty, greedy, capacious.)

*(To be continued.)*

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THE REV. THOMAS FRASER, known as "Parson Thomas," of Inverness, was preaching on one occasion on a very hot Sunday in the month of July. An unusually large number of the congregation fell asleep during the discourse. Whether this was the result of the heat of the day or the dryness of the sermon is not recorded. The preacher was naturally annoyed, and, addressing them, he exclaimed loudly, in Gaelic, "Are you all asleep, you wicked sinners, but that poor fool?" referring to an idiot called "Ali-na-Pairc," who sat opposite to him in the front gallery. "Yes," answered Ali in Gaelic, at the same time starting from his seat and walking out of the church, "and, if I were not such a great idiot, I would have been asleep too!"

* Carnasrie is undoubtedly the proper way of writing the word, and comes nearest the pronunciation of the natives of the district. The tradition of the district is that Carswell only built the *East Tower*, and that the wages of the masons was 4d, and of the labourers 1d per day; and that *the Hall* and *West Tower* were added by the Auchinbreck family. The workmanship of the East Tower is very much more substantial and tradesmanlike.

# THE JILTED HARPER.

THERE is a proverb still current in the Island of Mull, although the circumstances which gave rise to it occurred centuries ago, to this effect:—"'S mairg a loisgeadh mo thiompan rithe" (What a folly to burn my harp for her), usually applied to a case in which one has done a good turn for another, and has only met gross ingratitude in return.

At the time of our story there stood in a pleasant strath in the finest situation in the Island of Mull, facing the sun, and sheltered from the rough winds by the high hills at its back, the dwelling or castle of the chief family on the island, the only representative of which at this time was a young lad of eighteen. Niel Maclean was the young laird, the only son of his widowed mother, and a dutiful and affectionate son he had always been; but now he was grown to man's estate he longed to see more of the world than was comprised within the narrow limits of his island home, so, after repeated solicitations, he obtained his mother's consent to go to France for a year or two before settling down at home as the head of his followers; it being the usual practice at that time for Highland gentlemen to send their sons to complete their education in that country. His departure took place amid the tears and blessings of all his people, who were fondly attached to him; but by none was his absence so felt and regretted as by his nurse and foster mother, old Catrina, and her pretty granddaughter Barabel, who lived with the old woman in a cosy, little cottage within a stone's throw of the castle. Niel and Barabel had been companions since they could remember; as children they had roamed about hand in hand, gathering wild flowers or picking up shells on the sea beach. They were greatly attached to each other, and their affection

Grew with their growth and strengthened with their strength

to an extent unknown even to themselves, until they came to part. Many promises of fidelity and vows of constancy were interchanged between them before they took their last fond farewells in the usual fashion of love-sick swains and lasses.

Within a few months of Niel's departure old Catrina died, and Barabel had to go back to her father's house, which was quite at the other end of the island, a good distance away.

This was a sad change for poor Barabel, for she had lived happily with her grandmother since her mother died and left her a helpless infant. She had only seen her father at rare intervals since, so that it was like going among strangers for her to return to her native place, especially as her father had married again, and her step-mother looked with no very favourable eye upon his daughter. Her growing beauty soon attracted all the youths of the place; but she cared not for their attentions. Their homely manners and uncouth attempts at gallantry only disgusted her, so different were they to the more refined manners of her beloved Niel.

Not the least of her trials was that she now had no opportunity of hearing anything about him. Of course, hearing from him direct was out of the question. Those were not the days of letter writing, and even if he had a chance of sending a letter to her she could not read it; but if she had remained in her old home near the castle she would have been able to hear of him occasionally, but now even this consolation was denied her.

Thus some five or six years passed, and although, strictly speaking, Barabel had not forgotten Niel, yet she had come to think of him as one does of a dear friend who is dead; for she had never heard a word of him nor of his doings since the day they parted.

She was now in the full zenith of her beauty, a strikingly handsome woman, still unmarried; but betrothed to a very worthy man, a celebrated harper, who had long wooed her. He was considerably her senior; but she had first been attached to him by his rare musical ability, which, combined with a gentle manner and great poetical genius, made him more acceptable to her than any of her younger suitors; and, at last, touched by his devotedness to her, she consented to become his wife.

A few days before the time fixed for their marriage, they had occasion to go to a village some distance across the hills, to make arrangements respecting their future home. While returning towards the evening they were overtaken by a severe snow-storm, which soon obliterated the path, and caused them to lose their way. This was no joke to poor Barabel, already quite fatigued with a long day's walking, and, after stumbling along over the broken and uneven ground for a little while, she was at

last quite overcome, sank down exhausted, and so benumbed with the cold that she became insensible.

The harper was in despair; no help was near, no house visible, nothing but the blinding snow, whirled by the howling wind round and round the unfortunate couple, forming treacherous drifts and wreaths that made walking next to impossible. Catching the inanimate form of his adored Barabel in his arms, the harper struggled to gain the partial shelter afforded by some high overhanging rocks. Here, laying down his lovely burden, and covering her with his own plaid, he strove to restore vitality by chafing her hands and face, all the while frantically bewailing his misery, and bestowing every term of endearment on his betrothed. Seeing that in spite of all his attentions Barabel still continued in a state of stupor, he hastily tried to collect materials for a fire. He got together a few sticks, which he set alight with his tinder box, and soon had the comfort of seeing the heat, slight as it was, somewhat reviving Barabel, who opened her eyes and looked wonderingly around, but had not strength enough to speak. As the harper was congratulating himself on the success of his efforts, the little fire began to wane, and gradually, for want of fuel, grew less and less. He saw with dismay that unless he could replenish it by some means or other, all his pains in lighting it would be "love's labour lost." In vain he looked around; not another stick could he see; then suddenly a thought struck him which brought a sudden glow to his face, only to leave it paler than before. There was his harp! his beloved companion for many years, slung as usual on his back. The woodwork of it was dry, and would make a capital fire! With a quick nervous gesture he unslung it, and held it towards the fast expiring embers. Could he destroy it? the work of his own hands, his peerless harp, which had brought him so much fame, and had been his solace in all the trials of his life! He wavered, but only for a moment; one glance at the white face and closed eyes of his beloved, and he hesitated no longer. What would a thousand harps be in comparison with her welfare, perhaps her life? In a moment the harp was broken in pieces, and laid on the smouldering fire, which leaped and crackled over it in seeming derision of the harper's sacrifice. He, however, did not regret his loss, as he saw Barabel reviving under the influence of the

grateful heat. In a little she was able to sit up, when suddenly they heard, to their great joy, the sound of a horn blown at no great distance, and soon saw approaching a young man followed by two dogs. He soon joined them, and explained that he was out hunting when the storm came on; that, seeing the smoke of their fire, he made towards it, and sounded his horn to call their attention to him. Fortunately, he had a well-filled flask, which he immediately offered to share with his newly-made acquaintances. As he approached to hand it to Barabel, he suddenly stopped and gazed earnestly in her face. In the meantime Barabel was looking at him in the same curious manner, when all at once she gasped out the name "Niel!" and fell back again unconscious. The harper, who had been bending over the fire, turned quickly on hearing his betrothed's cry, but did not catch what she had said, and he hastened to restore her by pouring some of the generous fluid between her pallid lips, in which he was assisted by the stranger, who anxiously inquired what the lady's name was, and in what relation she stood to the harper? Under their united attentions the fair sufferer soon recovered, and was able, in faltering accents, to thank the gentleman for his timely aid. In a short time the strange air of embarassment with which they addressed each other wore off; they grew less reserved as they sat by the fire chatting merrily, heedless of the storm and their recent danger. Indeed, if the harper had been of a suspicious nature he might have felt some uneasiness in seeing how intimate his betrothed seemed to get with the stranger. They talked and smiled, while rapid glances, even more expressive than words, passed between them, and the tell-tale blush, which banished the paleness from the fair cheek of Barabel indicated that she felt little displeasure at the stranger's familiarity.

The storm having now abated, they again started on their homeward journey, accompanied by the gentleman, who said his boat was waiting him on the shore, not far off; and who, under the excuse that he was the younger and stronger man, made Barabel, who still seemed weak and strangely agitated, lean on his arm; while the harper walked in front to make out the path.

During this walk the stranger continued his very marked attentions to Barabel, speaking in such a gentle, earnest tone

that the harper began to feel uncomfortable. He, however, did not think it worth while to show his annoyance, as they would so soon be parting, and he could not forget the benefit the stranger had conferred upon them by so generously sharing the contents of his flask with them.

In a little while they came in sight of the sea, and saw the boat waiting its owner. Just at this moment Barabel complained of being thirsty, and begged her betrothed to fetch her a drink from a spring which issued in a clear rippling stream from a rock a few hundred yards from where they stood. The unsuspecting harper hastened to comply, ran to the spring, got the water, and turned to retrace his steps, when he was transfixed with astonishment at seeing the faithless Barabel in full flight with the treacherous stranger towards the shore. With a fearful misgiving, yet hardly comprehending what had happened, the harper rushed, shouting after the fugitives. They had, however, too good a start for him to overtake them, and with despair, mingled with just indignation, he watched them until they reached the boat, got into it, and rowed swiftly across to the other side.

Then the full force of his sad position burst on his half-frenzied mind. He saw himself robbed, insulted, and mocked. How he had loved this woman! How long had he been a very slave to her slightest wishes! His genius tried to the utmost in composing sonnets and serenades in her honour! His heart, with its wealth of love and devotion, poured at her feet! And this was his return! Utterly broken down, he bowed his head on his hands and groaned out in all the bitterness of his outraged feelings—

'S mairg a loisgeadh mo thiompan rithe.

He never saw Barabel again; but he received a message from her, begging his forgiveness, and explaining that in the stranger she had recognised Niel Maclean, the lover of her youth; that at the sight of him, and hearing from his lips that he was still devoted to her, every other consideration gave way to her affection for him, and she was easily persuaded to fly with him; that she was now married, and only wanted the forgiveness of her injured betrothed to complete her entire felicity. At the same time she begged his acceptance of a fine new harp, which she had sent in place of the one he had destroyed on her account.

The harper sent back the proferred present, saying he should never play on any instrument again; that his heart was broken as well as his harp; but that he freely forgave her for the grievous wrong she had done him.

He kept his word, he never sang or played again; his gentle spirit had received too cruel a blow ever to recover; he lived a solitary, listless life for a few months, and then died a broken-hearted man.

M. A. ROSE.

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## CHARGE OF THE SKYE BRIGADE.

*(From the North British Daily Mail.)*

—o—

Half a league, half a league!
Four a-breast—onward!
All in the valley of Braes
Marched the half-hundred.
"Forward, Police Brigade!
In front of me," bold Ivory said;
Into the valley of Braes
Charged the half-hundred.

"Forward, Police Brigade!
Charge each auld wife and maid!"
E'en though the Bobbies knew
Some one had blundered!
Their's not to make reply;
Their's not to reason why;
Their's but to do or die;
Into the valley of Braes
Charged the half-hundred.

"Chuckies" to right of them,
"Divots" to left of them,
Women in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with stone and shell,
Boldly they charged, they tell,
Down on the Island Host!
Into the mouth of—well!
Charged the half-hundred.

Flourished their batons bare,
Not in the empty air—
Clubbing the lasses there,
Charging the Cailleachs, while
All Scotland wondered!
Plunged in the mist and smoke,
Right thro' the line they broke;—
Cailleach and maiden
Reeled from the baton stroke,
Shattered and sundered:
Then they marched back—intact—
All the half-hundred!

Missiles to right of them,
Brickbats to left of them,
Old wives behind them
Volleyed and floundered.
Stormed at with stone and shell—
Whilst only Ivory fell—
They that had fought so well
Broke thro' the Island Host,
Back from the mouth of—well!
All that was left of them—
All the half-hundred!

When can their glory fade?
O, the wild charge they made!
All Scotland wondered!
Honour the charge they made!
Honour the Skye Brigade,
Donald's half-hundred!

ALFRED TENNYSON, JUNIOR.

# NOTES ON THE HIGHLAND DRESS AND ARMOUR.

THE notes on the Antiquity of Tartan, which appeared in our last issue, suggested to us the idea of publishing the following notices of the Highland dress and armour, collected from various sources, and arranged for the Transactions of the "Iona Club." We give the translations only, where the original was in Latin, from the Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis, now a very rare and expensive work :—

No peculiarity of the Scottish Highlanders has been the subject of so much controversy as their dress. It is not at present intended to enter into a detail of the opinions that have been at different times expressed on this subject, as it is conceived that, to enable the enquirer to come to a satisfactory conclusion, the best method is first to place before him, in juxtaposition and in chronological order, the various descriptions of the costume of the Highlanders, which can be gathered from books or manuscripts. To these will be added the descriptions of their armour, defensive and offensive, which it would be difficult in most cases to separate from the former.

The earliest allusion to the Highland dress which the editor has met with is in *Magnus Berfaet's Saga* (the history of that celebrated Norwegian King, written shortly after his death), under the year 1093, being the year in which he conquered the Western Isles, or rather forced them anew to acknowledge the supremacy of Norway, which some late Kings of the Isles had affected to disclaim. The following passage is literally translated from the Norse Saga :—

> A.D. 1093.—It is said when King Magnus returned from his expedition to the West, that he adopted the costume in use in the western lands, and likewise many of his followers ; that they went about barelegged, having short tunics and also upper garments ; and so many men called him Barelegged or Barefoot.

A period of upwards of three centuries now intervenes before we meet with any description of the Highland dress or armour.

Andrew Wyntown, prior of Lochleven, who wrote about 1420, speaks on more than one occasion in his metrical Chronicle of "the wyld wykkyd Helandmen;" and under the year 1396, in reference to the celebrated combat of thirty Highlanders against

thirty, fought on the North Inch of Perth in that year, in presence of King Robert III. and his Court, in order to settle the disputes of two contending clans, he uses these words (vol. ii., p. 374) :—

> At Sanct Johnestone besid the Freris
> All thai entrit in Barreris
> Wyth Bow and Axe, Knyf and Swerd
> To deil amang thaim thar last word.

Abbot Bower or Bowmaker (the continuator of Fordun's Scotichronicon) wrote in the reign of James II. of Scotland; and, in describing the arrangements for the above-mentioned noted combat in 1396, says (vol. ii., p. 420) that it was to be fought

> By thirty men against thirty of the opposite party, armed only with swords, bows and arrows, without mantles or other armour except axes; and thus encountering that they should end their disputes, and that peace should be established in the country.

The historian, John Major, who wrote in 1512, notices the Highland dress in two different parts of his work. At p. 34 (Edit. *Edinburgh*, 1740, 4to.), talking of the Highlanders generally, he thus describes their dress and armour :—

> From the middle of the thigh to the foot they have no covering for the leg, clothing themselves with a mantle instead of an upper garment, and a shirt died with saffron. They always carry a bow and arrows, a very broad sword with a small halbert, a large dagger, sharpened on one side only but very sharp, under the belt. In time of war they cover their whole body with a shirt of mail of iron rings, and fight in that. The common people of the Highland Scots rush into battle, having their body clothed with a linen garment manifoldly sewed and painted or daubed with pitch, with a covering of deerskin.

At p. 302, after mentioning the defection of the Clan Chattan and Clan Cameron from Alexander Lord of the Isles, who, in 1492, had raised the standard of rebellion against James I., Major thus describes the customs of these clans, and it may be presumed of the Highlanders at large :—

> They pass their days merrily in idleness, living upon the goods of the poor. They use a bow and quiver, and a halbert well sharpened, as they possess good veins of native iron. They carry large daggers placed under the belt; their legs are frequently naked under the thigh; in winter they carry a mantle for an upper garment.

In the *Accounts of the Lord High Treasurer of Scotland* in August 1538, we find the following entries regarding a Highland dress made for King James V., on the occasion of that Monarch making a hunting excursion to the Highlands :—

Item in the first for ij. elnis ane quarter elne of variant cullorit velvet to be the Kingis Grace ane schort *Heland* coit price of the elne vj$^{lib.}$ summa.....xiij$^{lib.}$ x$^{s.}$

Item for iij. elnis quarter elne of grene taffatyis to lyne the said coit with, price of the elne x$^{s.}$ summa.....xxxij$^{s.}$ vj$^{d.}$

Item for iij. elnis of *Heland tertane* to be hoiss to the Kingis grace, price of the elne iiij$^{s.}$ iiij$^{d.}$ summa.....xiij$^{s.}$

Item for xv. elnis of holland claith to be syde Heland sarkis to the Kingis Grace, price of the elne viij$^{s.}$ summa .....vj$^{lib.}$

Item for sewing and making of the said sarkis .. .....ix$^{s.}$

Item for twa unce of silk to sew thame.....x$^{s.}$

Item for iiij. elnis of rubanis to the handis of thame.....ij$^{s.}$

The following passage, showing how the Highlanders came to be denominated *Redshanks*, is extracted from the curious letter of John Elder, a Highland priest, to King Henry VIII., anno 1543. The letter itself has been printed at full length in the *Collectanea de Rebus Albanicis*, vol. i., pp. 23 to 32 :—

Moreover, wherfor they call us in Scotland Reddshankes, and in your Graces dominion of England, roghe footide Scottis, Pleas it your Majestie to understande, that we of all people can tollerat, suffir, and away best with colde, for boithe somer and wyntir, (excepte whene the froest is most vehemonte,) goynge alwaies bair leggide and bair footide, our delite and pleasure is not onely in huntynge of redd deir, wolfes, foxes, and graies, whereof we abounde, and have greate plentie, but also in rynninge, leapinge, swymmynge, shootynge, and thrawinge of dartis : therefor, in so moche as we use and delite so to go alwaies, the tendir delicatt gentillmen of Scotland call us Redshankes. And agayne in wynter, whene the froest is mooste vehement (as I have saide) which we can not suffir bair footide, so weill as snow. whiche can never hurt us whene it cummes to our girdills, we go a huntynge, and after that we have slayne redd deir, we flaye of the skyne, bey and bey, and settinge of our bair foote on the insyde thereof, for neide of cunnyge shoemakers, by your Graces pardon, we play the sutters ; compasinge and measuringe so moche thereof, as shall retche up to our ancklers pryckynge the uppir part thereof also with holis, that the water may repass when it entres, and stretchide up with a stronge thwange of the same, meitand above our saide ancklers, so, and pleas your noble Grace, we make our shoois : Therfor, we usinge such maner of shoois, the roghe hairie syde outwart, in your Graces dominion of England, we be callit roghe footide Scottis ; which maner of schoois (and pleas your Highnes) in Latyn be callit perones, wherof the poet Virgill makis mencioun, saying, That the olde auncient Latyns in tyme of wars uside suche maner of schoos. And althoughe a greate sorte of us Reddshankes go after this maner in our countrethe, yeit never the les, and pleas your Grace, whene we come to the courte (the Kinges grace our greate master being alyve) waitinge on our Lordes and maisters, who also, for velvetis and silkis be right well araide, we have as good garmentis as some of our fellowis whiche gyve attendance in the court every daye.

In the account of the campaigns of the French auxiliaries in Scotland in 1548-1540, given by Monsieur Jean de Beaugué, one of the French officers, and first published at Paris in 1556, under

the title of "L'Historie de la Guerre d' Ecosse," the dress and arms of some Highlanders who were present at the siege of Haddington by the French in 1549 are thus described (fol. 22, b.):—

Several Highlanders (or Wild Scots) followed them (the Scottish army), and they were naked except their stained shirts, and a certain light covering made of wool of various colours; carrying large bows, and similar swords and bucklers to the others, *i.e.*, to the Lowlanders.

In the year 1552, an Act of Privy Council was passed for the levy of two regiments of Highlanders, to form part of a body of Scottish auxiliaries about to proceed to the assistance of the King of France; and the Earl of Huntly being Lieutenant of the North Highlands, where these men were to be raised, was directed to see that the Highland soldiers were

Substantiouslie accompturit with jack and plait, steillbonett, sword, bucklair, new hois and new doublett of canvouse at the lest, and slevis of plait orsplenttis, and ane spear of sax elne lang or thairby.

Lindsay of Pitscottie, who wrote his history about the year 1573, says of the Highland dress:—

The other pairts (of Scotland) northerne ar full of montaines, and very rud and homlie kynd of people doeth inhabite, which is called the Reidschankis or Wyld Scottis. They be cloathed with ane mantle, with ane shirt saffroned after the Irisch manner, going bair legged to the knee. Thair weapones ar bowis and dartes, with ane verie broad sword and ane dagger scharp onlie at the on syde.

An Act of Parliament, anno 1574, under the Regency of the Earl of Morton, directing a general *weaponshawing* throughout Scotland, makes a distinction between the arms of the lesser gentlemen and yeoman in the Lowlands and those in the Highlands, as under:—

*Lowland Arms.*—Brigantinis, jakkis, steilbonettis, slevis of plate or mailye, swerdis, pikkis, or speris of sex elnis lang, culveringis, halbertis or tua handit swerdis.

*Highland Arms.*—Habirschonis, steilbonettis, hektonis, swerdis, bowis and dorlochis or culveringis.

John Lesley, Bishop of Ross, who published his work "De origine, moribus et rebus gestis Scotorum," at Rome in 1578, thus describes the arms and dress of the old Scots, which were still in his time used by the Highlanders and Islanders (pp. 56-58):—

In battle and hostile encounter their missile weapons were a lance or arrows. They used also a two-edged sword, which with the foot soldiers was pretty long, and

short for the horse; both had it broad, and with an edge so exceeding sharp that at one blow it would easily cut a man in two. For defence, they used a coat of mail woven of iron rings, which they wore over a leather jerkin, stout and of handsome appearance, which we call an acton. Their whole armour was light, that they might the more easily slip from their enemies' hands if they chanced to fall into such a strait.

Their clothing was made for use (being chiefly suited to war) and not for ornament. All, both nobles and common people, wore mantles of one sort (except that the nobles preferred those of several colours). These were long and flowing, but capable of being neatly gathered up at pleasure into folds. I am inclined to believe that they were the same as those to which the ancients gave the name of brachae. Wrapped up in these for their only covering, they would sleep comfortably. They had also shaggy rugs, such as the Irish use at the present day, some fitted for a journey, others to be placed on a bed. The rest of their garments consisted of a short woollen jacket, with the sleeves open below for the convenience of throwing their darts, and a covering for the thighs of the simplest kind, more for decency than for show or a defence against cold. They made also of linen very large shirts, with numerous folds and wide sleeves, which flowed abroad loosely to their knees. These, the rich coloured with saffron, and others smeared with some greese to preserve them longer clean among the toils and exercises of a camp, which they held it of the highest consequence to practice continually. In the manufacture of these, ornament and a certain attention to taste were not altogether neglected, and they joined the different parts of their shirts very neatly with silk thread, chiefly of a green or red colour.

Their women's attire was very becoming. Over a gown reaching to the ancles, and generally embroidered, they wore large mantles of the kind already described, and woven of different colours. Their chief ornaments were the braclets and necklaces with which they decorated their arms and necks.

George Buchanan in his history of Scotland, first published in 1582, gives the following description of the dress and armour of the Highlanders (Edit. Ultrajecti, 1669, 8vo, p. 24):—

They delight in marled clothes, specially that have long stripes of sundry colours; they love chiefly purple and blew. Their predecessors used short mantles or plaids of divers colours sundry waies devided; and amongst some, the same custom is observed to this day: but for the most part now they are browne, most nere to the colour of the hadder; to the effect, when they lie amongst the hadder, the bright colour of their plaids shall not bewray them; with the which, rather coloured than clad, they suffer the most cruel tempests that blowe in the open field in such sort, that under a wrythe of snow, they sleepe sound. . . . Their armour wherewith they cover their bodies in time of warre, is an iron bonnet and an habbergion, side almost even to their heeles. Their weapons against their enemies are bowes and arrowes. The arrowes are for the most part hooked, with a barble on either side, which, once entered within the body, cannot be drawne forth againe, unless the wounde be made wider. Some of them fight with broad swords and axes.

Nicolay d' Arfeville, Cosmographer to the King of France, published at Paris, in the year 1583, a volume entitled, "La Navigation du Roy d' Ecosse Jaques Cinquiesme du nom, autour

de son Royaume, et Isles Hebrides and Orchades, soubz la conduicte d' Alexandre Lyndsay, excellent Pilote Ecossois." There is prefixed a description, evidently by d' Arfeville himself, of "the Island and Kingdom of Scotland," from which the following is an extract :—

Those who inhabit Scotland to the south of the Grampian chain are tolerably civilized and obedient to the laws, and speak the English language ; but those who inhabit the north are more rude, homely, and unruly, and for this reason are called savages (or wild Scots). They wear, like the Irish, a large and full shirt, coloured with saffron, and over this a garment hanging to the knee, of thick wool, after the manner of a cassock. They go with bare heads, and allow their hair to grow very long, and they wear neither stockings nor shoes, except some who have buskins made in a very old fashion, which come as high as their knees. Their arms are the bow and arrow, and some darts, which they throw with great dexterity, and a large sword, with a single-eged dagger. They are very swift of foot, and there is no horse so swift as to outstrip them, as I have seen proved several times, both in England and Scotland.

In a MS. *History of the Gordons*, by W. R., preserved in the Advocates' Library (Jac. 5th, 7, 11), the following anecdote is given, as occurring about the year 1591 or 1592 :—

Angus, the son of Lauclan Macintosh, Chiefe of the Clanchattan, with a great party attempts to surprise the Castle of Ruthven in Badenoch, belonging to Huntly, in which there was but a small garrison ; but finding this attempt could neither by force nor fraude have successe, he retires a little to consult how to compass his intent. In the meantime, one creeps out under the shelter of some old ruins, and levels with his piece at one of the Clanchattan *cloathed in a yellow warr coat* (which amongst them is the badge of the cheiftains or heads of clans), and peircing his body with the bullet, stricks him to the ground, and retires with gladness into the castle. The man killed was Angus himself, whom his people carry away, and conceills his death for many yeirs, pretending he was gone beyond seas.

In 1594, when Red Hugh O'Donnell, Lord of Tirconall in Ulster, was in rebellion against Queen Elizabeth, he was assisted for some time by a body of auxiliaries from the Hebrides. These warriors are described in the following terms, in the Life of Hugh O'Donnell, originally written in Irish by Peregrine O'Clery, and since translated by the late Edward O'Reilly, Esq. The curious extract from Mr O'Reilly's translation which follows was communicated to the editor by John D'Alton, Esq., barrister-at-law, Dublin :—

These (the auxiliaries from the Isles) were afterwards mixed with the Irish militia, with the diversity of their arms, their armour, their mode, manners, and speech. The outward clothing they wore was a mottled garment with numerous colours hanging in

folds to the calf of the leg, with a girdle round the loins over the garment. Some of them with horn-hafted swords, large and military, over their shoulders. A man when he had to strike with them was obliged to apply both his hands to the haft. Others with bows, well polished, strong, and serviceable, with long twanging hempen strings, and sharp pointed arrows that whizzed in their flight.

Camden in his *Britannia*, first published in 1607, gives the following description of the Highland dress and armour:—

They are clothed after the Irish fashion, in striped mantles, with their hair thick and long. In war they wear an iron head-piece and a coat of mail woven with iron rings; and they use bows and barbed arrows and broad swords.

John Taylor, "the King's Majestie's Water Poet," made an excursion to Scotland in the year 1618, of which he published an amusing narrative under the title of "The Pennylesse Pilgrimage." He describes the dress of the Highlanders in the following account he gives of his visit to Braemar for the purpose of paying his respects to the Earl of Mar and Sir William Moray of Abercairney (Taylor's Works, London, 1633, folio):—

Thus, with extreme travell, ascending and descending, mounting and alighting, I came at night to the place where I would be, in the Brae of Marr, which is a large country, all composed of such mountaines, that Shooter's Hill, or Malvernes Hills, are but mole-hills in comparison, or like a liver or a gizzard under a capon's wing, in respect to the altitude of their tops or perpendicularitie of their bottomes. There I saw Mount Benawue with a furrd'd mist upon his snowy head instead of a night-cap; for you must understand that the oldest man alive never saw but the snow was on the top of divers of those hills (both in summer as well as in winter.) There did I find the truely noble and Right Honourable Lords John Erskine, Earle of Marr, James Stuart, Earle of Murray, George Gordon, Earle of Engye, sonne and heire to the Marquise of Huntley, James Erskin, Earle of Bughan, and John Lord Erskin, sonne and heire to the Earle of Marr, with their Countesses, with my much honoured, and my best assured and approved friend, Sir William Murray, Knight, of Abercarny, and hundred of others, knights, esquires, and their followers; all and every man in general in one habit, as if Licurgus had been there and made lawes of equality. For once in the yeere, which is the whole moneth of August, and sometimes part of September, many of the nobility and gentry of the kingdome (for their pleasure) doe come into these Highland countries to hunt, where they doe conforme themselves to the habite of the Highland men, who, for the moste part, speake nothing but Irish; and in former time were those people which were called *red-shanks*. Their habite is shooes with but one sole apiece; stockings (which they call short hose) made of a warme stuff of divers colours, which they call tartane. As for breeches, many of them, nor their forefathers, never wore any, but a jerkin of the same stuffe that their hose is of, their garters being bands or wreathes of hay or straw, with a plaed about their shoulders, which is a mantle of divers colours, much finer and lighter stuffe than their hose, with blue flat caps on their heads, a handkerchiefe knit with two knots about their necks; and thus are they attyred. Now, their weapons are long bowes and forked

arrowes, swords and targets, harquebusses, muskets, durks, and Loquhabor-axes. With these arms I found many of them armed for the hunting. As for their attire, any man of what degree soever that comes amongst them must not disdaine to weare it; for if they doe, then they will disdaine to hunt, or willingly bring in their dogges; but if men be kind unto them, and be in their habite, then are they conquered with kindnesse, and sport will be plentifull. This was the reason that I found so many noblemen and gentlemen in those shapes. But to proceed to the hunting.

My good Lord of Marr having put me into that shape, I rode with him from his house, where I saw the ruines of an old castle, called the castle of Kindroghit. It was built by King Malcolm Canmore (for a hunting house), who raigned in Scotland when Edward the Confessor, Harrold, and Norman William raigned in England. I speak of it, because it was the last house I saw in those parts; for I was the space of twelve dayes after, before I saw either house, corne-field, or habitation for any creature, but deere, wild horses, wolves, and such like creatures, which made me doubt that I should never have seene a house againe.

Defoe, in his "Memoirs of a Cavalier," written about 1721, and obviously composed from authentic material, thus describes the Highland part of the Scottish army which invaded England in 1639, at the commencement of the great civil war. The Cavalier having paid a visit to the Scottish camp to satisfy his curiosity, proceeds (Edit. 1809, p. 201):—

I confess the soldiers made a very uncouth figure, especially the Highlanders; the oddness and barbarity of their garb and arms seemed to have something in it remarkable. They were generally tall, swinging fellows; their swords were extravagantly and I think insignificantly broad, and they carried great wooden targets, large enough to cover the upper part of their bodies. Their dress was as antique as the rest; a cap on their heads, called by them a bonnet, long hanging sleeves behind, and their doublet, breeches, and stockings of a stuff they call plaid, stripped across red and yellow, with short cloaks of the same. These fellows looked, when drawn out, like a regiment of Merry-Andrews ready for Bartholomew fair. There were three or four thousand of these in the Scots army, armed only with swords and targets; and in their belts some of them had a pistol, but no musquets at that time among them.

*(To be continued.)*

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THE ROYAL LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY OF CANADA, of which Principal Grant of the Kingston University, Mr Evan MacColl, the "Bard of Lochfyne," and Professor Watson have become members of council at the request of its leading patron, His Excellency the Governor-General of the Dominion, is destined to make a name for itself not only in Canada but beyond it. Its mission is the cultivation of literary pursuits and recreation. An early meeting at Ottawa will be devoted to laying the foundation of future study and investigation. Canadian literature and science are yet in their infancy, and the new organization can be most useful in nurturing them into healthfulness. We wish the new Society every success.

# Correspondence.

## LORD MACDONALD AND THE HIGHLAND DESTITUTION AND CLEARANCES OF 1849-51-2.

THE following, which has already appeared in the *Inverness Courier*, will, in the light of what has recently occurred on Lord Macdonald's estates in the Isle of Skye, prove interesting to many of our readers who have not seen the original correspondence:—

### LETTER FROM THE REV. DONALD MACKINNON, ISLE OF SKYE.

SIR,—More than a generation has passed away, and there are not many now in life who know anything of the administration of the fund raised for the benefit of the suffering Highlanders in 1847; but as I can look back to that time, and know something of what then took place, I think it right to give the most unqualified denial to a scandalous untruth regarding the late Lord Godfrey William Wentworth Macdonald copied into your paper from the *Echo* newspaper, and as you have, no doubt unwittingly, given circulation to the slander, I have as little doubt that you will afford space for its refutation. The *Echo* broadly accuses his lordship of levying tax on the money sent to Skye for the relief of his starving crofters, by employing them to work upon his roads, and paying them with meal purchased by the destitution fund. Any one who knew Lord Macdonald will scout the barefaced calumny. Still many believe it, as it is so boldly stated; therefore in justice to the memory of one of the most generous and kindest hearted landords ever known in the Highlands, I think it right to show that the slander has not even the small substratum of truth on which falsehood is usually built up, and which helps to give it currency.

With the administration of that fund, Lord Macdonald and his agents had as little to do as had the writer in the *Echo*, who calumniates his honoured name; and were anything more than Lord Macdonald's known high sense of honour required for the refutation of the calumny, we have an ample guarantee that the fact could not have been, as asserted, in the character and standing of the administrators of the fund —W. F. Skene, Esq., W.S., Secretary to the Edinburgh Committee, and Captains Fishburne and Elliot, R.N., who were selected from their known capacity as administrators—one, if not both, having been previously employed by Government in the administration of relief during one of the periodical Irish famines—and to these gentlemen, who, as far as I know, are still in life, and, I believe, both Admirals in the service, the calumny of the *Echo* is as insulting as it is to the memory of Lord Macdonald.

Is it credible that this nobleman, who, when things began to change for the better, generously remitted over £10,000 of arrears to his crofters—though he himself was at the time in difficulties—that they might start fair and clear of debt, with the advent of better times, could entertain the idea of trading on their necessities?

Having disposed of the *Echo*, I hope satisfactorily, let me now turn to the pamphlet on evictions by the Editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, in which he makes a most unjustifiable attack on Lord Godfrey Macdonald, classing him among those landlords who heartlessly evicted their tenantry. I do not doubt that Mr Mackenzie, in the statement which he has made, believed that he was stating a true version of the case, but when reflections upon character are given to the public, the author is not justified in making statements of which he has not completely tested the truth; and had he

carefully done so, he would not have fallen into the misstatement which, I am sure, he will himself regret, when he sees that he has (I have no doubt unwittingly) erred.

At the time referred to by Mr Mackenzie, Lord Macdonald's estates were under trust, not as Mr Mackenzie says by his personally running recklessly into debt, and thus putting it out of his own power to discharge his duties to his people, but because at a critical period he succeeded to estates heavily burdened—largely for improvements made by his predecessors—and also by heavy family settlements. When the various burdens were first laid upon the estates, there was little reason to think that they would ultimately be so ruinous, but just as Lord Godfrey succeeded to the estates, an Act of the Legislature virtually confiscated them. The Act abolishing the duty on Spanish barilla which, in one year, entirely swept away the kelp trade, from which his predecessors had been deriving a revenue of £20,000 a-year, and the Highland Chief, Macdonald of Clanranald, by the same Act of Parliament, lost a revenue of £18,000 a-year. All the sea-board landowners lost in the same proportion, and, as a matter of course, they had no longer the means of giving employment to their tenants who used to make a good deal of money by manufacturing the kelp. With such sudden and unlooked-for confiscation of property, is it any cause of wonder that Highland proprietors got into financial difficulties? Lord Macdonald, I have said, was under trustees; he and the trustees did not get on harmoniously. He was as entirely ignored by them as if he had no interest in the estates. He had during their tenure of office no voice in any of the estate management; so that they, and not he, were responsible for the clearances. These clearances took place under the directions of the local representative of the trustees, attended by circumstances of great barbarity. At the time when they took place, his lordship had a party of his tenants as visitors at Armadale Castle, and it has been repeatedly stated to me by gentlemen who were then there, that on hearing that his tenants had been evicted, he was deeply affected, and denounced the outrage upon his people in no measured terms. This was in 1854. I was then resident in Rossshire; but being frequently in Skye, and having known the poor people from my childhood, I made it my business to inquire carefully into all the circumstances of the case, and having done so, I exposed them in their atrocity in a series of letters in the *Courier*, in which I stated the case so strongly that the then respected editor of the *Courier* advised me to reconsider my letters before committing myself to such strong statements; but before the next publication of the *Courier*, instead of suppressing any of the statements I had first made, I was able to supplement them by statements more startling still. I was then able, on his own authority, entirely to exonerate Lord Macdonald from any complicity in those outrages, and to show that the people were cleared out, not because they were either unable or unwilling to pay their rent, but because the farms were wanted for a relative or connection of the local agent for the trustees, and I was able to state that fact with confidence, as I had been informed of the plot by a sheep manager, who was sent to value the farms in the interest of the said party, before the people received summonses of removal, and the scheme only fell through in consequence of the failure of another plot to obtain an adjoining farm on which there was a dwelling-house. Of all the statements which I then felt it my duty to make public, though they extended over a series of letters, not one was ever called in question, though a reference to the files of the *Courier* of 1854—the exact date I don't remember—will show that they were so grave as to demand a reply from the trustees, if they could venture to call in question statements so damaging, and leaving at their door the sole discredit of the ruthless treatment of the evicted crofters.—I am, &c.,

DON. MACKINNON.

STRATH, SKYE, May 1, 1882.

## REPLY BY THE EDITOR OF THE "CELTIC MAGAZINE."

SIR,—The letter which you published from the Rev. D. Mackinnon in your issue of Thursday last, can scarcely be allowed to pass unheeded, though my disposition on first reading it was to treat it as I have treated a previous communication from the same quarter and on the same subject, by taking no notice of it.

I regret that I am unable to lay my hands on the paragraph in the *Courier* which has roused the ire of my reverend friend. I have, however, sent for a copy of the offensive *Echo*, and find that it is grossly misrepresented by Mr Mackinnon. Not having your paragraph before me, I cannot say whether the blame attaches to you or to your correspondent.

Mr Mackinnon says that "the *Echo* broadly accuses his lordship (Macdonald) of levying tax on the money sent to Skye for the relief of his starving crofters, by employing them to work upon his roads and paying them with meal purchased by the destitution fund"; and he eloquently describes this statement, which has no foundation whatever in the *Echo* article as "a scandalous untruth," "slander," "barefaced calumny," and "insulting to the memory of Lord Macdonald."

The article in the *Echo* is a virtual appropriation, so far as it goes, of my pamphlet on the "Highland Clearances," though the writer of it did not consider it his duty to acknowledge the source of his information. The facts given refer to North Uist in 1849, and not to Skye in 1847, as Mr Mackinnon would have us believe; and the only lines in the *Echo* article which have any reference whatever to the destitution fund or to meal are literally as follows:—

"The potato crop had failed; the manufacture of kelp was no longer remunerative; rents had been raised; and strong men were working ninety-six hours a week for a pittance of two stones of Indian meal."

This is under the head of North Uist, and has no reference to Skye. As I said, these statements are taken unacknowledged by the *Echo* from my "Highland Clearances." I took the facts from the *Inverness Courier*, which, in 1849, had a representative on the spot, and which I duly acknowledge in a foot note, at page 31, as my authority; and I could show, if time and space permitted, that the *Courier's* report was accurate, so far as it went, in every detail. It certainly was not over-coloured against the proprietor. I could also show that the statement complained of would have been equally true of Skye, and that the names of Mr Skene, Captains Fishburne and Elliot, are not a sufficient "refutation of the calumny" of which Mr Mackinnon complains.

The 5th rule in the instructions issued by Captain Fishburne, inspector for Skye, under the Central Relief Committee, to his sub-inspectors in the island, is as follows:—

"All employment given directly by the Board, upon which the recipients of relief are to work, must be upon the principle that *the whole labour of the recipients is taken in return for a bare subsistence.*"

This was afterwards explained to mean "a whole day's work for one pound of meal." Sir Charles Trevelyan wrote to Mr Skene from the Treasury:—

"I hold in the strongest manner the opinion that the relief ration *should be confined to a bare subsistence*, and that the necessity the applicant is under of having recourse to it should be tested by the exaction of a full day's work."

Captain Elliot in one of his reports to the Board, wrote:—

"By becoming the hardest taskmasters and the worst paymasters in the district,

the Board apply an effectual test to the destitution, which the people cannot evade, and to which some instances of its application have shown they will not submit unless driven to it by absolute necessity."

So much for Mr Mackinnon's witnesses in favour of Lord Macdonald, and his own statement, not the *Echo's*, that the Skye people were paid in meal from the destitution committee for working upon his lordship's roads. The practice was universal, and I do not see why Lord Macdonald's friends should feel aggrieved more than those of the other western proprietors.

Sheriff Fraser, of Portree, writing to Sir John Macneil, under date of March 3rd, 1851, in reference to the labour test, says—"Labour, in the results of which the employed has no direct pecuniary interest, and which is avowedly resorted to as a test, is always given grudgingly and sluggishly, and creates or fosters indolent habits. The adoption of the destitution test, the object of which was to exclude from participation in relief all whose resources were not exhausted, had the effect of reducing to pauperism many who, by timely aid, might have been saved from sinking into that condition; and the circumstance of the only relief given being a bare ration of food—*thus leaving clothing and the other wants of humanity unprovided for*—necessarily aggravated that pauperism."

The Rev. Alex. Adams, U.P. minister, Portree, wrote—"I am of opinion that the (labour) test was so stringent that no one who could maintain himself by ordinary employment would accept relief on the terms on which it was offered."

This labour test was applied to Lord Macdonald's estates, and to some extent he must have benefited by the improvements on the roads and crofts on his property in return for doles out of the destitution fund; but I believe, with Mr Mackinnon, that few can be got, in the present day, to believe, in the absence of such proof as I now give, that such proceedings were possible within so short a period, in any part of Great Britain.

Now, as to the portion of Mr Mackinnon's letter which refers more directly to myself. He writes in such a friendly spirit that I really feel unwilling to make any reply, but it is scarcely possible to ignore his charges without an appearance of admitting their accuracy. In my pamphlet, after describing the North Uist evictions, I proceeded:—"The Sollas evictions did not satisfy the evicting craze which his lordship afterwards so bitterly regretted. In 1851-52 [not 1854 as your correspondent says] he, or *rather his trustee*, determined to evict the people from the villages of Boreraig and Suisinish in the Isle of Skye. His lordship's position in regard to the proceedings was most unfortunate. Donald Ross, writing as an eye-witness of these evictions [and who is still alive] says—'Some years ago Lord Macdonald incurred debts on his property to the extent of £200,000, and his lands being entailed his creditors could not dispose of them, but they placed a trustee over them in order to intercept certain portions of the rent in payment of the debt.'" Mr Mackinnon has himself in his letter characterised the conduct of this trustee and his local representatives in stronger terms than I had dared to use. As to the facts and the "barbarity" of the evictions we are therefore at one, and there is little difference between us as to who was in the main responsible for them. It must, however, be stated, that Lord Macdonald did not, though under trustees, lose his territorial rights, and that he could have stopped these barbarous evictions had he deemed it proper to do so. It is now pleaded for him by his friends that he was ignorant of his power in this respect; and I am quite willing to admit this, though the plea is one which I fear will not tell in favour of leaving power in the hands of people who, from any cause, will permit such atrocities to be carried out in their

name, when, had they been more intelligent and better informed, they might have put an effectual stop to them.

The following is all that the *Echo* says regarding Lord Macdonald's Skye evictions, and it will be seen that no reference whatever is made to Lord Macdonald personally throughout. It is always the factor, and properly so :—

"The Boreraig and Suisinish evictions were carried out with as little consideration as those of North Uist. The people were the descendants of a long line of peasantry, 'remarkable for their patience, their loyalty, and general good conduct;' but these were virtues which did not count with a factor, who considered that they were too far from church. 'No mercy was shown to age or sex. All were indiscriminately thrust out and left to perish on the hills.' One man had gone to labour at harvest in the South, leaving his mother, over eighty years of age, and three children in his cot; and in his absence the sheriff's officer arrived, turned the old woman to the door, and left her to crawl on her hands and knees to the shelter of a sheepcot. The son came home in the winter, despairingly laid himself down by his aged mother, and died. Such cruelties were not perpetrated without resistance. Some of the evicted tenants 'deforced the officers of the law,' as their offence was called, and were imprisoned at Portree, from whence they were marched off on foot to Inverness, a distance of over one hundred miles. As might have been guessed beforehand, the jury declined to convict, and the prisoners were liberated among the hearty cheers of an Inverness crowd. This, however, only made the factor more angry. The families of the acquitted men were evicted at Christmas time, and their furniture, blankets, and clothing lay for many days under the snow, themselves finding shelter in outhouses and barns. More than a hundred years earlier Lady Margaret Macdonald had striven to clear her husband of the suspicion that he had induced some of his people to emigrate. She regarded the idea with horror, and wrote hotly about a certain 'Norman Macleod, with a number of followers that he had picked up to execute his intentions,' her husband being 'baith angry and concerned to hear that some of his oune people were taken in this affair.'

"To do the Macdonalds justice, they have only followed the example of other Highland landlords. The remote parts of Scotland have been scoured of their inhabitants in the saddest and most inhuman manner. Everybody has heard of the Sutherlandshire evictions, the story of which Hugh Miller has told with indignant pathos. The descendants of the men who followed the Chief of Glengarry to Culloden were informed by Mrs Macdonell in 1853 that she had determined to evict the crofters on her estate to make room for sheep, and that they must hold themselves ready to be conveyed to Australia. In 1745 the population of Glengarry was 5000 or 6000, and now the district is bare of men. The evictions in the neighbouring district of Strathglass were so complete that only two men remained of the ancient stock of the Chisholms. In 1849, 500 Highlanders were driven from Glenelg, and in the same year 2000 were shipped off from South Uist and Barra. Yet the population of the Highlands had been fearfully thinned at the beginning of the century. In 1801-2-3, some twenty-four cargoes of emigrants were despatched to America and the Colonies, and altogether not less than 10,000 souls are said to have left the Western Islands and the Isles in the first six years of the century."

The reason which Mr Mackinnon now gives for the evictions from Boreraig and Suisinish, is quite new to me, and makes the matter infinitely worse than I had ever imagined; and I would fain hope that the trustee, or his subordinate, who is still alive, will have something to say for himself, now that Lord Macdonald's friends charge him with being entirely responsible for what they designate such horrid barbarity.

I am quite willing to believe that Lord Macdonald personally regretted what had occurred. What I complain of is that having the power he did not put a stop to the cruelties perpetrated by his representatives on his property and in his name. To show that I felt and admitted this all through, permit me to quote the offending pamphlet. After describing the atrocities committed, and now admitted by Mr Mackinnon, I concluded thus :—

"And yet it is well known that in other respects no more humane man ever lived than he who was *nominally* responsible for the cruelties carried out at Sollas. He allowed himself to be imposed upon by others, and completely abdicated his high functions as landlord and chief of his people. I have the most conclusive testimony and assurance from one who knew his lordship intimately, that to his dying day, he never ceased to regret what had been done in his name, and, at the time, with his tacit approval, in Skye and in North Uist. This should be a warning to other proprietors, and induce them to consider carefully proposals submitted to them by heartless or inexperienced subordinates."

At present I shall not go into the question of responsibility for his lordship's falling into the hands of trustees, beyond saying that he succeeded to the Macdonald estates, on the death of his father, on the 18th of October 1832, he being then 23 years of age. He thus held the property for nearly 20 years before the date of these evictions, and one is naturally disposed to think that a prudent chief would have been able to do something during this long period to obviate the consequences of such burdens, left by his lordship's predecessors, as Mr Mackinnon now contends for. I have my own views on that point, and I am in possession of information regarding it which will make your correspondent and the public open their eyes, if he desires to see it and I can find time and space to enable me to submit it to the public, who are now more interested than they have been since the evictions of 1849 and 1851-2 in the past management of the Macdonald estates.

I am sorry that I should have been driven to write so much on this question. I wished to avoid it; but if Lord Macdonald's friends will further oblige me to publish the other facts in my possession, I shall probably satisfy their cravings in a more permanent form, and at greater length than your columns will admit of, and which, out of deference to their feelings, I refrained from publishing in my History of the Macdonalds.—Yours faithfully,

ALEX. MACKENZIE.

"CELTIC MAGAZINE" OFFICE, INVERNESS, May 6th, 1882.

[The continuation of this correspondence will appear in the July number.]

## ABSENTEE LANDLORDS IN THE ISLE OF SKYE.

| | Acreage. | Present Annual Value. |
|---|---|---|
| Lord Macdonald ... ... ... ... ... | 129,918 | ... £13,569 4 2 |
| Macleod of Macleod ... ... ... ... ... | 141,679 | ... 8,601 9 6 |
| Major Fraser of Kilmuir ... ... ... ... | 46,142 | ... 7,915 1 0 |
| Trustees of the late Sir John Macpherson Macleod | 35,022 | ... 1,397 8 1 |
| MacAllister of Strathaird .. ... ... ... | 13,000 | ... 952 5 0 |
| Total ... ... ... | 365,762 | ... £32,435 7 9 |
| RESIDENT PROPRIETORS IN DO. | | |
| Captain Macleod of Waternish ... ... ... | 5,755 | ... £1,332 1 10 |
| Lachlan Macdonald of Skaebost ... ... ... | 6,289 | ... 716 1 10 |
| Dr Martin, Husabost ... ... .. ... | 5,000 | ... 561 11 8 |
| Alexander Macdonald of Lyndale ... ... ... | 5,000 | ... 557 5 0 |
| Alexander Macdonald of Freaslane ... ... | 3,001 | ... 243 16 0 |
| Total ... ... .. | 25,045 | ... £3,410 16 4 |

*Aberdeen Daily Free Press.*

## THE MATHESONS OF LOCHALSH AND ARDROSS.

By the Editor.

—o—

[Continued.]

V. John Matheson, who purchased for his eldest son the estate of Attadale and Corrychruby, about 1730, from Alexander Mackenzie, VIII. of Davochmaluag. He was factor for the Seaforth estates of Kintail, Lochalsh, and Lochcarron, and "was accounted the most reputable farmer in the North Highlands of Scotland."*

He married, first, a daughter of Mackenzie of Achilty, "in the Island of Lewis," with issue—two sons, who died in infancy.

He married, secondly, on the 9th of September 1728, Margaret, daughter of Kenneth Mackenzie, I. of Pitlundie, son of Alexander Mackenzie, II. of Belmaduthy, by his wife, Catherine, daughter of Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, I. of Coul, Baronet. Margaret's mother was Anne, daughter of Hector Mackenzie of Bishop-Kinkell, and grand-daughter of Kenneth Mackenzie, VI. of Gairloch. By this lady Matheson had issue—

1. Donald, his heir.

2. Kenneth, killed at the capture of Quebec, under General Wolfe, without issue.

3. Alexander, who succeeded his brother Donald at Fernaig and Attadale.

4. William, who died unmarried.

5. Farquhar, of Court Hill, who married, first, Elizabeth, daughter of William Mackenzie of Strathgarve, with issue—(1) William, a Captain in the 78th Highlanders, who died without issue; (2) Janet, who married Alexander Matheson, and emigrated to America. Farquhar married, secondly, Margaret, daughter of John Mackenzie of Achiltie and Kinellan, a grandson of Sir Colin Mackenzie, Bart., IV. of Coul, with issue; (3) an only son, Farquhar, now living in London.

6. Anne, who married Alexander Mackenzie, Kishorn, son of Captain John, fourth son of John Mackenzie, II. of Applecross.

7. Mary, who married Simon Mackenzie, III. of Alduinny, with issue.

* Iomaire Manuscript.

8. Catharine, who married Archibald Chisholm, grandfather of the present James Sutherland Chisholm of Chisholm.

John Matheson married, thirdly, in 1745, Elizabeth, daughter of Simon Mackenzie, I. of Allangrange (by Isobel, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Findon), with issue—one son,

9. John, who married, with issue—an only son, Alexander, Captain, 78th Highlanders, who died in India, in 1809, without issue.

He died in 1760, when he was succeeded by his eldest son,

VI. DONALD MATHESON, second of Attadale, who built the mansion-house there during his father's lifetime, in 1755, and married Elizabeth, daughter of James Mackenzie, III. of Highfield (by Mary, daughter of Roderick Mackenzie, IV. of Applecross, by his wife, Anne, daughter of Alastair Dubh Macdonell, XI. of Glengarry, by his first wife, Anne, daughter of Hugh, Lord Lovat), without issue. He died in 1763. His widow married, as her second husband, Farquhar Matheson of Tullich.

He was succeeded by his brother,

VII. ALEXANDER MATHESON, third of Attadale, who, in 1763-4, married his cousin Catharine, daughter of Alexander Matheson, Achandarrach, by Mary, daughter of Murdo Mackenzie of Sand, with issue, twenty-one children, of whom only one son and four daughters arrived at maturity.

1. John, who succeeded his father.

2. Margaret, who married, as his second wife, Roderick Mackenzie of Achavannie, with issue—one son, Alexander, still living.

3. Anne, who married Farquhar Matheson of Achandarrach.

4. Mary, who died unmarried.

He died in January 1804, when he was succeeded by his only surviving son,

VIII. JOHN MATHESON, fourth of Attadale, who, in 1804, married Margaret, daughter of Captain Donald Matheson of Shiness, by Catharine, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Mackay, minister of Lairg, son of the Rev. John Mackay, by Catharine, daughter of John Mackay of Kirtonny, grand-nephew of Donald, first Lord Reay, and grandson maternally of Sir James Fraser of Brae, son of Simon, eighth Lord Lovat. By this lady, who died in 1850, Matheson had issue—

1. Alexander, his heir, now Baronet of Lochalsh, born in 1805.

2. Farquhar, minister of Lairg, which charge he resigned in 1878. He now resides in Inverness, unmarried.

3. Donald, settled in America, where he married, with issue.

4. Hugh, who married, in 1837, Christian, daughter of the Rev. Alexander Macpherson, D.D., minister of Golspie, with issue, four daughters. Hugh died in 1875.

5. John, who died young.

6. Catherine, who, in 1834, married General John Macdonald, H.E.I.C.S., with surviving issue—(1) Donald, a Colonel in the Indian Army, married in April 1865, Emilia Frances, daughter of Lieutenant Crommelin, R.A., without issue; (2) John Matheson, a partner in the well-known firm of Matheson & Company, Lombard Street, London, who married, in October, 1870, Eleanora Leckie, daughter of William Leckie Ewing of Arngomery, Stirlingshire, with issue—Norman Matheson, Eric William, John Buchanan, Eleanora Leckie, Catherine Matheson, and Bertha. General Macdonald has also three daughters.

7. Harriet, who, on the 24th of March, 1835, married Charles Lyall, London, with issue—(1) Charles James, born 1845, and married, in 1870, Florence Lyall, daughter of Henry Fraser, with issue, one son and four daughters; (2) Henry, a Captain in the Royal Artillery, born 1849, and married, in 1876, Mary Sophia, eldest daughter of Colonel Akers, Royal Engineers, with issue, one daughter; (3) Caroline Alexa, who in 1865 married the Rev. Bradley Hust Alford, M.A., with issue, two daughters; (4) Harriet Jane, (5) Mary, (6) Edith Margaret, and (7) Constance.

John Matheson died in 1826, when he was succeeded, as representative of the family, by his eldest son,

IX. ALEXANDER MATHESON, now of Lochalsh, Attadale, and Ardross, M.P. for the County of Ross. During his father's lifetime the family was, in 1825, reduced to the necessity of parting with the last remnant of their heritable possessions in the west by the sale of Attadale, and Alexander Matheson had to begin life afresh without any of those advantages of position and wealth which make success in life so comparatively easy. His uncle, the late Sir James Matheson of the Lews, Baronet, was at the time largely engaged and very successful in the commercial

world of India and China, and under his auspices an opening was found for young Matheson in the famous mercantile house of Jardine, Matheson, & Co., on the retirement from which he founded and became head of the eminent firm of Matheson & Company, London.

About 1839, a comparatively young man, he returned to the Highlands, where he had spent the earlier years of his life, with a magnificent fortune, and, in 1840, made his first start in the purchase of Highland property. In that year he bought the lands of Ardintoul and Letterfearn, a pretty estate of about 6000 acres, lying on the south side of Lochalsh and Loch Duich, for £15,500. In 1844 he acquired the lands of Inverinate, on the north side of Loch Duich, an ancient heritage of the Mackenzies and the Macraes, for £30,000. In 1851 he bought Lochalsh, the ancestral possessions of his House, for £120,000. In 1857 he acquired Strathbran and Ledgowan, near Achnasheen, for £32,000. In 1861, Attadale, the last heritable property in the hands of his ancestors, he secured for £14,520, and in 1866 he bought New Kelso and Strathcarron for £26,000; altogether a magnificent stretch of Highland property, containing about 115,000 acres, at a total cost of £238,020, which in 1881 realised an annual rent of £13,705. In addition to the original cost, Mr Matheson has since spent about £120,000, including some £50,000 expended on his beautiful mansion of Duncraig, on the improvement of his West Highland property, bringing the total up to £358,020.

During the same period that he was accumulating this large property in the west, he acquired the estate of Ardross, extending to 60,000 acres, in Easter Ross, at a cost of £90,000; Dalmore, for £24,700; Culcairn, for £26,640; Delny and Balintraid, for £28,250; which, with other neighbouring properties, make a sum, for lands in Easter Ross, amounting to over £185,000, yielding an annual rental, in 1881, of £9324; while the outlays for improvements, including Ardross Castle and grounds, amount to nearly £230,000; total, £415,000. His entire possessions in the County of Ross extend to over 220,000 acres at a cost of £773,020.

In addition to these extensive and valuable estates, Mr Matheson, in 1847, purchased lands in the Burgh of Inverness—the most valuable portion of the estate of Muirtown, and the smaller properties of Fairfield, Planefield, Macleod's Park, and

Ness House Grounds, lying between the River Ness and the Caledonian Canal, and including all the feu-duties and the greater part of the feuing-ground present and prospective (except the property of the Mackintosh Farr Trustees), on the west side of the Ness. In addition to the purchase price of this property, Mr Matheson has spent between £35,000 and £40,000 in improvements and modern buildings on the estate, the rental of which, in 1881, was about £3,500, but which by no means represents the ultimate value of the property, which is yearly increasing from new feu-duties. The rental in 1862 was only £1141, but by purchase of the small properties above-mentioned, and the judicious outlay on roads and buildings, under the wise management of Mr Alex. Ross, architect, Inverness, the property will soon be very much more enhanced in value.

In 1875, on the occasion of the coming of age of his heir, Kenneth J. Matheson, we are told that "it is no disparagement to other lairds to say that Mr Matheson was among the first in the present generation who saw the advantage of acquiring Highland property as a means of employing capital advantageously in the development of the resources of the country, and it is only due to patriotic feeling to point out the care with which, in the revolution which his improvements have effected in many parts of the County of Ross, he has avoided disturbing the traditional associations of the people. Something like £300,000 has been expended by Mr Matheson in land improvements and building in Ross-shire, but in all the work which that vast sum represents, we have not heard that it was found necessary to embitter the feelings of a single township, or even a shealing. His capital has been used to the great benefit of the country, and the means employed have been administered with so much wisdom, forbearance, and kindliness, that the demonstrations of rejoicing now agitating the County of Ross are, we believe, as sincere and hearty as they are universal."* In all this we heartily concur.

The improvements on the Ardross property have been on a most extensive scale. When it came into the possession of Mr Matheson it had a population of 109 souls. The place itself is described as "a rough, undeveloped piece of mountain land,"

* *Inverness Courier*, May 1875.

while "innumerable boulders of the coarsest porphyry strewed the hillsides, and were buried in the bogs that covered the low-lying lands." The result of the improvements is described as marvellous. "About 5000 acres have been put under wood; 4000 acres have been brought into cultivation, and rarely have been seen pasture and corn fields giving richer promise of an abundant harvest than the large, well-fenced enclosures between Alness and Ardross. There is now [1875] a population of about 500 or 600 people on the property, twenty to thirty of them being substantial farmers." In the short period of nine years the improvements on this one estate comprised the trenching, draining, and liming of 2600 acres, the building of 67½ miles of dykes, the erection of 11 miles of wire-fencing, the making of 28 miles of roads, and the planting and enclosing of 3000 acres, besides the erection of new steadings, and the building of a magnificent modern castle, with all its adjuncts, all on a scale and in a spirit previously unexampled in the Highlands.

Mr William Mackenzie, the late factor, writing in the *Transactions of the Highland Society* in 1858, says:—"It was not the wish of Mr Matheson that any of the old tenants should leave the property; he was anxious and willing to provide them all with good farms and far better houses than they ever had," but these should be within the general scope of the improvements. "Indeed upon the whole of Mr Matheson's extensive possessions there has been no clearing of the old inhabitants to make room for improvements or sheep walks. It has been found perfectly compatible to carry out the most extensive improvements without removing a single tenant, or attempting to expatriate a peasantry of which any country might be justly proud. All that has been found necessary was simply to adjust matters; and none can be more easily managed than our Highland crofters in this way, if they are but kindly and fairly dealt with." Mr Matheson and his subordinates appear to have acted throughout on this wise and patriotic principle of kindness and fair-dealing.

He was not only instrumental in getting the Dingwall and Skye Railway constructed, but it is doubtful whether, without his influence and means, we should have even yet a railway across the Grampians connecting us directly with the South. There is no doubt at all that to him and to the Duke of Sutherland are

mainly due that we have a system of railways throughout the Highlands, and the consequent prosperity which has followed in their wake during the last twenty years.

Mr Matheson is and has been for years Chairman of the Highland Railway. He represented the Inverness District of Burghs in Parliament from 1847 to 1868, when, on the retirement of his uncle, Sir James Matheson of the Lews, from the County of Ross, Mr Matheson gave up the Burghs and succeeded his uncle in the representation in Parliament of his native county, a position which he still holds.

This year his public services have been suitably acknowledged by the Crown, a Baronetcy having just been conferred upon him. On the 12th of May he was gazetted Sir Alexander Matheson, Baronet, of Lochalsh.

He married, first, in 1840, Mary, only daughter of James Crawford Macleod, Younger of Geanies, without issue. She died in 1841. He married, secondly, in 1853, the Honourable Lavinia Mary (who died in 1855), youngest daughter of Thomas Stapleton of Carlton, Yorkshire, and sister of Miles, 8th Lord Beaumont (descended from Miles, first Lord Beaumont—who died in 1314—by Sibill, eldest daughter of Sir John de Bella Aqui, or Bellew, heiress of Carlton; and also from John, second Lord Beaumont—who died in 1342—by Lady Alianora Plantagenet, daughter of Henry Earl of Lancaster, and great-granddaughter of Henry III., King of England.) By this lady Mr Matheson has issue—

1. Kenneth James, his heir, now Younger of Lochalsh; born in 1854.

2. Mary Isabell, who, in 1881, married Wallace Charles Houston, youngest son of the late Col. Houston of Clerkington.

Mr Matheson married, thirdly, in 1860, Eleanor Irving (who died in 1879), fifth daughter of Spencer Perceval (by Anna, daughter of General Norman Macleod of Macleod), and granddaughter of the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval, Prime Minister of Great Britain (assassinated in 1812), son of John, second Earl of Egmont. By this lady, his third wife, Mr Matheson has issue—

3. Alexander Perceval, born in 1861.

4. Roderick Mackenzie Chisholm, born in 1861.

5. Farquhar George, born in 1871. 6. Eleanor Margaret.

7. Anna Elizabeth. 8. Flora. 9. Hylda Nora Grace.

## CUMHA LE RUAIRI MACLEOD DA MHNAOI,

A Chaochail air ceud la na Bliadhna, 1870.

[*Air from Oran "Chailean Ghlinn-iudhair."*]

Bha bhliadhn ùr so na sòlas,
Aig cuid ri sùgradh 's ri òrain,
Le inneil chiuil de gach seorsa,
'S le ithe is òl aig am buird ;
Bha tighean sùgraidh na h' òigridh,
Gach sealladh ùr 's tighean òsda,
Le duil nach faigh iad an leor dhiubh,
Ged 's tric thig bròn air an cùl ;
Ach bha e chaochladh sud dhomhsa,
Nam shuidh am aonar 's mi leointe,
'S mi faicinn sgaoileadh a chorda
Le'n robh mi posda ri'm rùn,
Bu chulaidh smaointin bhi còmhl' rium,
An am bhi caochladh an deo leat,
Mi fein 's na maotharain oga,
Nuair thainig sgleo air do shuil.

Be righ nan uamhas am bàs ud, [rium,
Le aghaidh ghruamaich gun bhaigh
Nuair thug e uam mo bhean ghradhach,
Chuir sud gath sàthte nam chridh' ;
Gabhaibh truas dhiom a chàirdean,
Tha bhuille chruaidh so gam fhàsgadh,
Is neart mo ghuailne air m fhàgail,
A ghiulain m' àghar 's gach ni ;
'S mi na mo thruaghan san fhàsach,
A' giulan uallach do phàisdean,
Is lot ro chruaidh e gu m'àirnibh,
Nuair ni iad ràn ga do chaoidh ;
Is Och ! mo chruas dhaibh, cha nàr e,
Bu tearc a fhuair cho caomh màthair,
Bha làn do thruas is do bhaigh dhoibh,
Gach uair bhiodh slàn iad na tinn.

Fhuair mi na h'ochd bliadhna deug ud
Dheth d'chomunn luachmhor mar chèile,
'S bha buaidh is beannachdan speiseil
G'ad leantuinn fein anns gach cùis ;
Bha gliocas suairc' is deadh bheusan,
'S tu banail uasal làn ceille, [laich,
'S do dhol mun cuairt air ceann teagh-
Na chorran sgeimh dhomh 's na chrùn ;
Do chomhairl' fhuair mi 's gach eigin,
'San aghaidh buairidh bu treun thu,
'S cha b'ann le buaireas gu beumach,
Ach macant', seimh, agus ciuin,
'S an t'ait a fhuair thu 's tu ghleidh e,
Chuir gràs na stuamachd deadh sgeimh ort.
Is sheall thu suas anns gach ceum rium,
'S tu làn do cheill anns gach cuis.

Se bean le buadhan cho ordheirc,
A sgaradh uamsa a ni leòn mi,
Sa dh'fhag cho truagh mi nam sheomar,
'S mo shuil fo dheoir ga do chaoidh.
On là san d'fhuair mi gle og thu,
Mar thiodhlac luachmhor ga'm chomhnadh,
Cha tug do ghluasad riamh bròn domh,
Ach ciallach stòlda ri m' thaobh ;
Sa thaobh do thruais 's innidh thròcair,
Ri cor nan truaghan bhiòdh leòinte,
Bu tric a ghluais iad gu deoir thu,
Sa fhuair iad solas ri d' thaobh,
'S tu dortadh ioc-shlaint nan leòntaibh,
Sa dh' ionnsuidh Iosa ga'n seoladh,
A fhuair thu priseil gad chomhnadh,
Na shith 's na sholas ro chaomh.

Ged bha do bhriathran cho òrdail,
'S do chòmhairl' ciallach an comhnuidh,
Se dh'fhag cho fiachail 's gach dòigh thu,
'S thug deur a bhròin o mo shùil,
Gu robh do ghniomh a dol còmhl' ris,
'S tu farsuinn fialaidh an comhnuidh ;
Co chunnaic riamh aig do bhord thu
Nach d' riaraich stòldachd do shùl?
'S thu toirt cho ciallach 's cho dòigheal,
A reir am fiach do gach seorsa,
Co dhiubh bhiodh iosal na mor iad,
Na d' chridhe an comhnuidh bhiodh rùm ;
'S nam biodh a h'aon ann do'n t-seòrs ud,
A chaidh a shaoradh tre throcair,
Bhiodh Peggi chaomh ri'n taobh stòlda,
Le faoilt an t-sòlais na gnùis.

Do chruth cho dealbhach 's cho boidheach,
'S tu geal is dearg mar na ròsan,
Ged chaidh tre dhoirbheasan mor thu,
Bha fiamh na h'oige na d' ghnùis.
Bu mhi chuis fharmaid aig moran,
On fhuair mi sealbh le làn choir ort,
Bi bhuille shearbh an diugh dhomh's e.
Thu bhi gun deo anns an ùir,
Bho la do leanbachd is t-oigheachd,
Gu la do ghairm gu t-fhois ghlormhor,
Do chliu is t-ainm bha dol còlamh,
Na dhearbhadh sònruicht 's gach cùis ;
Gu robh iad ainmig san lo so,
An cliù san ainm bha cha ordheirc,
Mar mathair ionmhuinn 's bean phosda,
Na t'ionmhas mor dhomh 's miann sùil.

# JOHN MACCODRUM.

[*Continued from p. 437, Vol. III.*]

## V.

BESIDES the patriotic effusions by MacCodrum to which reference has already been made, there are others less known, but equally characteristic of his peculiar genius, the most deserving of notice being "Cuideachadh Iain Ghrudair," and two emigration songs. The first of these was composed to the Clanranald chief of the day, and apparently in much the same circumstances as "Moladh Chloinn Domhnuill." Iain Grudair, like Domhal-mac-Fhionnlaidh, seems to have attempted versification laudatory of Clanranald, which was more sincere than successful. MacCodrum is asleep, or pretends to be so, while Iain Grudair chaunts his doggerel lay, and on being awakened by his unmusical measures, sings this eulogistic song. It embodies the same war-like spirit as "Moladh Chloinn Domhnuill;" is as forcible in its descriptions of imaginary warfare and carnage; abounds as much in the marshalling of hosts and the din of arms, and describes in equal detail the coming of chieftains and their followers to the field of strife. He depicts the raising of Clanranald's banner, with the heraldic insignia of the clan, and accompanied by the music of drums and bagpipes:—

'Nuair nochdar ri crann do shioda
Chluinntear piob 'us drumaichean;
Bi suaicheantas taitneach gu leor
Aig Domhnullaich, na curaidhean:
Fraoch nan garbh-bheann air mac meamnach,
'S craobh nach searg an duilleach aic;
Long 'us bradan 'us lamh-dhearg
'Us leoghan feargha furachail.

MacCodrum lived and died before those heart-rending Clearances to which the editor of the *Celtic Magazine** recently directed public attention. The last generation of Highland landlords has certainly not transmitted a fragrant name to posterity. As, however, we cannot reform our ancestors, the grave may be allowed to close upon those skeletons of past tyranny. It is to be hoped that such retrospective glances may have the effect of dissociating from the name landlord the ideas of terrorism and

* In his "History of Highland Clearances."

oppression which tradition has been too long and extensively connected therewith.

Our bard, though he flourished before those terrible evictions which occurred at the beginning of this century, seems to have witnessed numerous instances of emigration, which were by no means of a voluntary character. The following lines bear testimony to this fact:—

'S e sgeul tha cruaidh
Gu'n do ghabh sibh fuadach,
Ar sàr dhaoin' uaisle,
Gun ghruaim gun sgraing:
Gu'n d' ghabh sibh fogradh,
'S cha b' ann 'g'ur deoin e,
Do'n tir nach b' eolach
An seors' ud ann.

He gives pathetic expression to his sorrow at the depopulation of his native land, not so much on account of those who had gone perforce, to seek a home in the far American continent, but for the country's sake, which was thus being shorn of the flower of its manhood and its best security in the day of peril. Flocks of sheep would, in the poet's estimation, afford but poor protection were a period of danger from the country's foes to arise:—

'S ged a chruinnicheadh sibh caogad
'Mhuilt 'us reithichean caola,
'S beag a thogas a h-aon diubh
Claidheamh faobharach stailinn.

In lines instinct with mournful recollection and regret—lines which may well awaken an echo in the hearts of those to whom such scenes are familiar—does the bard descant upon the wild and ruined abodes where once a happy and prosperous people dwelt. Nor does he forget to bestow a tribute of unstinted praise upon those who were compelled, by the high hand of might, to leave their ancestral homes:—

Ar daoine fialaidh
Bha cliuiteach ciatach,
Nach d' fhuaradh riamh
Ann a fiar no feall;
Bha fearail feargha,
Gun bhleid gun anbhar,
Gun chealg gun sannt,

There are only two elegies extant of which MacCodrum is the author. One of these was composed to his much loved patron, Sir James Macdonald, whose early death he deplores. That event was certainly a great blow to his country and people; but whether the poet's sad prediction, "Dhe cha dirich Clann Domhnuill ni 's airde," will be verified, the future alone can disclose. At any rate the poet regarded Sir James' death as the most lamentable of a series of misfortunes which had, within the compass of not many years, visited the Macdonald vassals in Skye and Uist. Six of the Macdonald chiefs of Sleat had, one after another, been cut off at an early age:—

Sinn ri iarguinn nan curaidh
Nach robh 'n iasad ach diombuain;
Gun fhear liath a bhi uil' air an làraich.

Sir James' death, however, was the most deplorable of all, not because it was the last and the wound was fresh, but because he was really the best among the good, and though he had not lived long he had lived well. Such is the tribute that the sorrowful bard pays to his memory:—

Chaill sinn duilleach ar geige,
Graine mullaich ar deise;
So an turus chuir éis air na h-armuinn.

MacCodrum's other elegy was composed to Alexander Macdonald, or, as he was better known to his countrymen, "Alastair MacDhomhuill," who was factor for Clanranald's Long Island estates during the latter half of last century. He seems to have been a man of remarkable popularity, and was renowned for his physical strength. His descendants, until within recent years, occupied the farm of Penenirin in South Uist. His end was a tragic one. The channel which separates the island of Kirkibost, where he lived, from the mainland is fordable at low water, leaving large tracts of sand dry during several hours of the day. On one occasion, when Mr Macdonald was returning from some distant part to his island home, he fell from horseback in a fit while crossing the strand, and ere he could recover was overtaken by the approaching tide and drowned. Thus does the bard make allusion to the sad suddenness of his death:

Ann a' larach na coise
Far nach d'fhuair thu cur socair air làr,
Luidh an t-aog ort a thiota;
Aig an aon Dia tha fhios mar a bha.

This is not an age in which factors are likely, as a body, to become the objects of poetical benediction, at least in the Gaelic language. This is not, however, because gratitude has died out of the Highland heart, but because the factor's is too seldom a mission of benevolence. There is one verse in this elegy which lauds Mr Macdonald as a factor, and it were well for those who occupy that position now to ponder and emulate the virtues it describes :—

Bu tu beannachd na tuatha,
'S tu nach teannadh gu cruaidh iad mu'n mhàl;
Ceann diadhaidh nan truaghan,
'Nuair a dh'iarradh iad fuasgladh 'nan càs;
Fhir a b' aon-fhillte cridhe.
'S tu gun chlaonadh gun sligheachan cearr;
'S tu nach buaineadh a bhuinig
Air a' chluan sin nach cuireadh am bàrr.

This concludes our review of MacCodrum's poems. Before, however, bringing this notice to an end we may briefly refer to some of those sallies of wit and humour of which he was so dexterous a master. His extensive acquaintance with his mother tongue, allied with his quick perception of analogies in sound and sense, enabled him to excel in playing upon words in a manner which often produced amusing effects. In this respect he was different from other Gaelic bards. The typical Highlander is not a punster, nor was punning a species of wit in which the votaries of the Celtic muse appear to have indulged even in their gayest and most sportive moods. John MacCodrum was an exception to this rule. Many of his puns are well known to the present generation of his countrymen, and had there been a Boswell to treasure his *bon mots*, the collection would have constituted quite a repository of wit. A few instances that have been culled from oral tradition will serve to illustrate this particular bent of the poet's mind. He was one day met by a young man of whom he asked the question, "Co as a thainig thu?" "Thainig mi," answered the youth, "as an Uachdar" (a township). "Mata," says John, "'S ann mar sin is docha na coin ga d' imlich!"

Several stories have been handed down illustrative of his keen and caustic powers of rejoinder. It is told of him that he once went on a visit to Kingsburgh, in Skye, and not being known to the domestics, and not having introduced himself, he was allowed for some time to sit unnoticed in the kitchen. John was impatient and somewhat out of humour, when one of the servants, knowing he had come from Uist, and it being reported that Clanranald was dead, remarked, "Nach do dh'eug Mac-'ic-Ailein." "Mar do dh'eug," answered the bard, "rinn iad an eucoir, thiodhlaic iad e." After a while the same servant asked him "Ciod e cho fad 's a bha e os cionn talmhainn?" "Bha tri fichead bliadhna 's a deich." The girl felt rather insulted, and complained to her mistress of the stranger's impudence; but when it was discovered that he was MacCodrum—the master and mistress, who were none other than Captain Allan Macdonald and the illustrious Flora, both of whom he celebrated in song, he was at once warmly and hospitably entertained.

On one occasion he was partaking of a neighbour's hospitality in the form of bread and milk. Not only was the diet simple, but the quantity was very meagre, and on seeing a fly alight on the milk and getting drowned, the bard remarked, "A chreutair leipidich a dhol ga'd bhathadh fein far a faodadh tu grunnachadh." "Thoiribh tuilleadh bainne do 'n duine," said his host. "Tha diol an arain a dh'annlan ann," said John.

His best *impromptu*, and one of the happiest I ever heard of, was made on the occasion of draining Loch-Asdainn, in North Uist. The operation was carried on under the supervision of the factor, Macdonald of Balranald, and the whole country side turned out to take part in the work. John, with characteristic indolence, did not appear upon the scene until the whole business was over, and a cask of "mountain dew" had been broached for the refreshment of the labourers. The factor, desirous of getting a "rise" out of him, offered the bard a glass of strong waters, saying, "So, Iain, sin agad pairt de bhurn Loch Asdainn." John's reply was given on the spur of the moment as follows:—

Gu'm beannaicheadh Dia burn Loch-Asdainn,
Ge maith fhaileadh 's fearr a bhlas,
'S ma tha e mar so gu leir
'S mor am beud a leigeil as.

Enough has perhaps been said to show that MacCodrum was no common bard, and no ordinary man. In our opinion he has never got the place due to him among the poets of his native land. While many others who clung with but indifferent success to the skirts of the muses have had their praises trumpeted, their lives recorded, and every fragment they composed carefully edited and printed, the works of this most genuine bard were never collected into a volume. When some of his poems were first published, they were not known to be his until his countrymen claimed them for him, and several of his productions of high merit were mere floating traditions, until a few years ago they were rescued from oblivion by being reduced to manuscript by the present writer. True, he had some remarkable defects as a poet. As we before pointed out he is an almost, if not altogether, solitary instance of a Gaelic bard without love—a passion which has created some of the most exquisite gems of Celtic poetry. There is thus an incompleteness in his poetry, a want of that human tenderness and warmth which glow in the pages of Macintyre and Ross. Still, with all that, there are several of his compositions which, in the opinion of all competent judges, stand in the front rank of Gaelic poetry.

It would be too much to say that the genius of Gaelic poetry has deserted its ancient haunts—that the Celtic muse has been gathered to her fathers. So long as Mary Mackellar, Evan MacColl—the author of "An t-Eilean Mullach"—and others survive, we shall have poets of whom to be proud. But with such men as John MacCodrum departed what may be called, "Si parva licet componere magnis," the Augustan age of Highland poetry, the last link of a line of long ago, the line of family bards. His grave in the Church-yard of Kilmuir, in North Uist, still lies unmarked by storied urn or animated bust. His countrymen have not yet seen it their duty to pay this tribute of respect to the memory of their greatest bard. It is true that the most imperishable monument of a poet's fame are those products of his inspiration which he hands down to unborn generations. Our bard might say with the same consciousness of immortality as Horace, "I have completed a monument more lasting than brass, and more sublime than the regal elevation of pyramids;" but it is none the less a fact that those upon whom his memory

has the strongest claims should express their appreciation of what his gifts have left them by inscribing it on granite or marble. It is to be hoped that the stigma which has rested upon those who have so long neglected a distinct duty may soon be wiped away. In these papers I have endeavoured, however inadequately, to give a correct conception of one who has been aptly called the "Homer of the Western Isles," and I shall deem my labours greatly recompensed if my countrymen take up the hint which I have now thrown out, and at a not far distant period rear a monument which, although less enduring than his poems, will yet be a fitting mark of their admiration for the poetic gifts of John MacCodrum. A. M'D.

[We would suggest to our esteemed Contributor to proceed further with the good work by giving MacCodrum's poems to the public. This would be a capital beginning in the direction of raising a permanent monument of another kind to the bard.]

## JOHN MACRAE—IAN MACMHURCHAIDH—THE KINTAIL BARD.

### III.

A VALUED correspondent writes :—"The four songs which appear in your May issue, according to the Kintail account of them, were composed by Ian MacMhurchaidh after he made up his mind to emigrate to Carolina. Some of his acquaintances had emigrated some years before him. The John Beaton mentioned in his song was one of the first batch of emigrants, who had sent home a very glowing account of their prosperity in America. He was a native of Glenelg. Hence the bard's great anxiety to go after them, and thereby better his condition, as the free-and-easy manner of living which he had up to that time followed was getting beyond his means. Besides, as we see from these songs, the Game Laws were being enforced, and the river fishings strictly preserved. The ship in which he and many others were to emigrate anchored at Cailleach in Lochalsh.

It is said that the bard invited the captain of the ship to dinner with him, when his guest, seeing his table better provided

with good things than was the ordinary lot of common emigrants, enquired of his host if he was always able to have such a spread for himself? Being answered in the affirmative, the captain told the bard that he would not be able to have such in America, and, at the same time, strongly advised him to stay at home. His wife and many of the friends he was leaving behind him also urged him to this. Being undecided as to what, in the circumstances, he should do, his friend Ardintoul pointed out to him that, if he turned home after all that he had said, sang, and done, he would live despised ever after as a weak-minded coward. The thought of being held dishonoured and a coward decided the matter in favour of his going, and it was then, on board the ship, that he composed the song, *A nise bho na thachair sinn*, of which our correspondent supplies the following additional verse:—

Mollachd air an uachdaran,
A chuir cho fad air chuaintean sinn,
Air son beagan a mhàl suarach,
'S cha robh buannachd aige fhein deth.

He also supplies the following additional stanza of the song beginning *Bho na sguir mi 'phaidheadh màil*:—

Togaidh sinn iorram le fonn,
Bho nach duinnig a chaochla bonn,
Gheibh sinn na phaidheas an lòng,
'S na chuireas fonn fo mhnathan dhuinn.

To the Laird of Fairburn's song he adds—

'S tu 'n uachdaran as urramaiche,
'Chuala mi na chunna' mi,
'S tha'n tuath a toirt an urram dhuit,
Gu cumail riu an còrach.

He also supplies the following more complete version of the second song given in our last issue:—

Sgeula a fhuair mi bho Dhidonaich,
Air leam nach bi 'choir a bh'aca.

Thogainn fonn, fonn, fonn,
Dh'eireadh fonn oirn ri fhaicinn.

Litir a fhuair mi bho Ian Beitean,
Chuir eibhneas air fear nach fhac i.

Beagan a mhuinntir mo dhuthcha,
Triall an taobh am faigh iad pailteas.

B' fhearr na bhi fuireach fo uachdarain,
Nach fhuiling tuath a bhi aca.

A ghabhabh an taire 'n aite 'n t'seoid,
Ged a bhiodh e 'n spòg a phartainn.

A ghabhabh an ait an diunlaoich
An slaodaire lùgach 's e beartach.

Falbhaidh sinn uile gu leir;
'S beag mo speis do dh' fhear gun tapadh.

Far am faigh sinn deth gach seorsa
An t' sealg is boidhche tha ri faicinn.

Gheibh sinn fiadh is bòc is maoisleach,
'S comas na dh'fhaodar thoir asda.

Gheibh sinn coileach-dubh is liath-chearc,
Lachan, ialtan, is glas-gheoidh.

Gheibh sinn bradan agus bàn-iasg,
Glas-iasg ma's e 's fhearr a thaitneas.

Nach saoil thu nach iad sud tha uallach!
Cha bi buachaille gun each ac'.

[Our only object is to preserve as many of "Ian Mac-Mhurchaidh's" poems as possible. We are much indebted to our correspondent for his aid in the good work, and we trust that others will follow his excellent example by sending us as much as they can, if it be only a single stanza. The songs beginning "Bha mi uair dheth mo shaoghal," "'S muladach mi 'n diugh ag eiridh," and "Fhir a theid far a mhonadh," will be given in our next. Those having versions, or verses, of these will much oblige by sending them for comparison (and any anecdotes regarding them) with what we already have.—ED. *C. M.*]

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MACBRAYNE'S GUIDE TO THE HIGHLANDS has just been issued, with map, showing the various routes traversed by his splendid fleet of Highland steamers, and several coloured illustrations of places of leading interest to those in pursuit of pleasure. The information given is accurate and succinct, the latter quality being a most decided advantage over the more bulky and expensive Guides hitherto available. The local lore so appropriately introduced adds much to the interest of the book, and makes it attractive even to the general reader.

# Literature.

*THE ALTUS OF ST COLUMBA.* Edited with a Prose Paraphrase and Notes by JOHN, MARQUESS OF BUTE, K.T. Blackwood & Sons: Edinburgh and London. 1882.

EVERY Scottish Celt who takes an interest in the antiquities, history, and literature of his country knows that the Marquess of Bute is a profound and sympathetic student of all that pertains to the ancient life of the Highlands. Then the noble Marquess is anxious to do what he can to awaken in the mind of others the interest in the olden days with which his own is possessed. In proof of this we need only mention his Lordship's munificence in bearing the cost of publishing, in a style unusually splendid, Dr Clerk's Edition of Ossian. But the Marquess of Bute is not merely on indolent patron of literature, who merely spends money and woos applause in this easy fashion, he is himself a painstaking investigator in the field of Scottish history. We need not refer more particularly to the various proofs which the different publications of his lordship gives of his patient industry and literary power. We must limit our observations to the beautiful work before us—the *Altus* of Columba. The noble editor has done his part in a way which is deserving of all praise, for he really elucidates his author, so that the reader, if he is at all in earnest, can easily hold fellowship with him. At the same time, let us say that Columba, or his transcribers, have tied one or two poetic knots, which not even the skill of the noble editor has been able to untie.

But some of our readers may be asking what *is* this *Altus* of Columba? We answer that it is a very striking and able religious poem, composed in Latin, by the famous Abbot of Iona—the Apostle and Spiritual father of the North Highlands. There is no mystery about the word Altus. It is the first word in the poem, and so, just as we say "Scots wha hae" as a title for the song in which it occurs, so *Altus* became the title for the whole poem of which it is the first word. The poem is peculiar in form. It consists of a series of short poems, arranged under each letter of the alphabet, each poem beginning with its own letter. Under *A* we have fourteen lines, under each of the other letters twelve lines. It may be mentioned that the old classic prosody is rejected for the easier remembered accent and rhyme.

This remarkable poem is really a Confession of Faith. It might have been drawn up for the instruction of King Brude, the royal Invernessian won to Christ by the saintly poet and missionary, if we could suppose the Pictish King capable of understanding Latin. This poem shows us the true miracles by which Columba overcame Celtic heathenism—the true sign of the cross which rolled back on their hinges the closed gates of the Castle of King Brude. Here we see that Columba could think clearly, and express his thinking in words that drop like manna. Then the articles of his creed were very simple and concrete, far removed from reasoned propositions ever becoming more abstract as they are drawn further away from their concrete basis. Columba sang to his Celtic converts, first, of the ineffable glory of the Most High as Father, Son, and Holy Spirit in precise but poetic terms. Then follows a description of His creative energy in relation to the Angelic world. The noble editor feels that the Angelology of Columba "was not of that fixed and precise character" which it afterwards became—was different, in short, from the portentous and fantastic fabric which it grew into under the plastic subtlety of the Schoolmen. His doctrine of the Angels is indeed still current among simple Protestants. The profoundest thought in

his lines on this subject is that in which he ascribes a second fall to the "devil and his satellites," as a further punishment for seducing man from his innocence. Next in order comes Columba's conception of the material world in which we live. To him the world was a flat disc, with the ocean for its rim or boundary. The firmament was daily replenished by water spouts from this ocean to provide rain. The ascension of these jets of water explained to his mind the tides! Let us give here a specimen of Columba's poetry descriptive of rain :—

"Ligatas aquas nubibus
frequenter cribrat Dominus,
ut ne erumpant protinus
simul ruptis obicibus;
quarum uberioribus
venis, velut uberibus,
pedetentim natautibus
telli per tractus istius,
gelidis ac ferventibus
diversis in temporibus,
usquam influunt flumina
nunquam deficientia."

These terse and beautiful lines have full justice done to their merits in the translation which the noble editor gives to them, and which we subjoin as a fair sample of the translation of the *Altus* as a whole :—

"The waters which are bound up in the clouds the Lord doth oftentimes make to to fall, as through a sieve, lest they should suddenly break through their bounds and burst out together; and from the richer streams thereof, as from breasts, slowly flowing through the expanses of this earth, cold and warm with the changing seasons, the rivers ever run, never failing."

Whatever we may think of the *science* of these lines, we can have no doubt that they discover a mind keenly alive to the beauties and wonders of the world in which it was placed.

The poet goes on to describe the "nether-world in the innermost parts of the earth," where there is heard the terrible wail of Gehenna; and the place under the earth where dwell souls, who, though not in heaven, bend the knee to the Lord in prayer. This last the Editor refers to Purgatory, though his Lordship admits that the ideas of the poet on the subject are not those of the ages which followed. Next in order comes an account of the world of the good—the Paradise which the Lord planted with the tree of life as its centre. The Paradise of Adam and Eve is part of heaven, and according to the poet still exists somewhere in this world. Clearly Columba wished to raise the earth as near heaven as possible, and to bring down heaven as far as may be to meet it, so that both should exist, not separate, but in happy fellowship. The poem concludes with a solemn account of what shall happen in the last days. Dugald Buchanan in his *Day of Judgment* has given fuller expression to the ideas that were in the mind of Columba. The Saint is here vivid and rapid as the lightning, and we need not be surprised that such power was followed by the spiritual transformation of a kingdom. The reader, however, is vexed and irritated by the intrusion of an obscure and mythological symbolism, which grates upon him like sand in bread; an explanation of which, notwithstanding the brave efforts of the noble editor, seems impossible. Was Columba for a moment led aside from his simplicity in deference to the maxim, still not without its malign influence among us Celts, *Omne ignotum pro magnifico?*

We cordially sympathise with the desire of the Marquess to draw men's attention to this poem for its own sake, and not for its historical interest merely. Though it will scarcely bear comparison with the *Dies Iræ*, it is nevertheless a very marvellous and impressive poem. Columba is not the heritage of Catholic or Protestant exclusively. He is the heritage of all who believe that Jesus came in the flesh. He is for mankind, not for the sects. We read of the Highland minister who lay all night on the grave of Rutherford that he might catch his fire. We have a nobler grave nearer home, the spirit of whose inhabitant would help us to transform misery into joy, ignorance to knowledge, to cause light to arise in the darkness—the true signs and wonders of the great in all ages. Then in the closing words of the *Altus*, we shall not only have fellowship with Columba and his fellows, but—

"... Sic cum Ipso erimus
in diversis ordinibus
dignitatum pro meritis
praemiorum perpetuis,
permansuri in gloriâ
a saeculis in gloriâ."

We would most earnestly draw the attention of our studious readers to this ancient poem. It is beautifully printed, and altogether worthy of the publishers, and its noble editor.

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THE BATTLE OF THE BRAES.—The more information that reaches us, and the more consideration we are able to give to the subject of the skirmish which has recently taken place in the Isle of Skye between 38 policemen from Glasgow, 12 from the mainland portion of the county of Inverness, and several of the local Skye force, led by two sheriffs, two procurator-fiscals, and their satellites, against helpless women and children, the more we are driven to the conclusion that the whole thing was the greatest farce ever played in the Scottish Highlands. Looking at the entire proceedings from beginning to end, it is the best illustration we have ever seen of the two old saws, "Much ado about nothing," and "Muckle cry and little woo'." We have hitherto, as regards the privileges of our countrymen, been living in a fool's paradise, for we innocently, or perhaps ignorantly, thought that Scotsmen were entitled by the laws of their country to be tried for serious crimes by a jury of their peers. It seems this is not the case. The Lord-Advocate denied the Braes crofters this constitutional right, without giving any reasons for his refusal. Other people have, however, supplied reasons for him. They say that he has been led to believe that no jury would convict in the circumstances, and that he felt a conviction was necessary to whitewash the authorities for the extraordinary steps which they had taken. No one will believe that his lordship could have been influenced by such considerations as this would imply; but we think that he should have been more careful to avoid any plausible foundation for such a suggestion. It is now, however, universally admitted, after reading the evidence, that no jury of common sense, nor sheriff, would have convicted the Braes crofters of the serious crime of deforcement; and to have gone through such a gigantic farce for a technical, constructive, common assault, is discreditable to the Crown and county authorities. To suggest for a moment that a Scottish jury would not have convicted on sufficient legal evidence, is to admit the existence of a state of things which should demand the immediate attention of the Government.

THE

# CELTIC MAGAZINE.

*Conducted by ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A. SCOT.*

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## THE LAND AGITATION IN THE HIGHLANDS; WITH SPECIAL REFERENCE TO THE ISLE OF SKYE.

BY A PROPRIETOR.

—o—

THE Rising in Skye and the "Battle of the Braes" have been already chronicled by dozens of pens, by swarms of reporters who crowded over the Island like a flock of locusts during the first burst of excitement, thirsting for information, interviewing here and there each and every person, and wiring the intelligence at the rate of thirty thousand words a day, detailing the incidents of a combat which has now become historical, and is known, through the newspapers, probably in every household in the United Kingdom; the landing of the "Half-hundred" at Portree—the forming into four deep, and the march to the scene of the conflict—aggressive, at its commencement, yet, almost as hopeless of success as that of the celebrated *Ten Thousand;* the stand made by the women and children in defence of father, brother, or husband at the pass of Gedintaillear; the arrival of the prisoners at Inverness; their march down Union Street, handcuffed, surrounded by a wall of police, and hooted by the populace. Forty hours before they roamed in freedom on their native hills, now they are in irons in the Highland Capital; released on bail, appeared again, tried, and practically acquitted—Caractacus in chains, the triumph and clemency of Claudius!

But how and why did all this happen? No doubt, the cry that "Mr Gladstone has ruined Ireland; he will ruin Scotland next," had a great deal to do with it. The landocracy generally believed this at heart; and the county officials, led by the rumours of demonstrative resistance on the part of certain crofters in the Island, concluded they were on the verge of an agrarian revolution, and evidently made up their minds to act promptly, and with decision, and stamp out quickly the first germs of anything like the Irish disease that might show itself on this side of the Channel. So the extraordinary method already known was adopted; has been approved by many of our newspapers on both sides of politics, and upheld by the collective wisdom of the Commissioners of Supply for the County, though it is but fair to state there are dissentients. Almost the unanimous opinion outside official circles is that it would have been more in consonance with the dignity of a powerful Government like the present to have quelled the "insurrection" in broad daylight, than by a night surprise—a practice unknown in any Executive administration, civil or military, since the days of William III., and which in this instance might have seriously complicated matters, had the men joined the women and children, and, as they might have easily done, defeated the police. It is not, however, the object of this paper to criticise the past. Its aim and object is to consider the difference between the Irish land question and that raised in the Isle of Skye; to endeavour to show that the causes of disaffection are not similar; and to consider what the relationship between proprietor and tenant in future is likely to be.

In this speculation the first fact to be recognised is the spirit of independence which has been gradually creeping over the people of this country, until we may now almost agree that Alison's prediction of the results of the Reform of 1832 has been verified, and that we are face to face with one of the difficulties he anticipated. If one, now-a-days, says, "Have I not the right to do what I like with my own," he is at once challenged by the outside public with a shout of "No." There are several causes for all this, among them the many good and cheap histories written within the past few years, and available to the masses, or at any rate to their leaders, which has given them facilities of acquainting themselves with a knowledge of the past unknown to their forefathers;

the stimulating action given by various Societies—urging and fostering independence of character, and showing the powers of individuals when combined; the levelling and elevating tendencies of improved and increased education; the bad seasons we have had for the past few years, added to the increased tastes for luxuries acquired by the tenant classes; the great competition for farms, arising partly from the prosperity of other trades, enabling trades-people to retire and compete for the land, and giving a fictitious value to it. Though the new additions, as a rule, join the Conservative ranks, and are good soldiers in upholding ancient traditions, yet the masses suffer by their introduction, and this, combined with other influences, has caused a turn round against Feudalism, so that if the system has not been already strangled, it is certainly in the last gasp of its existence.

It is idle to suppose that this or that party is to blame; it matters not whether we are ruled by a Conservative or a Liberal Government, the march of progress cannot be stopped. If the Conservative thinks he could have continued to follow in the old track he is much mistaken. In national currents of thought we must just follow in the stream. It is too strong to be stemmed by anything but force or logic. The former was the good old way when we were ruled despotically, but the latter is the course adopted since the nation became what may be called a free people, and this will probably continue so long as we do not abuse our liberties—which, it is to be hoped, we wont do, with the terrible lessons of 1792 to 1815 standing out before us as a warning.

At present matters seem to point to a dislocation of the former pleasant relationship that existed between proprietor and tenant; and though it might seem never likely to return, there can be no doubt, after the question is thoroughly discussed in the old-fashioned, constitutional, quarrelling way, but affairs will terminate by leaving parties to occupy those positions assigned to them by the laws of order and property. To meet the present difficulty many proprietors have granted a reduction of a certain per centage on their rentals. This policy, instead of mending matters at once, has had the effect of keeping its settlement quivering in the balance; but ultimately it must settle down on the logical side of the scale. The fact of taking off a certain per centage on account

of a few bad seasons, shows that the proprietor admits that his lands were too highly rented during some periods of the lease. Let him now strike an average and settle upon a fair rent.

So much for the position of the land question as it stands, taking a survey of the whole country—but what concerns us most here is that phase of it which has become so formidable in Ireland, and which many fear has developed itself, or is at any rate ready to crop up, in the Highlands, and which, I fear, led to the "Battle of the Braes." The "no rent" doctrine is quite different in Ireland to what we have in Skye. In Ireland it is purely obstructive, strategical, political, or revolutionary. When a man there says, "I'll pay no rent till the suspects are released," his plain meaning and intent is to add so much more to the general confusion, and so facilitate the attainment of his purpose. It cannot for a moment be supposed—indeed he does not say so—that he considers himself justified in withholding his rent for all time coming. As soon as the question is settled on the basis *he* proposes, he will then agree to pay his rent; hence the question is really a political one, and a difficult one, for one section demands one thing, while another demands something very different. Some Land Leaguers, no doubt, wish for a legitimate settlement of the question; others mean and demand what the late Lord Beaconsfield styled the "disintegration of the Empire." Here no one dreams of the repeal of the Union. The "no rent" cry in Skye means, "The powers that be will not redress our grievances, let us appeal to the public opinion of the country." The crofters are well aware that the law as it stands is against them, and that they are liable to pay any rent demanded, or quit their holdings. The stand made by the Irish tenants no doubt encouraged and gave them the cue to combine against what they consider a grievance, but nothing more. If they really made unreasonable demands, I am satisfied that they would at once lose the support of their present supporters; for there never was a greater mistake, than to suppose that those who take the crofters' side of the question would for an instant lend themselves to anything but what is fair and just.

I have before me, as I write, four pamphlets, treating of the Irish land question, handed to me by a member of the Irish Land League, and which may be taken as fairly representative

of the opinions of many others on the subject. This literature is now in circulation through the Island, and, I may say, has been brought to it in consequence of the report that Skye was in arms, and that the tenants would pay no rents. The first is a Letter from the Most Rev. Dr Nulty, Bishop of Westmeath, to Joseph Cowen, Esq., M.P.; the second, "The Land for the People," by John Ferguson; the third, "A Plea for the Nationalisation of the Land," by G. B. Clark, M.D., F.R.C.S.E.; the fourth, "An Appeal to Land Leaguers," by Henry George.

I give the first place to Bishop Nulty's letter. Emanating from such a source it demands attention, as presenting the views of one of the Catholic leaders of the people. He attributes the present discontent to the misgovernment of Ireland by England. Any one who knows the past history of Ireland must acknowledge that he is not far wrong in this; but no one can say that grievances ever existed in Scotland similar to those under which Ireland groaned for centuries. Under the heading of "Fondling the Landlords," he says:—

> A sentence of eviction is equivalent to a sentence of death, in a country where if you are to live at all you must live by your industry in the land, A mortal fear of such eviction, then, was the only motive that could have influenced the people of a nation to submit to excessive rack-rents. . . . The unjust and irrational partiality of British statesmen for Irish landlordism, coupled with the implacable severity with which they punished any one who dared to interfere with it, has been beyond all reasonable doubt the main cause of the unpopularity and practical failure of British rule at all times in Ireland. Were it not for the sad effects of this cause Ireland . . . would be as peaceful, as orderly, and at least as devotedly loyal as Scotland.

Again, under the heading of "A Scourging and a Crust," he says:—

> If we Irishmen at home cordially detest the Irish system of land tenure, our countrymen abroad simply execrate and abhor it. . . . The strongest and deepest desire in the hearts of these Irish exiles would be to lend a hand, and share their last shilling in any fair effort to extirpate and destroy the injustice of a system which they regarded as the responsible cause of their expatriation.

Mr Ferguson is down on the feudal system, and goes in for a peasant proprietary. The following shows his views:—

> Desperate diseases require sharp remedies, hence we require the Government to step in and dispose of the land of the nation to the people who wish to purchase, securing to the feudal lord whatever compensation it may please the country to give him, and advancing to the purchaser, upon the security of the land, the purchase money, to be received back in instalments extending over different periods not exceeding twenty years, but all this is a mere matter of detail. . . .

Going on to refer to the Irish Land Act, of which he disapproves, he says—"Our fundamental principle is the total abolition of landlordism."

Dr Clark plunges boldly into detail, showing how the author would settle the question, This is how he would go to work :—

> Let us pass a law by which the State will resume possession of the soil of the country for the use and enjoyment of all its citizens, . . . the entire land of the country to be valued by a general valuation. . . . The rental value thus determined to be paid to the present holder, . . . if he should have heirs living at the time of passing of the Act, the same annuity . . . shall be paid to all the living heirs. . . . The unborn have no rights of this kind; they are a contingency.

And by way of encouragement to town birds, he puts forward rather a novel and attractive bait :—

> The artizans and the dwellers in the towns ought to have once in their lives the right of free selection of land in the vicinity of towns at its agricultural value to build a dwelling-house, with a suitable garden, where they might utilise their spare time.

Mr George is not so considerate. He is an American, and undertakes the good work in a more summary and go-ahead fashion. Compensation is no part of his programme; spoliation and confiscation seem to him sacred. Chap. v., p. 21, he says :—

> Either the land of Ireland rightfully belongs to the Irish landlords, or it rightfully belongs to the Irish people. There can be no middle ground. If it rightfully belongs to the landlords, then is the whole agitation wrong. . . . But if, on the contrary, the land of Ireland rightfully belongs to the Irish people, , . . to propose to pay the landlord for it is to deny the right of the people to it.

He rather throws cold water on anything like co-operation from the present occupiers of the soil, for he says :—

> It would be wrong to abolish the payment of rent, and to give the land to its present cultivators. In the very nature of things, land cannot rightly be made individual property.

Though he lays down the above hard and fast rules, Mr George in another way promises perhaps a brighter dream to the ravisher than even Dr Clark does in the ways and means of expenditure. Referring to the proceeds of the spoil, he remarks :—

> We could divide this, if we wanted to, among the whole community share and share alike. Or we would give every boy a small capital for a start when he came of age, every girl a dower, every widow an annuity, and every aged person a pension out of the common estate.

Seriously speaking, can any Skye man place his hand on his heart and truthfully and in earnest tell me that he believes such Communistic proposals and doctrines are the prevalent and approved sentiments of the Skye crofters? I cannot possibly, from my knowledge of the people, believe this of them. Were such, however, the case: What then? Simply that we should find ourselves at once sharply divided into two classes, as marked and opposed to each other as good is from evil. Those who were for order and good government would take one side, those who advocated anarchy the other.

Some there are who may have worked themselves into a belief that our Skye crofters would immediately plunge into acts of open violence if not deterred by fear. Perhaps an individual here and there might, as bad characters are found in every society, but the mass of the crofters have no such wish. Had they been a discontented set of people we should have heard more about them long ago. So much for the difference between the Irish land question and what we have to face in the Highlands.

I shall now consider, first, the apprehension of proprietors that the value of land is likely to deteriorate in consequence of the present agitation and possible Legislative interference; second, the cry that rents ought not to be raised; and, third, the proposal to encourage a peasant proprietorship.

Thinking over the first of these, one is apt to conclude that any measure proposing to upset an ancient land-mark, is bound to do injury to somebody, and that any change in our present land laws means benefiting one class at the expense of another. The cry for the reform of the land laws has been raised by the tenants, and by some people in towns who personally have little or no interest in the land, but is used by them as a handle to further their own agitating purposes. Surely then, if what is called reform is carried out, such can only be done at the expense of the proprietor. This is the view of one party in the state, and the view taken by those in possession of monopolies during the past. Land reformers, on the other hand, recognise the cry of the tenant as one of distress. They know also that the reason why many persons in our towns take such an interest in the question is because some of them have personally experienced eviction; or they may have heard of the hardships of evictions from their

fathers or from others, and so all their sympathies are on the side of the tenant, on the principle of John Bull's love of fair play, which usually makes him take the weaker side! They further know that Nihilists and Communists are at work, that their teaching is most dangerous, and, if followed, would lead to anarchy; that they are demanding what they have no right to get, and what they cannot attain.

The question, as it presents itself to the eye of the proprietor, is, "Can the relationship between me and my tenant be altered and his circumstances improved, except at my expense?" Reformers on the other hand may see their way to carrying out certain changes without injuring the interests of either proprietor or tenant, or those whose respective positions are to be altered by such reform. Indeed, it is quite possible a judicious reform may actually improve the position of the very party who most strongly objects to it. Take the Factory Acts for instance. Did manufacturers suffer by the change? or slave-holders by the abolition of slavery in America? Did the slave-owning class, who even fought a long and bloody war to perpetuate the system, actually suffer by the change in the long run? So far from this being the case they would not now return to the old system even if they had the option of doing so. They find free labour pays them best. How many owners of shootings could now be found who regret the legislation repealing the penalties enacted against the pursuit of ground game!

That legislation is quite capable of effecting improvement as regards various interests in the soil is undeniable, but at the same time land legislation is a two-edged weapon, and rather dangerous, as it often cuts in the opposite direction to what was expected. On the whole, therefore, the less land legislation we have the better; for if we are to judge from experience the more law the greater the confusion, and the reason seems to be that a legislative act must lay down certain rules which, when put in operation, are practically cruel in many instances, though right and just in others. The relationship between proprietor and tenant is a peculiar one, and will continue so till the end of the chapter, so long as human beings are endowed with feelings, and passions, and tempers, as they are at present. To get on smoothly we must have a give-and-take sort of policy. The law,

if called in, could not settle a dispute on such principles. Land legislation seems to be successful or not, as it confines itself within its legitimate bounds, or extends beyond its proper sphere. If it undertakes to lay down certain lines, sketching out the exact position and relationship between proprietor and tenant, it is bound to blunder, as this is going beyond its legitimate functions. If a grievance exists, the law should remove it. It should protect the proprietor so far as to insure to him his rent from those in possession of his land, and this it actually does now. All seem agreed that the tenant should be guaranteed the whole profit of his labour, *minus* his rent, hence, it follows, there is room and scope for legislative interference in this respect, so the law should step in and allow him compensation for improvements; but any reform of a more sweeping nature at present is uncalled for. If landowners became so unreasonable as to say we will turn all the inhabitants out of the country, and put the ground under sheep and deer, most decidedly public opinion would demand State interference, but in the meantime what are the facts? Is the single instance which we heard so much about last year at Leckmelm* a sufficient reason for a complete change in our land laws any more than the abuse by one individual of the liberty, allowed him by our laws of liberty to the subject, would be sufficient reason for the restriction of the liberties of the people at large? It is all very well to demand great and complete changes in our land laws, but have those who demand such complete changes thoroughly worked out the subject in detail.

What would be the effect of making the transfer of land easier than it is now. Probably, at first, it might divide it among a larger number of proprietors than we have at present, but ultimately it would revert to the old groove of the fittest and most prudent, surviving at the expense of the extravagance or waste of the more imprudent, and a few millionaires would again come into possession! What class would benefit by the change?

* It is to be hoped that for the future even those who disregard Secretary Murray's advice to the Tipperary Magistrates, may be deterred by the menace of public opinion, from stretching their prerogatives to a degree that might call for legislative interference. Is there anything more calculated to damage the interests of the land-owning classes than Mr Dugald Stewart's recent indefensible conduct in evicting two of his most respectable tenants in Lochcarron, because they appealed successfully to the Courts of their country against his ground-officer for defamation of character?

Would the position and circumstances of the occupiers or farming class be improved, even were the present landowners multiplied by a thousand? Would land be cheaper, or would it produce more per acre than it does now? What present interest actually suffers from the existing state of affairs? If such can be shown, it would, of course, follow legislation was necessary; but in the meantime, to go out of our way to alter our land laws entirely, without clearly perceiving the benefits likely to arise from the change, would be indeed to take a leap in the dark.

The next question to be considered is the cry that rents ought not to be raised. Any one who objects to raising rents must logically be opposed to the principle of compensation for improvements, for, if the outgoing tenant is to receive compensation, how is it to be paid? No matter who pays it, whether it be proprietor or tenant, it must ultimately be realised from the ground improved. Say a crofter wished to give up his holding and demanded compensation for the improvement effected by him. It is clear, if justice is to be done, the land must be very carefully valued, and that too, quite as much in the interest of the incoming tenant as in that of the outgoing one. If the proprietor pays an outgoing tenant a certain sum as compensation, it is obvious he must increase the rental sufficient to recoup him as an equivalent for the interest on the money sunk by him in the land in paying that compensation, otherwise improvements would cease.

The third question is the peasant proprietary scheme, and at the outset, I must say, that I fail to see how it could practically work in our country. It is admitted by all who have given the land question consideration, that the results of small holdings, if free sale was allowed, would be that the land would ultimately be bought up by the more prudent of the class that was sure to rise among the small proprietors themselves. If the sale of land was not allowed, what then would be the position in the event of causes occurring which might necessitate the withdrawal of capital or labour from the soil? Simply this—*less production*—and, consequently, a loss to the individual owning it, and to the nation at large. The climate of this country is against its producing over and above the support of the person cultivating it, sufficient to enable him to purchase the common and almost necessary

luxuries of the day enjoyed by most others not engaged in agriculture. Who would be a proprietor under such circumstances? and what a strange spectacle we should witness—the land owned by peasant proprietors, and yet the said proprietors the most wretchedly miserable lot this country ever saw. Even Mr George is opposed to it.

Imagine a crofter who now pays a yearly rental of £10 desiring to become proprietor of his holding. The price at 25 years purchase would be £250, add to stock it £60, total £310. Is it likely any sane being would invest this capital in the purchase of a piece of ground which, after all, would not support him? Would it not be much better for him to invest this capital in a small farm which he could have for £40 a year, and which would really be self-supporting?

In a former article I showed that out of 1780 tenants in the Island of Skye, only 60 could be said to live entirely by farming; the remaining 1720 are dependant on outside aid. I need not, therefore, go further into details to point out the impracticability of the proposal; but I can appropriately conclude this article by remarking that instead of the dream of converting crofters into independent proprietors, they themselves would be contented with a more moderate position; the great mass of them requiring to be assisted and interfered with in the management of their township affairs. Crofters who live in townships, having a hill ground in common, should have an exactly equal interest in the sheep stock, in order to prevent any of them having an undue number of sheep in proportion to the rent paid, and this can only be done by having the sheep in common, with one common shepherd to look after them, or what is known as the club farm principle. The adoption of this, where not now in practice, should be immediately enforced, and if Skye crofters are *so* managed, and fairly dealt with, I can scarcely imagine their rushing into rebellion, or showing themselves anything but highly loyal.

SKAEBOST, ISLE OF SKYE. LACHLAN MACDONALD.

[This article reached us last month, but too late for insertion in our June issue.]

## NOTES ON THE HIGHLAND DRESS AND ARMOUR.

—o—

[CONCLUDED.]

IN the beginning of 1678, a body of Highlanders, "the Highland Host," as it was called, amounting to about 10,000 men, were brought from their native mountains and quartered upon the western counties, for the purpose of suppressing the field meetings and conventicles of the Presbyterians. But their irregular and disorderly conduct soon made it necessary for Government to disband them; and therefore we need the less wonder that they should on this occasion be represented in satirical colours. The following is an extract from a letter (Wodrow MSS., Advocates' Library, 4to, vol. xcix., No. 29), dated February 1st, 1678, and evidently written by an eye-witness. The entire letter will be found in *Blackwood's Magazine*, April 1817, p. 68:—

> We are now quartered in and about this town (Ayr?), the Highlanders only in free quarters. It would be truly a pleasant sight, were it at an ordinary weaponshaw, to see this Highland crew. You know the fashion of their wild apparel; not one of them hath breeches, yet hose and shoes are their greatest need and most clever prey, and they spare not to take them everywhere. In so much that the committee here and the Counsel with you (as it is said) have ordered some thousand pairs of shoes to be made to stand this great spoil. As for their armes and other militarie accoutrements, it is not possible for me to describe them in writing; here you may see head-pieces and steel-bonnets raised like pyramids, and such as a man would affirme they had only found in chamber-boxes; targets and shields of the most odde and antique forme, and powder-horns, hung in strings, garnished with beaten nails and burnished brass. And truely I doubt not but a man curious in our antiquities might in this host finde explications of the strange pieces of armour mentioned in our old lawes, such as bosnet, iron hat, gorget, pesane, wambrassers and reerbrassers, panns, leg-splents, and the like, above what any occasion in the Lowlands would have afforded for several hundreds of yeers. Among the ensigns also, besides other singularities, the Glencow men were very remarkable, who had for their ensigne a faire bush of heath, wel-spred and displayed on the head of a staff, such as might have affrighted a Roman eagle.

William Cleland, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Earl of Angus' Regiment, who was killed while gallantly defending his post at Dunkeld against a party of Highlanders, soon after the Revolution, wrote a satirical poem upon the expedition of the Highland Host in 1678, from which the following extracts are taken (Collection of Poems. &c., 12mo, 1697, p. 12):—

But to discrive them right surpasses
The art of mine Parnassus Lasses.
. . . . . .
Their head, their neck, their legs and thighs,
Are influenced by the skies,
Without a clout to interrupt them,
They need not strip them when they whip them;
Nor loose their doublet when they 're hanged,
If they be miss'd its sure they 're wranged.
. . . . . .
But those who were their chief commanders,
As such who bore the pirnie standarts,
Who led the van, and drove the rear,
Were right well mounted of their gear;
With brogues, trues, and pirnie plaides,
With good blew bonnets on their heads,
Which on the one side had a flipe
Adorn'd with a tobacco pipe,
With durk, and snapwork, and snuff-mill,
A bagg which they with onions fill,
And, as their strick observers say,
A tupe horn fill'd with usquebay;
A slasht out coat beneath her plaides,
A targe of timber, nails, and hides;
With a long two-handed sword,
As good's the country can affoord;
Had they not need of bulk and bones,
Who fight with all these arms at once?
It's marvellous how in such weather,
Ov'r hill and hop they came together,
How in such stormes they came so farr;
The reason is, they 're smear'd with tar,
Which doth defend them heel and neck,
Just as it doth their sheep protect;
But least ye doubt that this is true,
They 're just the colour of tar'd wool.

William Sacheverell, Governor of the Isle of Man, who was employed in 1688 in the attempt to recover the stores of the Florida, one of the great vessels of the Spanish Armada (which was blown up and sunk in the harbour of Tobermory, in Mull, exactly a hundred years before), made in that year an excursion through the Isle of Mull, and thence to Icolmkill. In 1702 he published, at London, an account of this excursion, along with an account of the Isle of Man. At page 129 of this volume, he thus describes the dress, armour, and general appearance of the Highlanders as he saw them in the Isle of Mull in 1688:—

During my stay, I generally observed the men to be large-bodied, stout, subtle, active, patient of cold and hunger. There appeared in all their actions a certain generous air of freedom, and contempt of those trifles, luxury and ambition, which we so servilely creep after. They bound their appetites by their necessities, and their happiness consists, not in having much, but in coveting little. The women seem to have the same sentiments with the men; though their habits were mean, and they had not our sort of breeding, yet in many of them there was a natural beauty and graceful modesty, which never fails of attracting. The usual outward habit of both sexes is the pladd; the women's much finer, the colours more lively, and the squares larger than the men's, and put me in mind of the ancient Picts. This serves them for a veil, and covers both head and body. The men wear theirs after another fashion, especially when designed for ornament; it is loose and flowing, like the mantles our painters give their heroes. Their thighs are bare, with brawny muscles. Nature has drawn all her stroakes bold and masterly; *what is covered is only adapted to necessity.* A thin brogue on the foot, a short buskin of various colours on the legg, tied above the calf with a striped pair of garters. What should be concealed is hid with a large shot-pouch, on each side of which hangs a pistol and a dagger, as if they found it necessary to keep those parts well guarded. A round target on their backs, a blew bonnet on their heads, in one hand a broadsword and a musquet in the other. Perhaps no nation goes better armed; and I assure you they will handle them with bravery and dexterity, especially the sword and target, as our veterane regiments found to their cost at Gillecrankee.

The Rev. James Brome, in his travels over England, Scotland, and Wales, published at London, in 1700, 8vo, gives (p. 183) the following description of the Highland dress and armour, which, although partly translated from Buchanan, has yet in it something original :—

The Highlanders who inhabit the west part of the country, in their language, habit, and manners, agree much with the customs of the wild Irish, and their chief city is Elgin, in the county of Murray, seated upon the water of Lossy, formerly the Bishop of Murray's seat, with a church sumptuously built, but now gone into decay. They go habited in mantles striped or streaked with divers colours about their shoulders, which they call pladden, with a coat girt close to their bodies, and commonly are naked upon their legs, but wear sandals upon the soles of their feet, and their women go clad much after the same fashion. They get their living mostly by hunting, fishing, and fowling; and when they go to war, the armour wherewith they cover their bodies is a morion or bonnet of iron, and an hatergeon which comes down almost to their very heels; their weapons against their enemies are bows and arrows, and they are generally reputed good marksmen upon all occasions. Their arrows for the most part are barbed and crooked, which once entered within the body, cannot well be drawn out again unless the wound be made wider. Some of them fight with broadswords and axes.

In Martin's description of the Western Isles of Scotland (second edition, London, 1716, p. 206), we find the following minute account of the dress formerly worn by the Islanders :—

The first habit wore by persons of distinction in the islands was the *leni-croich*, from the Irish word *leni*, which signifies a shirt, and *croich*, saffron, because their shirt was dyed with that herb. The ordinary number of ells used to make this robe was twenty-four; it was the upper garb, reaching below the knees, and was tied with a belt round the middle; but the Islanders have laid it aside about a hundred years ago.

They now generally use coat, waistcoat, and breeches, as elsewhere; and on their heads wear bonnets made of thick cloth, some blue, some black, and some grey.

Many of the people wear trowis; some have them very fine woven, like stockings of those made of cloth; some are coloured, and others striped; the latter are as well shaped as the former, lying close to the body from the middle downwards, and tied round with a belt above the haunches. There is a square piece of cloth which hangs down before. The measure for shaping the trowis is a stick of wood, whose length is a cubit, and that divided into the length of a finger, and half a finger, so that it requires more skill to make it than the ordinary habit.

The shoes anciently wore were a piece of the hide of a deer, cow, or horse, with the hair on, being tied behind and before with a point of leather. The generality now wear shoes, having one thin sole only, and shaped after the right and left foot; so that what is for one foot will not serve for the other. But persons of distinction wear the garb in fashion in the south of Scotland.

The *plad*, wore only by the men, is made of fine wool, the thred as fine as can be made of that kind; it consists of divers colours, and there is a great deal of ingenuity required in sorting the colours, so as to be agreeable to the nicest fancy. For this reason the women are at great pains, first to give an exact pattern of the plad upon a piece of wood, having the number of every thred of the stripe on it. The length of it is commonly seven double ells; the one end hangs by the middle over the left arm, the other going round the body, hangs by the end over the left arm also; the right hand above it is to be at liberty to do anything upon occasion. Every isle differs from each other in the fancy of making plads, as to the stripes in breadth and colours. This humour is as different through the mainland of the Highlands, in so far that they who have seen those places are able, at the first view of a man's plad, to guess the place of his residence. When they travel on foot, the plad is tied on the breast with a bodkin of bone or wood (just as the *spina* wore by the Germans, according to the description of Tacitus). The plad is tied round the middle with a leather belt; it is pleated from the belt to the knee very nicely. This dress for footmen is found much easier and lighter than breeches or trowis. The ancient dress wore by the women, and which is yet worn by some of the vulgar, called *arisad*, is a white plad, having a few small stripes of black, blue, and red. It reached from the neck to the heels, and was tied before on the breast with a buckle of silver or brass, according to the quality of the person. I have seen some of the former of an hundred marks' value; it was broad as an ordinary pewter plate, the whole curiously engraved with various animals, &c. There was a lesser buckle, which was wore in the middle of the larger, and above two ounces weight; it had in the centre a large piece of chrystal, or some finer stone, and this was set all round with several finer stones of a lesser size.

The plad being pleated all round, was tied with a belt below the breast; the belt was of leather, and several pieces of silver intermixed with the leather like a chain. The lower end of the belt has a piece of plate, about eight inches long and three in breadth, curiously engraven; the end of which was adorned with fine stones, or pieces of red coral. They wore sleeves of scarlet cloth, closed at the end as men's vests, with gold lace round them, having plate buttons set with fine stones.

The head-dress was a fine kerchief of linen strait about the head, hanging down the back taper-wise; a large lock of hair hangs down their cheeks above their breast, the lower end tied with a knot of ribbands.

. . . . . .

The ancient way of fighting was by set battles; and for arms some had broad two-handed swords and headpieces, and others bows and arrows. When all their arrows were spent, they attacked one another with sword-in-hand. Since the invention of guns, they are very early accustomed to use them, and carry their pieces with them wherever they go; they likewise learn to handle the broad-sword and target. The chief of each tribe advances with his followers within shot of the enemy, having first laid aside their upper garments; and after one general discharge, they attack them with sword-in-hand, having their target on their left hand (as they did at Kelicrankey), which soon brings the matter to an issue, and verifies the observation made of them by your historians:—*Aut Mors cito, aut Victoria læta.*

The following is the description of the Highland dress given by Captain Burt, an English officer of engineers, employed under Marshal Wade on the military roads through the Highlands, begun in the year 1726. It is taken from his amusing work, "Letters from a Gentleman in the North of Scotland" (2d edition, *London*, 1759), to which such frequent reference has been made in the works of Sir Walter Scott:—

The Highland dress consists of a bonnet made of thrum without a brim, a short coat, a waistcoat, longer by five or six inches, short stockings and brogues, or pumps, without heels. By the way, they cut holes in their brogues though new made, to let out the water when they have far to go, and rivers to pass; thus they do to prevent their feet from galling.

Few besides gentlemen wear the trowze, that is the breeches and stockings all of one piece and drawn on together; over this habit they wear a plaid, which is usually three yards long and two breadths wide, and the whole garb is made of chequered tartan or plaiding; thus, with the sword and pistol, is called a full dress, and to a well-proportioned man, with any tolerable air, it makes an agreeable figure; but this you have seen in London, and it is chiefly their mode of dressing when they are in the Lowlands, or when they make a neighbouring visit, or go anywhere on horseback; but those among them who travel on foot, and have not attendants to carry them over the waters, vary it into the quelt, which is a manner I am about to describe.

The commoner habit of the ordinary Highlanders is far from being acceptable to the eye; with them a small part of the plaid, which is not so large as the former, is set in folds and girt round the waist to make of it a short petticoat that reaches halfway down the thigh, and the rest is brought over the shoulder, and then fastened before below the neck, often with a fork and sometimes with a bodkin or sharpened piece of stick, so that they make pretty near the appearance of the people in London, when they bring their gowns over their heads to shelter them from the rain. In this way of wearing the plaid, they have nothing else to cover them, and are often barefoot, but some I have seen shod with a kind of pumps made out of a raw cow hide with the hair turned outward, which being ill made, the wearer's foot looked something like a rough-footed hen or pigeon. These are called quarrants, and are not only offensive to the

sight, but intolerable to the smell of those who are near them. The stocking rises no higher than the thick of the calf, and from the middle of the thigh to the middle of the leg is a naked space, which, being exposed to all weathers, becomes tanned and freckled.—(Vol. ii., p. 183.)

The plaid is the undress of the ladies at Inverness, and to a genteel woman who adjusts it with a good air, is a becoming veil. But as I am pretty sure you never saw one of them in England, I shall employ a few words to describe it to you. It is made of silk or fine worsted, chequered with various lively colours, two breadths wide, and three yards in length; it is brought over the head, and may hide or discover the face according to the wearer's fancy or occasion; it reaches to the waist behind; one corner falls as low as the ancle on one side; and the other part in folds hangs down from the opposite arm.—(Vol. i., p. 100.)

The ordinary girls wear nothing upon their heads until they are married or get a child, except sometimes a fillet of red or blue coarse cloth, of which they are very proud; but often their hair hangs down over the forehead, like that of a wild colt.

If they wear stockings, which is very rare, they lay them in plaits one above another, from the ankle up to the calf, to make their legs appear, as near as they can, in the form of a cylinder; but I think I have seen something like this among the poor German refugee women and the Moorish men in London.—(Vol. ii., p. 194.)

The same author thus describes the arms:—

When any one of them is armed at all points, he is loaded with a target, a firelock, a heavy broadsword, a pistol-stock, and lock of iron, a dirk; and besides all these, some of them carry a sort of knife, which they call a *skeen-occles* [*sgian achlais*], from its being concealed in the sleeve near the armpit.—(p. 222.)

The blade [of the dirk] is straight, and generally above a foot long, the back near an inch thick; the point goes off like a tuck, and the handle is something like that of a sickle. They pretend that they can't well do without it, as being useful to them in cutting wood, and upon many other occasions; but it is a concealed mischief hid under the plaid, ready for the secret stabbing, and in a close encounter there is no defence against it.—(p. 174.)

Mr Gough, in his additions to Camden's Britannica (Edit. London, 1789, vol. iii., p. 390), gives the following accurate description of the Highland dress and armour, as they were to be found in the district of Breadalbane previous to the proscription of the dress:—

The dress of the men is the *brechan* or plaid, twelve or thirteen yards of narrow stuff, wrapped round the middle, and reaching to the knees, often girt round the waist, and in cold weather covering the whole body, even on the open hills, all night, and fastened on the shoulders with a broche; short stockings tied below the knee; *truish*, a genteeler kind of breeches, and stockings of one piece; *cuoranen*, a laced shoe of skin, with the hairy side out, rather disused; *kelt* or *fillebeg*, g.d., little plaid, or short petticoat, reaching to the knees, substituted of late to the longer end of the plaid; and lastly, the pouch of badger or other skins, with tassels hanging before them. The *Lochaber* axe, used now only by the Town Guard of Edinburgh, was a tremendous weapon. Bows and arrows were in use in the middle of the last century, now, as well

as the broadsword and target, laid aside since the disarming act, but the dirk, or ancient *pugio*, is still worn as a dress with the knife and fork.

The women's dress is the *kirch*, or white linen pinned round behind like a hood, and over the foreheads of married women, whereas maidens wear only a *snood* or ribbon round their heads; the *tanac* or plaid fastened over their shoulders, and drawn over their heads in bad weather; a plaited long stocking, called *ossan*, is their high dress.

The following detail of the complete equipment of a Highland chief, and instructions for belting the plaid, were communicated by a Highland gentleman to *Charles Grant, vicomte de Vaux, &c., &c.*, by whom they were printed in his "Mémoires de la Maison de Grant," in 1796 (pp. 6-7):—

1. A full-trimmed bonnet.
2. A tartan jacket, vest, kilt, and cross belt.
3. A tartan belted plaid.
4. A pair of hose, made up [of cloth].
5. A pair of stockings, do., with yellow garters.
6. Two pair of brogs.
7. A silver mounted purse and belt.
8. A target with spear.
9. A broadsword.
10. A pair of pistols and bullet mould.
11. A dirk, knife, fork, and belt.

METHOD OF BELTING THE PLAID.—Being sewed, and the broad belt within the keepers, the gentleman stands with nothing on but his shirt; when the servant gets the plaid and belt round, he must hold both ends of the belt, till the gentleman adjusts and puts across, in a proper manner, the two folds or flaps before; that done, he tightens the belt to the degree wanted; then the purse and purse-belt is put on loosely; afterwards, the coat and waistcoat is put on, and the great low part hanging down behind, where a loop is fixed, is to be pinned up to the right shoulder, immediately under the shoulder-strap, pinned in such a manner that the corner, or low-flyer behind, hang as low as the kilt or hough, and no lower; that properly adjusted, the pointed corner or flap that hangs at the left thigh, to be taken through the purse belt, and to hang, having a cast back very near as low as the belt, putting at the same time any awkward bulky part of the plaid on the left side back from the haunch, stuffed under the purse-belt. When the shoulder or sword belt is put on, the flyer that hangs behind is to be taken through, and hung over the shoulder-belt.

N.B.—No kilt ought ever to hang lower than the hough or knee—scarcely that far down.

[We make a present of these Notes to those ignorant Cockney scribblers, and their unpatriotic Highland and Scottish imitators, who, "to earn an honest penny," in Southern organs, belie their country and its history, by, among other things, imposing on their credulous readers, insisting that the Kilt and the Highland Dress are the modern inventions of an Englishman.]

# Correspondence.

———o———

## LORD MACDONALD AND THE HIGHLAND DESTITUTION AND CLEARANCES OF 1849-51-2.

*(Continued.)*

———o———

SECOND LETTER ADDRESSED BY THE REV. DONALD MACKINNON TO THE EDITOR OF THE "INVERNESS COURIER."

SIR,—Permit me to make some remarks on Mr Alexander Mackenzie's letter of 11th inst. in reply to mine, which appeared in your columns on 4th instant.

In that letter Mr Mackenzie leaves it to be supposed by insinuation, though he does not actually say so, that I had written to him on the subject a letter, to which he did not deign to reply; and I beg to say that I never put pen to paper to him on the subject. Mr Mackenzie is pleased to say, to suit his own purpose, that I "grossly misrepresented the paragraph from the *Echo*," and that the misstatement which I called in question was my own and not the *Echo's*. To that I have only to say that Mr Mackenzie simply states an untruth, for I quoted the exact words given by you as from the *Echo*, in so far as I did quote, and I might have quoted the further insolence which suggested in the same paragraph that Lord Macdonald might probably now deal in the same way with the fund which was in course of collection for those who lost their boats and fishing gear during the storms of last winter; and I have now no hesitation—Mr Mackenzie's bluster notwithstanding—in characterising the statement as I did before, though Mr Mackenzie stands sponsor to it, as being a scandalous untruth.

To rebut the misrepresentation of the *Echo*, I mentioned the names of the administrators of the fund, as men whose character, in addition to Lord Macdonald's, made it impossible that they could lend themselves to such an abuse of the fund as was alleged by the *Echo*. By way of discrediting their character, Mr Mackenzie attempts to prove that their honour was not reliable, because under the rules laid down by the General Committee—a committee formed of the leading men in Scotland—Captains Elliot and Fishbourne carried out resolutely the rules devised for their guidance, by the said committee, in order to prevent as far as possible the demoralisation which necessarily attends the adminstration of eleesmosynary relief. How illogical is this reasoning will be manifest to the most casual observer.

Neither Lord Macdonald nor any other person derived the least advantage from these roads, for they had no connection either with made roads or with the townships from which the people came to make them: they never were completed, and, instead of being a benefit to the estate, they are in many places a serious disadvantage, where, for instance, they have obliterated the old hill-tracks, and have become permanent bogs, dangerous to cattle and horses.

Now as to the evictions, I have only to repeat what I have already said, viz.—that Lord Macdonald was as little responsible for them as are his calumniators, and I have given evidence to that effect which must satisfy every unbiassed mind. I have stated regarding them, things of which I have a personal knowledge, while Mr Mackenzie is theorising on matters of which he knows little or nothing, except what he has heard through Mr Donald Ross, who, like Mr Mackenzie himself, was known to be reckless in his statements, especially where his social superiors were concerned. As to the

odium Mr Mackenzie attempts to cast on the memory of Lord Macdonald for permitting the evictions—and thus, in Mr Mackenzie's opinion, being accessory to them—he must know very well that when a man is once under trust (as Lord Macdonald was through causes already explained), he is helpless in the hands of his trustee, so long as the trustee keeps within the bounds of law, and he knows too that evictions, however much to be deplored, are not illegal as the law now stands. I have stated in the letter referred to the real cause of these evictions as within my personal knowledge. I have mentioned that I stated them 30 years ago in the columns of the *Courier*, when the estate was in the hands of the trustee, when every one in this country was conversant with the facts, and that the facts now stated were not then called in question; yet Mr Mackenzie, as my statement does not accord with his knowledge, calls them in question.

Mr Mackenzie alludes to the friendly spirit in which I alluded to himself. The extent of that allusion was merely that I said I believed he had unknowingly injured the reputation of a man who I knew well did not deserve that anything unkind should be said of him, and that I believed Mr Mackenzie would regret having been led into error. I find, however, that my belief in his fairness was a mistake; that, when I looked for only common justice, he returned to the charge with renewed virulence. I know little or nothing of Mr Mackenzie; if I knew him better, I probably would have formed a different estimate of him. I did know from some of his newspaper correspondence that his temper was not always under control—that it required the curb and not the spur—but I was not prepared for the unmanly mode of warfare to which he threatens to resort, if criticism of his misstatements is continued, viz., to publish from personal rancour matters which he calls historical, but which, as a historian, he says he suppressed, and which, if published, would, in all probability, be as unreliable, as not a few other statements, which he has given in his book as authentic.

I have now finally done with this subject, and whatever Mr Mackenzie may again write, I must decline continuing a correspondence with a man who resorts to such unworthy mode of warfare.—I am, your obedient servant,

DON. MACKINNON.

KILBRIDE, BROADFORD, May 15th.

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REPLY BY THE EDITOR OF THE "CELTIC MAGAZINE."

SIR,—Mr Mackinnon is in a rage. To reason with an angry man would be useless; with an angry minister a folly. I shall not do either, but I shall correct him.

1st, I never said that he wrote to *me*. I said that he had written on the same subject. That he does not and cannot deny.

2d, I have said that, not having your paragraph before me, I could not say whether the blame of misrepresenting the *Echo* was yours or Mr Mackinnon's. I have now seen the paragraph, and I find Mr Mackinnon does not accurately quote it. Any reader can test this for himself.

3d, Mr Mackinnon did not, in his first letter, make any reference to the fund now being collected for those who lost their boats and fishing gear in Skye last winter, nor to the *present* Lord Macdonald. To say that I was "sponsor" to a statement admittedly not quoted by himself and not seen by me, is in keeping with the illogical and reckless character of Mr Mackinnon's whole communication; and it might be described very appropriately in one of his own favourite but inelegant phrases; but I refrain.

4th, His own witnesses, Skene, Elliot, and Fishburne, have completely established the case against him on the facts.

5th, The question whether Lord Macdonald, or any one else, derived any personal advantage from the roads made on his property, is not at present under discussion. The question is—Were they made in return for doles out of the Destitution Fund? That is now beyond dispute; and if it be true that they have turned out useless, it says little for the management of the Macdonald estates at the time.

6th, Those who have perused Mr Mackinnon's letter in your issue of this morning will, I fear, be disposed to conclude that his reference to "temper not always under control," suggests a large quantity to his credit of the childish innocence of the pot when it called the kettle black.

7th, In reply to Mr Mackinnon's sneer as to my reliability as a historian, I think I can produce an excellent witness in my favour on that score, and one that even he will admit to be a pretty good one, if one not always strictly accurate. I have before me a letter dated "Kilbride, Broadford, January 14th 1882," signed "Dond. Mackinnon." The writer says that he read my *History of the Macdonalds* "with much interest." He then points out two errors, one being, as he says, "a misprint of 1722 instead of 1622," and the other is, that I have married one of the Macdonalds of Scotus to a Miss Macleod *of Macleod*, instead of, as he says, Miss Macleod *of Drynoch*. Mr Mackinnon then concludes—

"*The marvel is not that there should be some errors, but that in a work requiring so much research there should be so few; and you are to be congratulated on having brought your work to so successful a conclusion.*"

I think in the face of this high eulogium, that I am entitled to appeal from "Philip drunk to Philip sober"—from the Rev. Donald Mackinnon angry to the Rev. Donald Mackinnon in his usual frame of mind.

I do not think, as Mr Mackinnon has retired from a controversy started by him, that I need follow him any further. I can quite understand how ill-acquainted he must be with a discussion like this, and necessarily ill-pleased on finding himself contradicted and refuted. His cloth is not used to that sort of thing, and I must, and certainly shall, freely forgive him; but I would warn him that the privileges of the pulpit must not be expected by those who recklessly rush into the profane columns of a newspaper.

I beg to assure him that I have remarkably full and authentic information regarding the burdens, assets, and management of the Macdonald estates, comprised in a rare and unique volume of some two hundred pages, prepared for the proprietor by his agents and factor at the time. Part of it is in manuscript, signed and certified by the factor. The book was evidently Lord Macdonald's own copy, for it has his name written on the title-page, and, from its nature, there could not have been more than half-a-dozen copies of it issued, and that to those connections of the family more immediately concerned. I picked the volume up in a second-hand bookseller's shop, and it is one of the best and most interesting finds in that way I have come across for many a day. This is the source from which I can enlighten Mr Mackinnon and the public, if he desires it, as to the real cause of the Macdonald estates falling into the hands of trustees. The contents are, however, more of a Social than Historical interest.

—I am, sir, yours faithfully,

ALEX. MACKENZIE.

"CELTIC MAGAZINE" OFFICE, INVERNESS, 18th May 1882.

## BISHOP CARSWELL AND HIS TIMES.

By the Rev. JOHN DEWAR, B.D., Kilmartin.

—o—

### V.

WE have already hinted that John Carswell was created by Royal charter Bishop of the Isles. At the Reformation none of the Bishops were legally dispossessed of the emoluments of their Sees—but the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical courts was abolished, and no bishop or prelate was to exercise jurisdiction. Churchmen derived all their authority from the Pope, and they were not subject to the same laws or tried by the same judges as ordinary subjects. All the high offices of state at the time were filled with ecclesiastics—the President and one-half of the Senators of the Court of Session were churchmen, and all matrimonial and testamentary causes were tried in spiritual courts. The office of Bishop, therefore, in Roman Catholic times, carried with it immense dignity and authority. They had, moreover, one-half of the national property in their own hands. But now the causes which used to be determined by the spiritual courts were transferred to commissaries or civil judges, who were appointed to hear and determine them. The Reformed clergy tried hard to recover the patrimony of the Church for the maintenance of the ministers, the education of youth, and the support of the poor, but the spoils of the Church went to enrich nobles and ecclesiastics, who seized or continued in the enjoyment of the ecclesiastical revenues, the merest pittance being assigned to the Reformed Church. About 25,000 pounds Scots, or about £2000 sterling, was, for a long time after the Reformation, all that was allotted for the maintenance of the National Church. Alexander Gordon, Bishop of Galloway, who turned Protestant, retained his benefice till the day of his death, and at his death alienated the revenues to his son, who was afterwards confirmed in the possession of them by a charter under the Great Seal.

John Campbell, a son of Sir John Campbell of Cawdor, second son of the Earl of Argyll, seems to have been Bishop of the Isles at the time of the Reformation between 1558-1560. But he is always designed Electus Sodorensis and Prior de Ardchattan. It is alleged of him that he dilapidated the greater

part of the benefice in favour of his relations, and that he conveyed some heritable jurisdictions to his own family of Cawdor. A Mr Patrick M'Clane had been presented by Queen Mary to the temporality of the Bishopric and Abbey of Icolmkill, and on account of his inability resigned them in 1565 in favour of Mr John Carswell, who became bound to pay him a yearly pension, and to pay the stipends of the ministers planted within the bounds, and on the 24th March 1566 John Carswell was formally presented by Queen Mary to the Bishopric of the Isles and to the Abbey of Icolmkill. The Episcopal revenues of this See, at the time of the Reformation, must have been very considerable, consisting of what we know to have been large and wealthy domains as well as tithes. Even as late as the Revolution settlement the revenue, after a series of plunderings, dilapidations, appropriations, &c., formed a respectable item of the "remnant saved" from spoliation. The seat of the Cathedral of the Bishopric of the Isles was Iona, and the Bishop seems to have had a residence at Lismore and also in Bute. The words of Carswell's presentation, as given by Bishop Keith, bear that it was "in the same manner and as freely in all respects, causes, and conditions as if the said Mr John had been preferred to the said diocese and abbey in the Roman Court" and Keith's inference is "that all this provision was, no doubt, made with a view that he might dilapidate the temporality to the family of Argyll." In the same year (1566) Alexander Campbell, a son of Campbell of Ardkinglass, got a grant of the Bishopric of Brechin while yet a mere boy, and he afterwards alienated most part of the lands and tithes to the Earl of Argyll, by whose recommendation he was appointed, retaining, says Keith, for his successor scarce so much as would be a moderate competency for a minister in Brechin, and Tytler well remarks—"that many zealous supporters of the Reformation loved its plunder better than its principles." It is truly inconceivable that the Bishopric of Argyll and the Isles had only a revenue originally of £140 yearly, which is now the amount that has been saved out of the melancholy wreck.

Still, it is questionable whether Carswell is to be held responsible for dilapidations of the Episcopal revenues of the See. John Campbell, prior of Ardchattan, was, as we noticed, Bishop-Elect of the Isles as early as 1558-1560, and he was re-elected

and installed into the office of Bishop of the Isles in the room of Carswell in 1572, and he seems to have been more guilty of dilapidating of churches and confiscation of Church property than Carswell. No doubt the Earl of Argyll came in for his share of the spoils; but the property belonging to the Church seems to have been pretty equally divided amongst the powerful barons; for we find the Macleans of Duart in possession of the lands belonging to the Abbey of Icolmkill as early as 1587—and in the next century, when the Marquis of Argyll conceived a very liberal scheme for diffusing the gospel in Argyleshire, and for utilising the surplus teinds, we find that the powerful Barons had gripped greedily to the kirk rents, and would not let go. In accepting the presentation, however, Carswell exposed himself to the frown of the leaders of the Reformation. But it is quite possible he could not well help himself; as early as 1561 an Act was passed ordaining the third part of all the ecclesiastical benefices in the realm to be applied to the maintenance of the Reformed preachers, the endowment of schools, the support of the poor, and the increase of the revenue of the Crown. And what the opinions of the Reformed ministers were regarding this provision may be inferred from Knox's remark—"I see two parts freelie given to the devill, and the third part must be divided betwixt God and the devill. Weill, ere it be long, the devill sall have three parts of the third; judge, then, what God's portion sall be." And from the significant words in a supplication presented to the Queen in the following year (1562)—"And as for the ministers their livings are so appointed that the most part sall live a beggar's life." The ministers were soon reduced to the greatest straits. "It is but poverty that is yet threatened us," says Knox in a pastoral letter addressed to the Church in 1565, "which if we be not able to contemn, how shall we abide the fury and terror of death which many thousands before us have suffered for the testimony of the same truth which we profess and teach, and despised all worldly redemption, as the Apostle speaketh? This is but a gentle trial which our Father taketh of our obedience, which, if we willingly offer to him, the bowels of his Fatherly compassion will rather cause the heavens, yea, the rocks and rivers to minister unto us things necessary to the body, than that he will suffer us to perish if we dedicate our lives unto

him." It is evident that, for seven years after the Reformation, the Protestant clergy were in the greatest indigence, and performed their duties under the greatest discouragements, and had to commit their bodies to the care of Him, who feedeth the fowls of the heavens. The same parsimonious spirit prevailed in Carswell's diocese. In the letter which Carswell addressed to Mr Campbell of Kinzeancleuch, and dated off Dunoon, the 29th May 1564, quoted by Dr Maclauchlan, Carswell says—"For this standis the mater in this cuntrie; gif we craif our stipendis, and remitt tham nocht at thair plesouris, than our preching is onprofitable; and gif we remitt tham, than the travell can nocht be sustenit for falt of sustentatioun of the travellaris; and of sum our travell nocht the better allowit, altho we became beggaris." It seemed almost a necessity then for Carswell to be put in a position to enforce payment of the ecclesiastical revenues if he were to continue his labours in Argyleshire; and the presentation to the Bishopric put him in possession of the revenues of the See. But it would appear that it did more; that it revived the old papal jurisdiction, gave him a seat in Parliament, and made him, so to speak, the head of the commissariat of the Isles—in short from being a simple presbyter he became a Diocesan Lordly Prelate. The Reformers in all countries were opposed to the revival of this power in the Church. The followers of Luther and the Church of England at the Reformation preserved more or less of the Episcopal government, and established subordination among the clergy; but all the Reformers in England and Germany maintained that Christ set all ministers on an equality as to power, dignity, and authority; and that all lawful authority of one over another was to be given to them by the consent or ordinance and positive laws of man, and not by any ordinance of God in Holy Scripture. In Germany, consequently they did not continue the old name of Archbishop and Bishop but converted the words into their Latin equivalents, "General Superintendent" and "Superintendent." The followers of Calvin in Switzerland and Holland established perfect equality among the clergy. The Church of Geneva was the model which Knox set before himself for Scotland, and the Reformers followed the principle of parity among ministers. They proposed at the same time to appoint ten or twelve superintendents in the infancy of

the Church, till the Church should be properly constituted: as to election examination, powers of ordination, subordination to the Judicatories of the Church, and ministerial duties, superintendents were placed on the same footing as ordinary ministers, their jurisdiction extended to sacred things only; they claimed no seat in Parliament, and pretended no right to the dignity or revenues of the former Bishops. The office was only temporary, and, to use the words of an old writer, "The superintendents did, with much difficulty and much urging, embrace the office wherein was to be seen nothing but onus, not honos, poverty, and pains, no preferment and riches." No wonder, then, though we read in the 19th Assembly, in July 1569—"Mr John Kersewell, Superintendent of Argile, was rebooked for accepting the Bishoprick of the Ilis, not making the assemblie forseene, and for ryding at and assisting of parliament holdin by the Queen after the murther of the King." He exposed himself to the censure contained in a squib of later date:—

What shall we say now when we see
The preachers of humilitie
With pompe practise the papall pride,
With potentats to sit and ryde,
And strive for state in Parliament,
Lyke Lords in their abulziement,
They blew against the Bishops lang,
And doctrine in the people dang,
That ministers should not be Lords,
But now their words and works discords.
Their braverie breaks their own Kirke acts,
Such changes mal-contentment makes.
Fy on that faith that turns with tyme,
Turne home and I shall turne my ryme.

Old John Row in his history has the following story, which shows the holy horror entertained towards Bishops:—"This man got many warnings: he dreamed (he was full of apprehensions and groundless imaginations all his life) that he was a lame pig,* and that a golden hammer lighted on him and broke him all to peeces. This was when he was standing for trueth. Haveing communicated his dream to a brother, he expounds to him his dream, saying, 'Brother, bewar that the golden hammer of a Bishoprick break not you and your profession in shivers; for if it fall out so, it will be said—

* Lame = earthen; Pig = pitcher.

Malleus en fragilem confregerat aureus urnam.'"

Englished thus at the time—

The golden hammer broke the brittle kan,
The bishoprick in peeces dash't the man.

Let us see, then, how it fared with Carswell and the golden hammer. Kennedy, who speaks of Carswell as "this powerful prelate," speaking of his diocese and the different persuasions of which it was composed, goes on—"Among such a mixture of religious classes, it cannot be supposed that the reverend Bishop could feel very happy, especially when obliged to use harsh measures to enforce payment of his tithe, being chiefly paid in grain, which in those days was not very plenty. These measures being frequently resorted to, caused the people to dislike him and his whole train of priors, rectors, &c., who officiated under him. This reverend and mighty prelate is said to have had his temper often ruffled by his flock, who to mortify his pride, lampooned him with personalities and practical jokes. One of these I heard repeated when very young. It runs thus :—

*An Carsalach mor* tha'n Carnasarie,
A tha na coig cairt na chasan,
Tha dhroll mar dhruinnein na curra,
'Sa sgroban lom, gionach, farsaing.

*The great Carswell* of Canasary, whose legs are five quarters (45 inches) in length; his rump as hard as the back of a crane; his stomach capacious, greedy and empty, and very ill to satisfy."

There is no doubt that the new title added largely to the dignity and authority of Carswell. The northern Isles of Skye and Lewis, with other adjacents, formed part of the Diocese of the Isles, but they were included within the bounds of the Superintendent of Ross. But, while Carswell could lay claim to the revenues, there is no charge brought against him of either neglecting or exceeding his duties as a superintendent; and there is a shrewd suspicion that no great objection would be taken to his conduct were it not that like his patron, the Earl of Argyll, he stood by Queen Mary in her troubles. With some this will be esteemed a meritorious action, and with others the reverse. It is quite true that with the exception of Gordon, Bishop of Galloway, who warmly espoused her cause, and the Bishop of Orkney, who solemnised her marriage with Bothwell, and perhaps Bishop

Carswell, the rest of the reformers violently opposed the Queen's faction. It is difficult to decide between the two factions, for on the Queen's party we find some who were professors of the true and reformed religion; and, as Sir Walter Scott has it, "'God and the Queen' resounded from the one party, 'God and the King' thundered from the other party, while, in the name of their sovereign, fellow-subjects on both sides shed each other's blood, and in the name of their Creator defaced his image." "Fellow-citizens," says Principal Robertson, "friends, brothers, took different sides and ranged themselves under the standards of the contending factions. In every county, and almost in every town and village, 'King's men' and 'Queen's men' were names of distinction. Political hatred dissolved all natural ties and extinguished the reciprocal goodwill and confidence which hold mankind together in society. Religious zeal mingled itself with these civil dissensions and contributed not a little to heighten and inflame them." It is true that Carswell's name is attached to that bond of the nobles, in which they recommended Bothwell as a suitable husband for the Queen; but, then, we know that the company were taken by surprise, the house in which they were assembled surrounded by 200 armed men, and many affixed their signatures over-awed by terror and force. That bond proved one of the bitterest ingredients that was yet added to the unfortunate Mary's cup of sorrow and suffering; but we should be slow to condemn Carswell, when, as the Duke of Argyll remarks on this tragical period, "amidst a continued series of the most heinous crimes, we are led almost to doubt the existence of one leading man in Scotland who was free from more or less participation in the guilt of their commission." We tremble for Carswell as we think of him having to do with Court intrigues, and fear lest the golden hammer of a Bishoprick should break him and his profession in shivers. "I have, considering my sphere," says Burnet, "seen a great deal of all that is most tempting and shining in this world; the pleasures of sense I did soon nauseate, intrigues of state and the conduct of affairs have something in them that is more specious; and I was for some years deeply immersed in these, but still with hopes of reforming the world and of making mankind wiser and better; but I have found that which is crooked cannot be made straight,"

Possibly Carswell, like Bishop Burnet, found "that which is crooked cannot be made straight," and after incurring the censure of his brethren in the General Assembly, he withdrew, it would seem, from Court and from cabals and parties, and perhaps bitter experience found its echo in the lines with which he closes his translation of Knox's Liturgy :—

Woe to them with whom the world is prosperous !
Woe to them who obtain its favour !
If our tie be to the world,
There is danger that the will of God is not done.

*(To be continued.)*

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*THE MEMORANDUM BOOK OF SIR KENNETH MACKENZIE OF SCATWELL, created a Baronet 1703.* Edited by CHARLES FRASER-MACKINTOSH, M.P., F.S.A. Scot.

THE inner lives, thoughts, and observations of our ancestors are ever matters of interest, and no works are of such lasting repute as those relating to those matters. There are thousands of names prominent in history, in regard to whose private views and lives we know nothing. Not long since we had occasion to examine the rich and valuable collection of family papers belonging to Mr Allan Maclean, formerly of the Imperial Fire Office, unhappily all that remain to him in heritage, as representative of the ancient and honourable house of Clan Tearlaich, first settled in Urquhart, afterwards at Castle Spioradail, and latterly for three hundred years at Dochgarroch. How the interesting Memorandum Book of Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, first Baronet of Scatwell, came to be among the Dochgarroch papers is a mystery. It is a small volume, strongly bound in vellum, with lock, and extends over the period from 1694 to 1729, the entries not being consecutive as regards dates. On an early page is written, "Ken. McKenzie 1694."

Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Coigach, immediate younger brother of the first Lord Kintail, had issue male—first, Sir John Mackenzie, first of the family of Cromarty ; and second, Kenneth, to whom his father gave the lands of Scatwell. Kenneth, first of Scatwell, married, as his second wife, Janet Ross of Invercarron, and was succeeded by Kenneth, son of this second marriage,

writer of the book, created a Baronet of Nova Scotia, 22d February 1703. Sir Kenneth Mackenzie married, first, Lilias, daughter of Sir Roderick Mackenzie of Findon, she being then about 18 years of age, through whom the fine Barony of Findon came to the family of Scatwell. We infer that after this marriage Sir Kenneth lived at the Castle of Findon, as he notes, "Simon Mackenzie my son was born at Findon ye 16 May 1702." Sir Roderick left large personalty, which was divided among his four daughters—Lilias, above mentioned; Jean, married to The Chisholm; Isabel, to Allangrange; and Margaret, to Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, first Baronet of Gairloch. Sir Kenneth represented Ross in the last Scottish Parliament (1702-1706), as to which he notes—"To mind that I took journey for Edinburgh, the 3d June 1702, to the Parliament, and I took with me of money 1500 merks." He also gives an account of his several disbursements on the occasion, and among others—

| | lb. |
|---|---|
| For a Bible to Margaret (his daughter) ... ... | 04 |
| For a black suit ... .. ... ... ... | 50 |
| For a company wig ... ... ... ... | 48 |
| For dressing my sword and hanger ... ... ... | 5 |
| For a sword belt ... ... ... ... ... | 2 |
| For mending my other wig ... ... ... ... | 1 10 |

We shall now give some extracts regarding Sir Kenneth's family. As to his mother, Janet Ross, he records—"My mother died the 17th March 1699, and was honestly buried; she deserving the same beyond most of women." As to his first wife, Lilias, heiress of Findon, he says—"To mind to my perpetual grief that my dearest wife, Lilias Mackenzie, died the 21st day of October 1703, regretted by all that ever had acquaintance of her, being the 38 year of her age. She died of a child." Sir Kenneth married, secondly, Christian, eldest daughter of Roderick Mackenzie of Avoch, by whom he had no issue; and thirdly, Abigail, daughter of John Urquhart of Newhall, by whom he had one son and two daughters. The youngest, whom he calls "little Lilias," is frequently referred to in this form, and her birth so recorded as occurring at Findon, Thursday, 22d February 1711.

Sir Kenneth Mackenzie's eldest son, George, was educated at Oxford, an unusual step at that period, and the event is thus recorded:—"To mind that my son George went from Edinburgh

on his journey to Oxford, the 28th of July 1702, and Mr Guthrie, his governor, and sent with him 1700 merks." In another place—"All the money George my son spent since his going to Oxford, July 1702, till May 1704, when he came home, came to 8192 merks." In the Baronage it is recorded of this George Mackenzie, that he "was a youth of great hope and spirit, who died unmarried in 1705," and the distressed father thus records the event —"My dearest son, George Mackenzie, died of a decay the 16th day of December 1705, to my great grief, being a very learned and accomplished youth, the 21st year of his age, the prettiest youth of his people." Of another son, Alexander, Sir Kenneth mentions—"To mind that Alexander Mackenzie, my son, died of a decay and bleeding at the mouth, the 10th day of March 1711, being in the 18th year of his age, who was a pleasant and pious youth."

Sir Kenneth's eldest daughter, Margaret, married Eneas Macleod of Cadboll, and her father thus refers to the event:—"To mind that I married Margaret, my daughter, the 13th day of February 1703, and contracted for 6000 merks payable at Whitsunday 1704 the one half, the other 3000 merks at Whitsunday 1705, bearing annual rent after above and respective terms. Her jointure is 12 chalders in Loch-Slin, and 3 chalders the Conquest, and in case they have no heirs, other 3 chalders, with the third of his moveables of whatsoever nature."

We shall next give some extracts as to his affairs. Sir Kenneth was a prosperous man, and fond of entering yearly statements of his means, and comparing them with bye-gone years. The following is the statement for 1713:—

| | Merks. |
|---|---|
| Grant (the Laird of) owes me at Martinmas 1713, by contract for his sister ... ... ... ... | 8,880 |
| James Thomson (merchant, Inverness) ... ... ... | 2,000 |
| James Dunbar (Do.) ... ... ... | 1.000 |
| George and John Mackenzie ... ... ... .. | 1,000 |
| Foyers and his Cautioners ... ... ... | 0,600 |
| Foyers and Balnain ... ... ... ... ... | 1,000 |
| Knockfin (Chisholm of) ... ... ... ... | 1,000 |
| Davochpollo (Tutor of Gairloch) ... ... ... | 4,000 |
| Matheson ... ... ... ... ... | 0,500 |
| Toberchurrie (a wadset of Kilravock's) ... ... ... | 2,400 |
| Total merks ... ... ... | 22,380 |

Eleven years later, Sir Kenneth's affairs stood thus :—

ANE NOT OF MONEY DUE ME AT WHITY. 1724.

| | Merks. |
|---|---|
| Imprimis resting by Grant of principal ... .. | 10,000 |
| Item by Thos. Robertson and Dawson ... ... ... | 5,250 |
| Item Bond, Termitt (Mackintosh of) and others ... | 2,000 |
| Item James Cuthbert (of Castlehill) ... ... ... | 2,000 |
| Item James Thomson ... ... ... ... | 3,500 |
| Item Bill by Grant ... ... ... ... ... | 1,450 |
| Item by Allangrange ... ... ... ... | 1,600 |
| Item by Scourie (Mackay of) ... ... ... ... | 1,000 |
| Item by Torbo ... ... ... ... ... | 1,500 |
| Item by Cadboll ... ... ... ... ... | 7,400 |
| Item by Kincraig .. ... ... ... | 1,100 |
| Item by Knockfin ... ... ... ... ... | 0,600 |
| Item by Glengarry ... ... ... ... | 4,000 |
| Item by the Earl of Cromarty... ... ... ... | 4,000 |
| Item by Dunean ... ... ... ... | 0,200 |
| Item by Fairburn ... ... ... ... ... | 2,200 |
| | 47,800 |
| Item the Estate of Avoch, which cost ... ... | 6,000 |
| Total merks ... ... ... | 53,800 |

Amongst other debtors are found Macleod, Lochiel, Borlum, Dalvey, &c.

As to the monies current at the period, the following may be quoted :—

1699.—I put in an inner keeping in my black cabinet, 24 guineas, a seven guinea piece, 4 Jacobus, 3 Rose Nobles, a moidoir, a half quadruple and pistole, in all to the value of upwards of forty-one pounds sterling.

If the seven guinea piece had been preserved, it would now be of great value in the eye of collectors.

The following is of general interest, showing that the rising of 1715 alarmed Sir Kenneth as to the safety of his papers. The secreting of papers, so often referred to in romances, is here brought before us in real life :—

26 September 1715.

I sent a little chest to Sir Kenneth of Cromarty, wherein all the bonds in this book that was owing at Whitsunday 1715, amounting to 26,840 merks, in his ship. Sent Cromarty besides all my children's bonds of provision, amounting to 32,000 merks, besides that I intend to give my daughters my whole executry. There are other several papers of note in it. The most of the essential papers are sealed by themselves. This Sir Kenneth received, and I have a line of his thereanent. This I have subscribed day foresaid. (Signed) KEN. MCKENZIE.

In the corner, in different ink, is—

I got back the chest and papers.

Sir Kenneth further notes—

I gave the said day a chest to Davochpollo, which he has put under ground. 26 Sep. 1715.

And the other chest I have, am resolved to bury it under ground all with the rights of my estate, in my outer office house bewest the burn.

(Signed) KEN. McKENZIE.

The Memorandum Book is altogether full of interest, and many other extracts might be given, but the foregoing will serve as specimens of the contents.

## AIG UAIGH UILLEAM ROIS AM BARD.

'Na laidhe 'n so gu tosdach fuar,
Tha chré 'bha blàth le gràdh 'us truas,
'S am beul a sheinneadh dàin us duain
A nis air clos;
Am boilsgean òige dhùin an uaigh
Air Uillean Ros!

Am measg nam bàrd a thog ar tìr,
Cha robh a h-aon dhiubh' sheinn r'a linn
A dhùisgeas suas ar bàigh 'g a chaoidh
Cho sèimh ri Ros;
An uine gheàrr' bha' chlàrsach bhinn
A' seirm a bhos.

A ròsan òg' tha glan gun smùr,
'S a shòbhrach bhàn' tha fàs fo'n driùchd,
Sgaoilibh bhur brat le fàileadh cùrr'
An so mu'n cuairt,
'S bi thus' a ghrian le blàths do ghnùis
'G an àrach suas.

A chuthag ghorm, 'n uair thig an t-àm
'Bhios tus' a seinn air feadh nan gleann,
Dean suidhe greiseag aig a cheann
Le do ghu-gùg;
Bu tric a bheireadh fuaim do rann
Na deòir bho' shùil.

Tha cùimhn' agad 'n uair bha e beò,
'S tu seinn air bhàrr nan géug 's a' cheò,
Mar' chuir e 'n céill dhuit fàth a dheoir,
Fo sgàil nan craobh,
'S a chridhe tùrsach trom fo' leòn
A' cnàmh le gaol.

A ribhinn òg tha 'n so air chuairt,
Thoir ceum gu taobh 'us dearc mu'n uaigh
Aig fear a leòn do ghaol cho cruaidh
Ri faobhar lann;
A dhùin a shùil 's a' chadal bhuan,
'S a shearg a ghreann.

Ge lionmhor bàrd a sheinn do chliù,
Ag àrdachadh do chruth 's do mhùirn,
Cha tug a h-aon dhiubh riamh dhut rùn
Cho saor bho fhoill,
Mar' thug am fear tha'n so fo'n ùir
Gun ghaoid dhut loinn.

Ach mar' tha diomhanas gun chéill
'Us mealladh anns gach ni fo'n ghréin,
Tha gaol nan òighean bòidheach féin
A' caochladh tric;
Chuir sin an bàrd bu ghlaine béus
Ro thràth fo'n lic!

Ach gheibh a ghaol a nis' a thàth,
Far nach teid mealladh air gu bràth,
Bho linn gu linn a' seinn a dhàin
Air cliù an Uain
A rinn a shaoradh bho gach plàigh
Gu sonas buan.

EDINBURGH. N. MACLEOID.

## JOHN MACRAE—IAN MACMHURCHAIDH—THE KINTAIL BARD.

—o—

### IV.

THE following song is addressed by the bard to his wife. He admits many shortcomings—his disinclination for ordinary work, his partiality for the bottle, and other such weaknesses; but he claims as a fair set-off his admitted dexterity with his gun and fishing-rod :—

Fonn—Tha mi tinn, tinn, tinn,
Tha mi tinn, 's mi fo airtneil,
Ged nach innis mi do chach
Ciod e fath m' am beil m' acain.

Bha mi uair dheth mo shaoghal
Nach do shaoil mi gu'm faicinn
Mo Chomanndair cho teann orm,
'S a' bhall nach do chleachd mi.

Mi mar sheann duine gun speis,
Ged nach leir dhomh ri fhaicinn,
'S mi gun fheum fo na ghrèin,
Mur a h-eigh mi air cairteal.

Mi gun chosnadh na mo nàdur,
O'n la chaidh mo bhaisteadh,
'S mòr gu'm b' fhearr mo chur na chill
No na mhill mi de thasdain.

'S olc an céile do mhnaoi oig,
D' am bu choir a bhi maiseach,
Fear nach cumadh rithe riamh
Bonn a riaraicheadh ceart i.

Mharbhainn fiadh, 's dheanainn iasgach
Le siabadh na slaite,
'S cha robh miochuis ort riamh
Nach bu mhiann leam a chasgadh.

Mharbhainn breac air linne bhùrn,
Agus ùdlaich an Glas-bheinn;
'S bhiodh coileach-dubh agam air sgeith,
An am dhuit eiridh sa mhaduinn.

'S math a laidheas stochdin bhàn,
Air a chalpa nach b'abhaist fhaicinn,
Troidh chruinn, chumar ann am broig,
Dh-falbhas comhnard air na leachdan.

An turus thug mi do'n taobh-tuath
Chaill mi buanachd a phaca,
Mu'n do thill mi dheth na chuairt
Thug iad bhuams' thu, 's bu chreach e.

The burden of the following verses is pretty much the same as the preceding one; but the bard points out that the circumstances have changed; that he is not the ready sportsman which he had been; that he is indeed himself now a forester—protecting the deer in his home—instead of being the free, roaming, poaching, deer-stalker of his earlier years :—

Fonn—Their mi ò ho-ri ghealladh,
Ai-ri ù na hu-o éile,
Their mi ò ho-ri ghealladh.

'S muladach mi 'n diugh ag éiridh,
'S airsnealach mo cheum ri bealach.

Bi'dh mi fhein 'us Mac-a-Rosaich
'Falbh an còmhnuidh o na bhaile.

'S tric a laidh mi gu fliuch fuar leat,
'S gur a cruaidh leam thu mar leannan.

Ge tric ag amharc fear nan cròc mi,
Cha do chuir mi dòrn d' a fheannadh.

Cha do chuir mi sgiàn d'a riachadh,
Cha mho reic mi 'bhian ri ceannaich'.

'Nuair nach fhaigh e air 's a ghaoith mi,
Glacaidh e dhe m' aodann sealladh.

'S bi'dh na mnathan rium fo ghruaimean,
Fhaidead 's o nach d' fhuair mi 'n t-eallach.

Mise 'mo bhuachaille frìthe,
'S iads' fo mhì-ghean aig baile

Sguiridh mi nise dhe 'giulan,
Gus an teid an dubhlachd thairis.

This is a "Soraidh" or salutation, from the bard to the people of Strathglass, in which he enlarges on their well-known hospitality and convival habits; the musical sweetness and modest demeanour of their matrons and maidens, uncontaminated by modern fashions and frivolities.—

Fhir a theid thar a' mhonadh,
Bheir mise dhut dollar,
Agus liubhair mo shoraidh
Gu sàbhailt.
Fhir a theid, &c.

Air faidead na slighe,
Na leig i air mhi-thoirt,
Gus an ruig thu 'n tigh-dibh'
Anns a' Bhràighe.
Air faidead, &c.

Bheir Seònaid an toiseach,
Gun mhòran a chosd dhut,
Na dh' fhoghnas a nochd dhut
Gu sàbhailt.
Bheir Seònaid, &c.

Bi'dh failte agus furan.
Agus ol air an tunna,
'S an stopan beag ullamh
Dha phaidheadh.
Bi'dh failte, &c.

Theirig sios feadh na tuatha,
Ris an can iad na h-uaislean,
'S cha 'n fhaigh thu fear gruamach
Mu 'n fhàrdaich.
Theirig sios, &c.

Tha 'n duthaich ud uile,
Air a lionadh le furan,
Bho iochdar a bun
Gus a braighe.
Tha 'n duthaich, &c,

Le mnài ceanalta, còire,
Is grinn' air am meoirean,
'S is binne ghabhas crònan
Dha 'm paisdean.
Le mnai, &c.

Le maigdeanan maiseach,
Nach d' ionnsaich droch fhasan,
Ach ullamh gu
Taisbeanadh cairdeas.
Le maigdeanan, &c.

Na teirig siòs thar a' bhaile
Ris an can iad Bun-Chanaich;
Thoir a mach ort,
An Gleannan is airde.
Na teirig, &c.

Tha coig bailtean urad;
Gus am fiach dhut do thuras,
Gheobh thu fiadhach a' ghunna
Bho phairt diubh.
Tha coig, &c.

# Literature.

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*ALTAVONA: FACT AND FICTION FROM MY LIFE IN THE HIGHLANDS.* By JOHN STUART BLACKIE, F.R.S.E., Professor of Greek, Edinburgh. Edinburgh: David Douglas, 1882.

[FIRST NOTICE.]

OF all the high services rendered by Professor Blackie to the Highlands, none have surpassed, if they have equalled, his writing the present book, not even his single-handed founding of the Celtic Chair. It is a most valuable contribution to all the great Celtic questions—many of them now pressing and demanding near solution—that will, no doubt, help powerfully towards their final wise settlement, by one admirably adapted for the task by constitution, experience, sympathy, and study; and we at once recommend it to all true Highlanders and lovers of the Highlands; to all patriots interested in the social problems of which it treats, and to all tourists who wish to travel intelligently through the land, as a work simply necessary to be possessed and deeply studied. We should not overshoot the mark if we said that its issue will make a new epoch in the history of Celtic subjects and the national questions intimately connected with them.

The work itself is charming, one of the happiest of Professor Blackie's many happy efforts—the best of its kind as a literary performance since the memorable *Noctes Ambrosianæ* by a brother professor and poet, the immortal Kit. North. It is in the same style of literary *abandon*, of sedentary and ambulatory dialogue—eminently bright, sparkling, varied, picturesque, eloquent, recherché, sunny, and poetical, though less rollicking than Christopher's, but pervaded by a more earnest, didactic aim; while, as the author says of his friend, Hermann, "all the well-sifted treasures which he, with such discrimination, has collected, are seasoned with a moral fragrance and adorned with an æsthetical grace which doubles their value." Then it is steeped in the very spirit of the Highlands, the perfervid soul of "the land of Bens and Glens and brave fellows." It is redolent of the moor and the mountain, breezy as a Highland loch, fragrant as heather bloom, sparkling as a mountain rill, bright as a summer's day—a very Stream from the Hills, as its name signifies. Then it is wise, tem-

perate, and thoughtful, skilfully and fairly presenting the many sides, through his varied interlocutors, of the numerous knotty questions of which he treats. On the platform, our good professor not seldom coruscates and splashes in a way sufficiently alarming even to his friends, while rejoicing the hearts of his critics—for of enemies the genial soul has none—though even there may always be discerned, beneath the comedy of Thespis, the wisdom of Minerva. But, with his pen in hand, all this effervescence of inherent animal spirits is at one dissipated, and we have utterances of rare temperance, and sound philosophy. No one, not even the *Scotsman*, ever accused our polemical professor of cowardice, of the want of the courage of his opinions, for his bravery in their utterance amounts at times to rashness—if not unwisdom—in time and circumstance; as witness his assertion of the doctrine of the "sacred right of insurrection" and defence of assassination, here also reappearing, when connected matters were so volcanic in the sister isle. In this book, he is as fearless of consequences as Cameron at Aird's Moss, uttering great but unwelcome truths on burning social questions, notably those connected with land, in a way that has already alarmed our political old wives, and made them lament and tremble of treason and communism. It is in this valorous treatment of tender but pregnant topics, on which fearless utterance is at this crisis specially necessary, that much of the practical value of the book lies; of which more anon. But these are treated with such quiet philosophy and genial polemics, and with such well-sustained argument, that the most censorious and resentful cannot rightly be offended; for our professor only describes himself in Macdonald, when he says that "he combines a wide sympathy and a most genial sensibility with the most stoical volition when necessary, and the most marked resolution" in the discussion of any subject dear to his heart as affecting the well-being of humanity.

There is another and personal aspect in which the book is valuable, its happy presentation of a picture of the author himself and of many of his pet opinions, tastes, and ways, and even what the unloving world might not unjustly call his fads and prejudices Here we have bright glimpses of the man as host, companion friend, traveller, professor and preacher, in their ever charming, ever varied, concrete unity, as known only to his intimates in his

happy home and on the heather. In this respect, it has great autobiographical value in exhibiting Blackie as he is in daily life, in happy home-like *dishabille*, that must be charming to his many lovers, recalling the rarely-compounded professorial laird of Altnacraig to those who have seen him there, and shewing him as he is to those who have not. It must furnish to the future biographer of the Professor many real and near glimpses of the man, invaluable to his true interpreter, similar to those in Gœthe's own Autobiography, which furnished a hint for the second title of this work.

The form selected for the book is eminently happy, that of rapid, varied, and easy dialogue between well-chosen types of classes "impersonated to serve an argumentative purpose." It allows full scope for the special form of Blackie's genius, his kaleidoscopic style of mind, in which every subject is illuminated by innumerable cross lights from his superabundant reading and reflection. It is verily the brightest "blossom of books," as the name he gives his friend, Hermann, appropriately signifies. A better form in the whole circumstances could not have been chosen to work out the special themes of the book. The interlocutors are all impersonal types, embodied ideas as it were, with one exception, our good local Celt, the Inspector of Schools, "Hilarius," who appears at the Kerrera picnic, and holds forth, in his wonted Field Club style, on the geology and botany of Lorn, while taking hilarious part in more sublunary matters there. Under the name of Gillebride Macdonald, we have the professor himself in thinnest disguise: though, for that matter, it takes the whole of the interlocutors and their utterances to present the many-sided mind that created them all. For, whatever the mistaken public may think, the Professor is only speaking truth when he says:—"I hate one-sided views; I strive always, when I most violently condemn, to appreciate my antagonist's point of view, and to state sympathetically any circumstances that may either palliate his guilt or make a sort of reasonable apology for his blunder." The dialogue is bright, varied, natural, sparkling, and well-sustained, and even the longer orations are not out of place in intelligent circles, on matters requiring expository detail, of which there are abundance taken in hand.

To say that the book is eminently readable, is only saying

what is true of everything Blackie has ever put his pen to. He cannot even write a preface to Clyde's Greek Syntax without compelling you to go right through it; or expound the mysteries of Greek accent without making them attractive. His unique power of illuminating the dark and bathing the dry in the dews of poetry, is abundantly proved here, even animating heraldry with a living soul, and making Macdonald's family tree blossom like Aaron's rod.

The felicity of phrase for which Blackie is at all times remarkable in whatever he touches, is here richly exhibited. These are a few from its earlier pages—he describes Somerled as "quick to discern, swift to act, and strong to strike;" the Campbells are "clever fellows, with a wonderful power of increment," a mild paraphrase of theftuousness; the growing "flirtation with would-be-genteel Episcopacy," fashionable in Scotland, "if it is not universally feeble piety it is always bad policy;" a certain countess is "a woman with a brain and a heart and a hand all working in fine harmony together, and a magic of luminous smiles about her mouth that would shame Thalia in her most blooming humour;" in all churches we have "the mark of the beast, impeccability and infallibility;" "bag-pipes belong to the open air as naturally as heather belongs to the hills and salmon to sea-lochs;" he counsels Bücherblume to "pick up a little Gaelic, that his tongue may be in full harmony with his feet when he brushes the dew from the heather;" he advises our Highland gatherings to cultivate "the brain as well as the brawn" of the people, like the Welsh; he describes parliamentary life as "playing at political shinty in the great scramble for power and place, which is at once the business and amusement of the normal Englishman;" "if I call Ben Nevis an elephant, I may call Cruachan a hind—the one the most massive of male mountains, the other the most graceful of lady bens;" and so on all through the book.

His dashing characterisation of persons at once presents a clear portrait of the individual with the few rapid well-selected strokes of the accustomed artist—as we have seen above; and his sketches of the varied personalities that swarm at Oban Pier are admirable examples of his word portrait-painting, from the big sheep-farmer "with a back like a mountain and a belly like a beer-barrel" to the poor lanky student "for all the world like

a potato that has grown up tall and thin and white in a dark cellar."

His descriptions of his personal friends, scattered through the book, are bright, sympathetic and life-like; and there are not a few of these who will be at once recognised, and of whom, so far from disguising them, the author, with his accustomed kindliness of nature, as he says, has invited the public to share in his admiration. He also confesses kindly obligations, in his preface, to many who have given him aid in his Celtic researches, and the whole is appropriately dedicated to Sir Kenneth Mackenzie of Gairloch, as "a good landlord, a true Highlander, and a politican of enlightened and popular sympathies"; while the title-page is adorned with an exquisite vignette of the view from his Oban home, down the Sound of Kerrera, by "the fine genius and expert hand" of Waller Paton.

The sketches of Highland scenery form a succession of exquisite photographs, touched with "the light that never was on sea or land," and range over the best bits of the whole Highlands, all real transcripts from personal observation; for there is no man living who has seen more of the land of bens and glens, or climbed and walked more extensively over its surface, than our light-hearted, light-footed professor. As a companion in travel, he is unrivalled, and we hear his voice and see his speaking gestures in every line of the prose and poetry of the book. Many if not most of the poetical effusions there have already appeared in various places, but it is well that they have been gathered for permanent preservation in appropriate settings.

The breadth of view and sympathetic appreciation of varied forms of thought and theology are marked features of the work, though only natural utterances of the man. At times, this breadth of sympathy may surprise and offend narrower souls, as when he ventures to say of the Scarlet Woman herself—"It is only in logic that popery is weak; in life it is strong and often beautiful —sometimes sublime;" and when he makes his chief female interlocutor, the gifted Flora, a Catholic!

Beneath the lightness and brightness of phrase in which it excels, we may often detect the sparkle of the gem of real wisdom, a felicitous and epigrammatic crystallisation of a truth. For example—"Physical science without piety is merely a kick

of the cognative faculty against the insolence of piety without knowledge;" "hard study requires a hard environment; flowers should not be strewn over granite pavements;" "a perfectly impartial lover is no lover;" "it is easier for a bad position to divorce a man from his goodness, than for a good man to make the bad position bend to his inclinations."

The subjects discussed are very various, and include most of the questions affecting the Highlands, many of which have been lately forced into growing prominence against the will of the interested, by the author and like-minded friends of the Gael. His treatment of these we reserve for future consideration. Meantime, we cordially invite the reader himself to enjoy this rare "feast of reason and flow of soul."

## DINNER OF THE "CUIDICH 'N RIGH (DUKE OF ALBANY'S) CLUB."

THE "Cuidich 'n Righ (Duke of Albany's) Club," formed by the junction of the Dinner Clubs of the 72d and 78th Highlanders, which, with the Highland Rifle Militia, are now incorporated as Seaforth's Highlanders, held its first banquet at Willis's Rooms, King Street, St James', London, on the 5th of June. The chair was taken by His Royal Highness the Duke of Albany, Colonel of the 3d Battalion, President of the Club; and he was supported on the right by General Sir Patrick Grant, G.C.B., G.C.M.G., Colonel of the 2d Battalion, Governor of Chelsea Hospital, and on the left by General E. Selby Smith, K.C.M.G., Colonel of the 1st Battalion. His Royal Highness was attended by Colonel Perceval. Among the officers present were—General G. W. P. Bingham, C.B., Lieutenant-General J. A. Ewart, C.B., Major-General Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., K.C.B., Major-General G. A. Lockhart, C.B., Major-General A. Mackenzie, C.B., Inspector-General J. Mure, M.D., Deputy Inspector-General W. G. Seaman, M.D., Joseph Jee, C.B., V.C., Surgeon-General R. Mackinnon, Surgeon-Major W. Nangle, M.D., and W. Johnstone; Colonels G. D. Barker, M. de la Poer Beresford, H. S. S. Burney, W. C. Butler, D. Robinson, and R. Douglas; Lieutenant-Colonels L. P. Bouverie, Feilden, C.B., J. N. Gower, T. F. Pardoe, R. Rocke, and P. B. Simpson; Majors T. A. Barstow, A. Boyle, V.C., A. Crombie, J. Finlay, H. G. Grant, M. N. G. Kane, R. H. Murray, J. M. Tingcombe, and C. C. W. Vesey; Captains W. Adam, H. Barron, T. E. Caldwell, W. H. Campion, J. H. Ewart, F. W. Maitland-Kirwan, S. E. Price, J. Robertson, C. Roberts, A. Tanner, T. B. Urquhart, G. W. R. M. Waugh, and Colin Mackenzie; Lieutenants H. S. Barlow, S. B. Jamieson, and S. C. H. Monro; Messrs Hon. A. T. Fitzmaurice, H. E. Brown, D. A. D. Kennedy, E. R. Massey, G. O'Grady, J. Ingle, &c.

After dinner His Royal Highness, who wore the green ribbon of the Order of the Thistle, proposed, first "Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen," and secondly "His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, and the other Members of the Royal Family," both toasts being drunk amidst

hearty cheering. Then His Royal Highness rose again and spoke briefly as follows: —"Gentlemen, it is now my duty to propose the toast of the evening. It is 'Success and Prosperity to the Cuidich 'n Righ (Duke of Albany's) Club.' I must confess, gentlemen, that I came here this evening with a certain amount of diffidence, but the cordial reception which you have accorded me has removed any such feeling from my mind. We have met to-night to celebrate the union of the Dinner Clubs of two illustrious regiments—regiments with which I esteem it an honour to be connected—and one of which was associated with the name of my late grand-uncle, who bore the same Scottish title which I now bear. The territorial system has now linked these regiments together for better, for worse, and henceforth there will be no rivalry between them but in striving to emulate each other's gallant deeds. They meet now as integral portions of one corps, and they have agreed to bind together their laurels, and to blend their glorious battle-rolls. It is not too much to say that the Highlanders who marched to the relief of Candahar under Roberts are worthy of their comrades who relieved Lucknow under the leadership of Havelock. Gentlemen, let us drink 'Prosperity to the Cuidich 'n Righ (Duke of Albany's) Club.'"

His Royal Highness's speech was frequently interrupted by bursts of applause, and at its close the toast was drunk with great enthusiasm.

Sir Patrick Grant, who wore the broad red ribbon of the Order of the Bath, then rose and said:—"Gentlemen, it is now my pleasing duty to call upon you to drink the health of the President of this Club and his young bride. I am now an old man, but I am not so old but that I hope to live to see him occupy the chair at our gatherings for many years to come. I give you their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Albany, and I call upon you to drink this toast with full Highland honours."

Notwithstanding Sir Patrick's allusion to his age, this hearty old Highlander was the first to set his foot on the table; and his voice, still clear as a bell, rung out in his native Gaelic—"Suas i, suas i, up with her, up with her—sios i, sios i, down with her, down with her—sguab as i, sweep her out." Hearty cheers greeted the toast and the rising of the Duke of Albany, who said:—"Gentlemen, I have to thank you most sincerely for the truly kind manner in which you have received the health of the Duchess of Albany, as well as my own, and I am happy to be able to inform you that Her Royal Highness takes the greatest interest in all that pertains to Scotland and the Scotch." (Loud cheers.) About half-past ten the Duke of Albany took leave of his brother officers and retired with Colonel Perceval; and shortly after eleven the company broke up. The "Cuidich 'n Righ (Duke of Albany's) Club," besides its annual dinner in London, which takes place between the Epsom and Ascot race-meetings, holds another in Edinburgh upon St Andrew's Day, the 30th of November, in each year.

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AFTER-TOIL SONGS.—Under this title our good friend, Mr William Allan, has published a neat volume of songs, in which many of his best efforts hitherto make their appearance. Mr Allan and his works are now so well and favourably known to the reader that it is quite unnecessary here to say more than intimate the publication of his new volume. Not a few of the pieces have been already widely read and much appreciated in our own pages, and reproduced thoughout the British Colonies, where many of Mr Allan's poems have acquired great popularity among our countrymen. This makes his seventh volume of poetry, besides several standard works—as widely different in their nature from poetry as they well can be—on marine engineering.

## THE LOCHCARRON EVICTIONS.

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So much whitewash has been distributed in our Northern newspapers, by "Our Local Correspondents," in the interest of personal friends who are responsible for the Lochcarron evictions—the worst and most indefensible that have ever been attempted even in the Highlands—that we consider it our duty here to state the real facts. We are really sorry for those more immediately concerned, but our friendly feeling for them otherwise cannot be allowed to come between us and our plain duty. A few days before the famous "Battle of the Braes," in the Isle of Skye, we received information that summonses of ejectment were served on Mackenzie and Maclean, Lochcarron. The Editor at once wrote to Mr Dugald Stuart, the proprietor, intimating to him the statements received, and asking him if they were accurate, and if Mr Stuart had anything to say in explanation of them. Mr Stuart at once replied, admitting the accuracy of the statements generally, but maintaining that he had good reasons for carrying out the evictions, the reasons for which he expressed himself anxious to explain to us on the following day, while passing through Inverness on his way South. Unfortunately, his letter reached us too late, and we were unable to see him. The only reason which he vouchsafed to give in his letter was to the following effect :—"Was it all likely that he, a Highlander, born and brought up in the Highlands, the son of a Highlander, and married to a Highland lady, would be guilty of evicting any of his tenants without good cause." We replied that, unfortunately, all these reasons could be urged by most of those who had in the past depopulated the country, but expressing a hope that, in his case, the facts stated by him would prove sufficient to restrain him from carrying out his determination to evict parents admittedly innocent of their sons' proceedings, even if those proceedings were unjustifiable. The day immediately preceding the "Battle of the Braes" we proceeded to Lochcarron to make enquiry on the spot, and the writer on his return from Skye a few days later, reported as follows to the Highland Land Law Reform Association :—

"Of all the cases of eviction which have hitherto come under my notice I never heard of any so utterly unjustifiable as those now is in course of being carried out by Mr D. Stuart in Lochcarron. The circumstances which led up to these evictions are as follows :—In March 1881, two young men, George Mackenzie and Donald Maclean, masons, entered into a contract with Mr Stuart's ground-officer for the erection of a sheep fank, and a dispute afterwards arose as to the payment for the work. When the factor, Mr Donald Macdonald, Tormore, was some time afterwards collecting the rents in the district, the contractors approached him and related their grievance against the ground-officer, who, while the men were in the room, came in and addressed them in libellous and defamatory language, for which they have since obtained damages and expenses in the Sheriff Court of the County. I have a certified copy of the whole proceedings in Court in my possession, and, without going into the merits, what I have just stated is the result, and Mr Stuart and his ground-officer became furious.

"The contractors are two single men who live with their parents, the latter being crofters on Mr Stuart's property, and as the real offenders—if such can be called men who have stood up for and succeeded in establishing their rights and their characters in Court—could not be got at, Mr Stuart issued summonses of ejection against their parents—parents who, in one of the cases at least, strongly urged his son not to proceed against the ground-officer, pointing out to him that an eviction might possibly ensue, and that it was better even to suffer in character and purse than run the risk of eviction from his holding in his old age. We all heard of the doctrine of

visiting the sins of the parents upon the children, but it has been left for Mr Dugald Stuart of Lochcarron and his ground-officer, in the present generation—the highly-favoured nineteenth century—to reverse all this, and to punish the unoffending parents for proceedings on the part of their children which the Sheriff of the County and all unprejudiced people who know the facts consider fully justifiable.

"Now, so far as I can discover, after careful enquiry among the men's neighbours, and in the village of Lochcarron, nothing can be said against either of them. Their characters are in every respect above suspicion. The ground-officer, whom I have seen, admits all this, and makes no pretence that the eviction is for any other reason than the conduct of the young men in prosecuting and succeeding against himself in the Sheriff Court for defamation of character. Maclean paid rent for his present holding for the last 60 years, and never failed to pay it on the appointed day. His father, grandfather, and great-grandfather occupied the same place, and so did their ancestors before them. Indeed, his grandfather held one-half of the township, now occupied by more than a hundred people. The old man is in his 81st year, and bed-ridden—on his death-bed in fact—since the middle of January last, he having then had a paralytic stroke from which it is quite impossible he can ever recover. It was most pitiable to see the aged and frail human wreck as I saw him that day, and to have heard him talking of the cruelty and hard-heartedness of those who took advantage of the existing law to push him off out of the home which he has occupied so long, while he is already on the brink of eternity. I quite agreed with him, and I have no hesitation in saying that if Mr Stuart and his ground-officer only called to see the miserable old man, as I did, their hearts, however adamantine, would melt, and they would at once declare to him that he would be allowed to end his days and die in peace, under the roof which, for generations, had sheltered himself and his ancestors. The wife is over 70 years of age, and the frail old couple have no one to succour them but the son who has been the cause, by defending his own character, of their present misfortunes. Whatever Mr Stuart and his ground-officer may do, or attempt to do, the old man will not, and cannot be evicted until he is carried to the churchyard; and it would be far more gracious on their part to relent and allow the old man to die in peace.

"Mackenzie has paid rent for over 40 years, and his ancestors have done so for several generations before him. He is nearly sixty years of age, and is highly popular among his neighbours, all of whom are intensely grieved at Mr Stuart's cruel and hard-hearted conduct towards him and Maclean, and they still hope that he will not proceed to extremities.

"The whole case is a lamentable abuse of the existing law, and such as will do more to secure its abolition, when the facts are fully known, than all the other cases of eviction which have taken place in the Highlands during the present generation. There is no pretence that the case is anything else than a gross and cruel piece of retaliation against the innocent parents for conduct on the part of the sons which must have been very aggravating to this proprietor and his ground officer, who appear to think themselves fully justified in perpetrating such acts of grossest cruelty and injustice—acts which indeed I dare not characterise as they deserve—but conduct which on the part of the young men has been fully justified and sustained by the courts of the country, and for which the son of a late Vice-Chancellor of England ought to have some respect."

This report was slightly noticed at the time in the local and Glasgow newspapers, and attention was thus directed to Mr Stuart's proceedings. His whole conduct appeared so cruelly tyrannical that most people expected him to relent before the day

of eviction arrived. But not so: a sheriff-officer and his assistants from Dingwall duly arrived, and proceeded to turn Mackenzie's furniture out of the house. People congregated from all parts of the district, some of them coming more than twenty miles. The sheriff-officer sent for the Lochcarron policemen to aid him, but, notwithstanding, the law which admitted of such unmitigated cruelty and oppression was set at defiance; the sheriff-officers were deforced, and the furniture returned to the house by the sympathising crowd. What was to be done next? The Procurator-Fiscal for the county was Mr Stuart's law agent in carrying out the evictions. How could he criminally prosecute for deforcement in these circumstances? The Crown authorities found themselves in a dilemma, and through the tyranny of the proprietor on the one hand, and the interference of the Procurator-Fiscal in civil business which has ended in public disturbance and deforcement of the Sheriff's officers, on the other, the Crown authorities find themselves helpless to vindicate the law. This is a pity; for all right thinking people have almost as little sympathy for law breakers, even when that law is unjust and cruel, as they have for those cruel tyrants who, like Mr Stuart of Lochcarron, bring the law and his own order into disrepute by the oppressive application of it against innocent people. The proper remedy is to have the law abolished, not to break it; and to bring this about such conduct as that of Mr Stuart and his ground officer is more potent than all the Land Leagues and Reform Associations in the United Kingdom.

As a contrast to Mr Stuart's conduct we are glad to record the noble action of Mr C. J. Murray, M.P. for Hastings, who has fortunately for the oppressed tenants on the Lochcarron property, just purchased the estate. He has made it a condition that Maclean and Mackenzie shall be allowed to remain; and a further public scandal has thus been avoided. This is a good beginning for the new proprietor, and we trust to see his action as widely circulated by the press as the tyrannical conduct of his predecessor.

It is also fair to state, what we know on the very best authority, namely, that the factor on the estate, Mr Donald Macdonald, Tormore, strongly urged upon Mr Stuart not to evict these people, and that his own wife also implored and begged of him not to carry out his cruel and vindictive purpose. Where these agencies failed, it is gratifying to find that Mr Murray has succeeded; and all parties—landlords and tenants—throughout the Highlands are to be congratulated on the result. A.M.

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THE CELTIC PROFESSOR.—There are numberless speculations now as to who shall be the forthcoming Celtic Professor in Edinburgh. It is rumoured in well-informed circles that Sheriff Nicolson has already declined the post; that our good and learned friend, "Nether-Lochaber," has been approached on the subject; and that another old friend of ours, and a good Celtic scholar, the Rev. Donald Masson, M.A., M.D., is a candidate. Not a few others are ambitious, some of whom are favourably spoken of, though, curious to say, we have heard nothing during the last few months of the outstanding claims of the Rev. Dr Thomas Maclauchlan. The last item that has reached us, from a good source, is that Mr Whitley Stokes, the learned editor of old Irish and Cornish texts, has given up his successful career in India, in order to accept the Chair. As Mr Stokes is, beyond comparison, the most learned and accomplished Celtic scholar in the British Dominions, nothing would please us better than to have our present information confirmed on an early day by seeing him duly installed as our first Celtic Professor in Edinburgh.

## THE LATE MAJOR SAVORY, 78TH HIGHLANDERS.

THE late Major Savory, for many years Adjutant of the Royal London Militia, whose death we were sorry to observe, and whose name will be familiar to many of our readers in the Highlands and Canada, was one of the last links which bound the Militia Service to the Line under the old system. Major Savory was gazetted to the 90th (Perthshire) Light Infantry, as Ensign, on the 9th October 1855, receiving his commission without purchase. He was promoted to a Lieutenancy in the same regiment on the 4th October 1857, which commission was afterwards ante-dated to the 1st, and again to the 24th September, on which day Havelock's column suffered severely in front of the Alumbagh. Major Savory exchanged, on the 7th October 1859, as a Lieutenant to the 78th Highlanders; obtained his company by purchase on the 15th January 1864; and retired from the service on the 6th July 1869. In September 1861 he was appointed as aide-de-camp on the staff of Major-General W. G. Brown, commanding the 2d Infantry Brigade at Aldershot, and in January 1863 he accompanied the same officer to China in a similar capacity. After retiring from active service Major Savory was chosen by the Board of Lieutenancy of the City of London, as the Adjutant of the Royal London Militia, and was gazetted as such on the 18th July 1871. He was appointed a temporary Captain in the army on 25th February 1874, and received an Honorary Majority on the 15th March 1878. The late Major Savory served with the 90th Light Infantry during the Indian Mutiny, 1857-58. He advanced with Havelock's column from Cawnpore on the 19th September of the former year; and was present at the actions of Mungarwar, Oonao, and Buseerutgunge, the capture of the Alumbagh, and the several actions resulting in the relief and subsequent defence of Lucknow. During these operations Major Savory was wounded, losing the sight of his right eye. He was present at the storming of the Engine House and Hiru Khana; served under Sir James Outram throughout the operations at the Alumbagh, from November 1857 to March 1858, and at the final siege and capture of Lucknow; also in the Oude Campaign of 1858, and as Station Staff Officer to Colonel Smith, commanding a field force. For these services Major Savory received the Indian Mutiny medal and clasps, and was granted a year's service for Lucknow. The late Major was seized with an apoplectic fit early on the morning of the 25th May last, and died the following morning in the 46th year of his age. His funeral, which took place at Kensal Green Cemetery on the 1st inst., was attended by the officers, the band, and a firing party of the 4th Battalion Royal Fusiliers (late Royal London Militia), as well as by many old comrades and members of the Naval and Military Club, on the Committee of which Major Savory had served for many years, and of which he had been recently appointed chairman. A gun-carriage was furnished by the Honourable Artillery Company; and, by the kind permission of his old friend, Colonel Ewen Macpherson, the pipers of the 2d Battalion Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders were also present. Major Savory was one of the originators of the "Lucknow Dinner" on the 25th of September, and will be greatly missed by a large circle of friends to whom his sterling qualities had warmly endeared him.

THE REV. DONALD MASSON, M.A., M.D., Edinburgh, has in the press the first part of a work entitled "Vestigia Celtica: Celtic Footprints in Philology, Ethics, and Religion."

LIFE OF FLORA MACDONALD AND HER ADVENTURES WITH PRINCE CHARLES.—"The book is one of great value, occupying a unique place as the only authoritative life of a woman whose heroic conduct has won universal admiration. . . . A limited number has been thrown off in a superior style of paper and binding, with the fine broad margin which readers prefer who are in the habit of making annotations. . . No well-furnished library can afford to dispense with it."—*Inverness Courier.*

"The first complete and authentic account of Flora Macdonald's life, and her memorable achievement in contriving the escape of Charles Edward, that has yet been written. . . . The narrative is written in a singularly simple and unpretentious style, and undoubtedly forms a valuable contribution to the history of one of the most interesting episodes in Scottish annals."—*Scotsman.*

"The incidents are as sensational as any to be met with in the most thrilling novel."—*Oban Times.*

"The adventures of Flora Macdonald . . . have never been recounted with such a minute regard for truth as by the present writer."—*Oban Telegraph.*

"No better contribution to the history of the stirring times of the middle of last century than an authenticated account of Flora, and her share in the events of her time, could hardly, at this time of day, be given to the world. . . . The adventures are most graphically given. . . . The interest is sustained throughout, and the whole narrative is in "interest and sensation" more like a masterpiece of fiction than the relation of real events in a lonely corner of the Highlands. . . . It is a volume unexcelled in interest, of considerable literary excellence, and invaluable to all who desiderate a correct knowledge of their country's historical characters."—*Brechin Advertiser.*

"It smacks of the Highland hills, and there is a touch of Highland music as from some old time harpischord that few can play."—*Greenock Advertiser.*

"More genuinely romantic as a simple narrative of well authenticated facts, than if presented to our attention with all the embellishments of ballad poetry and romance." —"*Nether-Lochaber.*"

"Full of vitality and realism."—*Northern Chronicle.*

"The simple and unaffected style of the narrative lends an additional charm to it. Unfortunately the author did not survive to see his work through the press, and the appreciative memoir of his life prefixed to it by his friend, Mr A. Mackenzie of the *Celtic Magazine*, forms a graceful tribute to his memory."—*Dundee Advertiser.*

"The only complete, authentic account of our distinguished country-woman that has yet been published. . . . Told with all the warmth of an enthusiastic admirer, and the grace of an accomplished writer."—*Perthshire Constitutional.*

THE GAELIC SOCIETY ASSEMBLY will be held as usual in the Music Hall, on the Thursday evening of the Inverness Wool Fair—Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., Chief of the Society, in the chair. Professor Blackie is expected to be present.

THE HISTORY OF THE MATHESONS will be continued in our next and succeeding numbers, the families of Shiness and Achany, as well as the Iomaire Mathesons, having yet to be dealt with. The whole will be published separately in a neat volume, in September next. The issue will be limited to 250 copies; price to subscribers, 7s 6d; to non subscribers, 10s 6d. Those desiring to secure copies should send in their names without delay.

TESTIMONIAL TO MRS MARY MACKELLAR.—In consideration of Mrs Mary Mackellar's labours in the cause of Celtic literature, and to assist her in making further researches, it has been resolved by a number of friends to present her with a testimonial in the shape of a sum of money. The following gentlemen have agreed to take charge of subscriptions:—Messrs Maclachlan & Stewart, Edinburgh; William Mackay, solicitor, Inverness; Ewen Cameron, National Bank, Fort-William; James Macdonald. W.S., 21 Thistle Street, Edinburgh.

THE

# CELTIC MAGAZINE.

*Conducted by ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A. SCOT.*

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## THE SCULPTURED STONES OF ROSS AND CROMARTY.

By Captain COLIN MACKENZIE, F.S.A. Scot.

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### VIII.

IN my last paper I finished the description of the Hilton stone. Since then, I regret that severe illness has retarded the publication of the succeeding articles. But one advantage has accrued through the delay, and it consists in my being able to correct one or two errors which crept into my last paper, and also to add some additional information, and a further extension of my notes, which I was unable to do before. The task of the historian and the archæologist is by no means an easy one. They have to guard against two chief dangers. In the first instance they may be carried away, by over-speculative zeal, to adopt theories at variance with historical fact; and in the second place they are liable, even unintentionally, to distort fact and call it history. A wholesome warning was given to ultra-theoretical dreamers by a French author some time since, in an argument in which he proved Napoleon to be merely a mythological being, and nothing more nor less than an impersonification of the sun. His name was Napoleon Bonaparte, or the very true Apollo of the better part of the twenty-four hours, *i.e.*, day. He was born in an island in the Mediterranean, and so was Apollo. Like Apollo he had two wives. His sixteen marshals were simply the signs of the zodiac and the cardinal points. His four brothers were the four seasons,

the Prince of Canino representing winter, &c. Again an historian must not be too ready to adopt as authentic history things which he, of his own judgment, may feel disposed to accept as reliable facts; but weigh them critically, and prove them as far as possible by comparison. Theory should be advanced simply as theory, for it can only assume the garb of historical or archæological accuracy when it is enabled to substitute positive for presumptive evidence.

Mr Baring-Gould, in the *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages*, quotes a most remarkable instance of the unreliability of even the direct evidence of the eyes, as demonstrated in the person of one of the greatest geniuses which England has ever produced. He says:—

"Sir Walter Raleigh, in his prison, was composing the second volume of his history of the world. Leaning on the sill of his window, he meditated on the duties of the historian to mankind, when suddenly his attention was attracted by a disturbance in the courtyard before his cell. He saw one man strike another whom he supposed by his dress to be an officer; the latter at once drew his sword and ran the former through the body. The wounded man felled his adversary with a stick, and then sank upon the pavement. At this juncture the guard came up and carried off the officer insensible, and then the corpse of the man who had been run through.

"Next day Raleigh was visited by an intimate friend, to whom he related the circumstances of the quarrel and its issue. To his astonishment his friend unhesitatingly declared that the prisoner had mistaken the whole series of incidents which had passed before his eyes.

"The supposed officer was not an officer at all, but the servant of a foreign ambassador; it was he who had dealt the first blow; he had not drawn his sword, but the other had snatched it from his side, and had run *him* through the body before any one could interfere; whereupon a stranger from among the crowd knocked the murderer down with his stick, and some of the foreigners belonging to the ambassador's retinue carried off the corpse. The friend of Raleigh added that Government had ordered the arrest and immediate trial of the murderer, as

the man assassinated was one of the principal servants of the Spanish Ambassador.

"'Excuse me,' said Raleigh, 'but I cannot have been deceived as you suppose, for I was eye-witness to the events which took place under my own window, and the man fell there on that spot where you see a paving stone standing up above the rest.'

"'My dear Raleigh,' replied his friend, 'I was sitting on that stone when the fray took place, and I received this slight scratch on my cheek in snatching the sword from the murderer; and upon my word of honour, you have been deceived upon every particular.'

"Sir Walter when alone took up the second volume of his history, which was in MS., and contemplating it, thought, 'If I cannot believe my own eyes, how can I be assured of the truth of the tithe of events which happened ages before I was born?' And he flung the manuscript into the fire."*

This story, therefore, serves to point out that the *testimony of the eyes as recorded by the mind*, and subsequently *disclosed through the agency of speech*, is not always absolutely dependable. Anyone conversant with our Courts of Justice knows how frequently, and on what vital points, eye-witnesses of the same affair diverge in the matter of their evidence. And all who have read the anecdote of "The Three Black Crows" are aware how the record of events, orally conveyed from the one person to the other is apt, unlike the rolling stone, to gather a considerable quantity of moss in the course of its journey.

It may be remembered by the reader that, in my description of the Hilton stone, I quoted from Hugh Miller's *Scenes and Legends of the North of Scotland*, in which the modern inscription, engraved upon the side from which the cross has been removed, is thus given :—

HE . THAT . LIVES . WEIL . DYES . WEIL . SAYS . SOLOMON . THE . WISE .
HEIR . LYES . ALEXANDER . DUFF . AND . HIS . THRIE . WIVES .

Hugh Miller probably wrote from memory; and in the letterpress to the *Sculptured Stones*, Dr Stewart gives identically the same

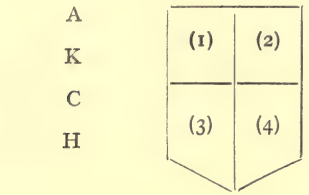
* This anecdote is taken from the *Journal de Paris*, May 1787; which derived it from "Letters on Literature, by Robert Heron" (*i.e.*, John Pinkerton, F.A.S.), 1785. But whence did Pinkerton obtain it?

rendering. Now it is evident that Dr Stewart never saw the stone, as he has copied *verbatim* Hugh Miller's reading, which is wrong; and it is equally evident that Mr Gibb, who drew the obverse of the stone for the Spalding Club volume in 1853, did not think the modern reverse worth copying, as no representation of it occurs in the *Sculptured Stones*. Thus error has been allowed to go on fostering error. The Rev. Mr Macdonald of Rosskeen kindly furnished me with the date, 1676, and the name of A. Duf, and the initials of his wives. But he omitted to state that between the initials of the Christian and surnames there occurs a coat of arms, divided quarterly, and hence presumably representing the several parties commemorated, as it would have been impossible for A. Duf to impale his paternal arms with those of three consorts. Colour is lent to this by the fact that C. V. and H. V. (Urquhart?) are represented by the same armorial coat.*

* In the first quarter of the coat of arms there appears a stag's head cabossed (the stone shows no attempt to represent heraldic tinctures), surmounted by a mullet between the horns. This is the family coat of the Mackenzies of Kilcoy, the mullet being a mark of cadency representing the third son, and was assumed by Alexander Mackenzie, I. of Kilcoy, and third son of Colin Càm, XI. of Kintail, by his wife Barbara, daughter of John, XII. Baron of Grant. It also appears as the arms of "Mackenzie of Kintayle," in a MS. of blazons, ascribed to Sir David Lindsay the younger, 1603-5 (see *Scottish Arms*, Paterson, Edin., 1881), where it is blazoned thus—Azure, a stag's head cabossed, or, surmounted by a mullet, arg.; the Kilcoy arms being—Azure, a stag's head cabossed, surmounted by a mullet, or. One might, therefore, at first be inclined to ascribe to the "A. Duf" of the inscription a descent, legitimate or otherwise, from the Mackenzies. I prefer, however, to deduce him from the family of Duff, originally spelt "Duf." Alexander Duf seems to have died in 1676, and at this very date (1676) Alexander Duff of Keithmore "lineally descended and now representer of the family of Craighead" [he was the eldest son of Adam Duff of Clunybeg, and first cousin of John Duff, representative of the Duffs of Muldavit and Craighead, with whom the representation died out in 1718 (Gordon's *Shaw's Moray*), leaving the succession to Alexander, who thus became head of the family, and was ancestor of the Earls of Fife] registered arms (see *Scottish Arms*, Paterson, Edin. 1881) as follows—"Vert, a fess dancetty, ermine, between a buck's head cabossed in chief and two escallops in base, or." At this time, however, it was not unusual for the cadets of families to difference their coat by adding some charge to, or suppressing some charge upon, the original coat, or by changing the tinctures. Thus the Duffs of Drummuir (whom Mr Young, in his *History of the Parish of Spynie*, 1870, calls "an old family") bore, according to a funeral escutcheon (see *Scottish Arms*, Paterson, Edin. 1881), "a buck's head between three escallops." The junior branch, therefore, differenced their shield by omitting the fess dancetté, placing the two escallops, formerly in base, in chief, and adding a third escallop in base. I am inclined to the view that Alexander Duf must have been of the Drummuir family, and that he differenced his paternal coat by the omission of the three escallops, and the addition of a mullet for cadency. This

Having recently visited the stone, for the purpose of taking its correct measurement, I am enabled to give the true inscription, as follows, merely omitting the running-into-each-other of certain letters, for which special type, not obtainable, would have been necessary. These are the T H and E of "The" in the second line, and the U and F in "Duf" in the third line:—

VEIL
HE . THAT . LEIVES VEIL DOOES
SAYETH SOLOMON THE VYSE
HEIR LYES ALEXANDER DVF
AND HIS THREE WYVES *1676*




would account for the resemblance it bears at first sight to the Mackenzie coat (*a*). The second quarter of the coat of arms is charged with a sinister hand in fess, couped at the wrist, holding a standard displayed in pale. The third and fourth quarters are charged, similarly, with three boars' heads couped, renversé. The coats of arms being similar, as are likewise the last initials of Alexander Duf's second and third wife, the presumption naturally is that the two ladies belonged to the same family. Looking at the place of interment, the name of the Urquharts of Cromarty at once appeals to the mind. The arms of this family, as given in the MS. of Sir David Lindsay the younger, 1603-5 (see above), were "Azure, a chevron, argent, between three boars' heads erased, or." Porteous, in 1699, or but twenty years after Alexander Duf's death, blazons the family coat thus—"Or three boars' heads erased, gules." This shield, therefore, is all

(*a*) To show how frequently Scottish Heraldic coats seem to have been changed as to their blazon during the 16th and 17th centuries, I may remark that the coat of the Duffs, taken from the MS. known as "Workman's, 1565" (see *Scottish Arms*, Paterson, Edin. 1881), may be thus described—"Party per fess, vert and gules, on a fess dancetté between a hart's head cabossed, surmounted by a pheon in chief, and a pheon point upwards between two escallops in base, argent, three mullets sable." Alexander Duff, Provost of Inverness, grandson of Adam Duff of Clunybeg, and first cousin to the Alexander Duff of Keithmore above mentioned, who succeeded to the headship of the family, married Katherine, daughter and heiress of Adam Duff of Drummuir, and had a son, Archibald, who, in 1737, matriculated the following arms—"Vert, on a fess dancetty, argent, three mullets, gules, in chief a deer's head surmounted of a pheon, and in base a pheon point upwards between two escallops, or; a canton of the second charged with a lion rampant of the third." It will be seen, therefore, that this gentleman, repudiating both the coats of Keithmore and Drummuir, adopted the ancient coat of 1565, merely with a change of tincture, and the addition of a canton bearing the arms of Macduff (which now occupy the 1st and 4th quarters in the Earl of Fife's shield), in virtue of the alleged descent from the ancient Thanes of Fife. Of the charges, the fess dancetté appears on three coats, the mullets and pheons on two, while the buck's head and the escallops alone appear on all four. It would, therefore, not have been out of place for a cadet, under the old heraldic practice, to adopt the buck's head as the principal charge.

Having very carefully measured the stone, I find that neither Mr Denoon's nor the Rev. Mr Macdonald's figures are quite correct. The true measurement is as follows—Height, 7 ft. 8½ in.; breadth, 4 ft. 6½ in.; thickness, 7 in. The fragment of it, lying by, alluded to by Mr Macdonald, is the base of the Tarbat cross already mentioned, which has also been brought to Invergordon Castle for preservation.

In my last paper I said:—"I greatly regret that I have been unable to procure a sight of Cordiner's works, as I should have much liked to quote his observations concerning the Ross-shire stones." Since writing the above, chance has thrown Cordiner's books in my way, and as he was, I believe, the first to describe the Ross-shire crosses, and has done so, moreover, with great minuteness and accuracy, I have determined to give his remarks in full; my object having been all along to bring together all the material available bearing upon the history of sculptured stones. Writing to Pennant, who had not visited, or at least had not noticed any of the Ross-shire stones in his *Tour*, he says (*Antiquities of the North of Scotland, 1780*):—You have by no means neglected observations on this species of monuments; but I beg leave to rectify your mistake in confining them to the south of the Firth of Moray; for you may be assured, they are far more numerous to the north."

Cordiner, in his *Remarkable Ruins*, gives a good plate representing the Hilton stone, that is to say when contrasted with some of the archæological engravings published by his contemporaries. The intricate border and spiral pattern, as well as the filling in of the hieroglyphics, are not perfectly correct; but the

but identical with the two coats carved on the Hilton stone and coupled with the initials C. V. and H. V. conclusively satisfies me that the ladies in question belonged to the Cromarty family. Jonathan Urquhart, son of Sir John Urquhart of Cromarty, sold the estate in 1684 (*b*).

(*b*) The seal of Alexander Urquhart, of that Ilk, Sheriff-Depute of Elgin, 1505 bears—A boar's head couped in chief, and two keys, wards outwards in base. The arms of Urquhart of that Ilk are blazoned in Workman's MS. as—Gules, on a fess, argent, between three keys palewise wards upwards in chief, and a boar's head erased in base, or three mullets of the first. Porteous, in 1699, blazons the arms of the Urquharts of Badyar as—Gules, on a fess, or, between two keys in pale and a boar's head, three stars sable. The boar's head, therefore, was a cognisance common to the whole Urquhart family, while the keys formed the distinctive feature of the coats of the Urquharts of that Ilk and of Badyar. The arms of Urquhart of Cromarty, given by Porteous in 1699, are identical with those of the Hilton stone, except that in the latter case the boars' heads are renversé, doubtless a mistake on the part of the sculptor.

figures are accurately placed and the hieroglyphics properly drawn in outline, especially the peculiar form of the crescent and sceptre. It is interesting to remark that the stone was broken at the bottom as now, and exhibited the very same general features in Cordiner's time (1795).

Cordiner commences the description of the stone in the *Remarkable Ruins* thus:—"It lies on the eastern coast of the peninsula of Ross-shire, which terminates in Tarbet-ness, a few miles south from the seat of Mr Macleod of Guineas. Near it there had been erected a chapel, dedicated to the Virgin Mary; of which the scattered ruins alone remain, in a seemingly sweet, but now forlorn retirement.* The small plain, almost on a level with the beach, is sheltered on the one hand, from the north and west, by rising grounds; on the other, it is open to a boundless prospect of the ocean, stretching along the eastern horizon, and has, therefore, a fine exposure towards the rising sun. Such situations, in the infancy of religion, in every age, were delighted in as well adapted to invite the early votaries to pay their orisons when the first beams of day shone round the altar. This obelisk is but a few miles distant from the one adorned with a sumptuous cross [Shandwick]."

In the *Antiquities and Scenery* he remarks:—

The proprietor, from a veneration for the consecrated ground, has enclosed it with some rows of trees; and it is well worthy of his care, for the obelisk is one of the most beautiful pieces of ancient sculpture that has ever been discovered in *Scotland*. The stone is of enormous size, and has lain unnoticed on its face from time immemorial, and by that means is in the highest state of preservation. It represents the hunting of the deer with hound and horn. The waving ornaments round the margin are airy and elegant, and cut with a masterly hand. Four scepters are introduced in a very con-

* The *Origines Parochiales Scotiæ* state that:—"Before the year 1529 Pope Clement VII. confirmed to the canons of Fearn the chapel of Saint Mary situated in the place called Cathabul [Cadboll. This is taken from the Balnagown Charters.] This is probably the small chapel, the outlines of which are still to be seen amid a clump of trees in a field named Baleachan (Hector's Town) on the farm of Cadboll Mount formerly named Hill of Geanies. There is a ruined chapel at Hilton on the Moray Firth." These remarks are made (1855) on the authority of W. H. Murray, Esq. But Cordiner, writing seventy-five years earlier (*Antiquities and Scenery*, 1775), says that the stone lay at Hilton "near to the ruins of a chapel, which was in an early age dedicated to the Virgin Mary." Cordiner's statement, therefore, is positive and implies no doubt in the matter. But it matters little now whether the Baleachan or Hilton chapel was dedicated to the Virgin, or whether both were so dedicated.

spicuous manner above, and serve as a comment on those that appear, though less distinctly marked, on the obelisk at *Aberlemni.**

In the *Remarkable Ruins* Cordiner continues :—

The very singular, the sumptuous and elegant ornaments, which constitute the border of this finely-carved stone, are effected with such elaborate care, and such fanciful address, as to render it peculiarly remarkable, and entitle it to a distinguished rank among the most valuable antiquities of the nation. The strange stile of the marginal embellishments, the almost unprecedented combinations of waving lines and animals, are perhaps as great a subject of curiosity as any ancient piece of sculpture can afford. It is remarked, in the twelfth letter of *The Antiquities and Scenery of the North of Scotland*, that the lightness and elegance of some of the waving ornaments found on these monumental stones, the elaborate execution of the foliages, and the evidences they give of being raised by a masterly hand, bear testimony to the abilities of the artists in that early period of improvement in taste and design ; and

* Even Cordiner is not always equal in his sketches, as is evidenced by his representations of the Forres pillar. This obelisk has been represented five times, not including *The Sculptured Stones of Scotland*. The first work in which it appeared, as far as I am aware, was Gordon's *Itinerarium Septentrionale* ( ), and it has also been represented in Shaw's *History of Moray* (1775), Cordiner's *Antiquities of the North of Scotland* (1780), Cordiner's *Remarkable Ruins* (1795), and Rhind's *Sketches of Moray* ( ). I have not seen Gordon's work, but as Cordiner, in the *Antiquities*, speaks of his "cursory observation," I take it that the illustration is not a good one. Shaw's is very imperfect. The side bearing the cross is most faultily delineated, and the edges of stone are incorrectly drawn. On the reverse side, three rows of horsemen at the top are omitted altogether, and the stone is represented as being of the same width all the way up, instead of tapering. Some of the errors are doubtless owing, however, to the height of the stone, precluding an unpractised observer from making a good sketch of it. The same remark holds good with regard to the illustration in Cordiner's *Antiquities*, but in this case the draughtsman is worthy of much praise, the engraving being wonderfully correct, considering that absolute accuracy was probably not aimed at. But in the *Remarkable Ruins*, Cordiner falls off sadly. He does no give the cross, but merely the panel below it, and he represents the reverse of the obelisk in three portions. In all four cases, instead of confining himself, as before, to a small scale and careful outline, he has adopted a larger one, and has felt himself bound to compensate for a want of detail by idealising the whole composition. Thus, the figures are shewn as clad in kilts and broad bonnets, and other adjuncts are freely admitted, while, at the top of the reverse side, a space, which had been left blank, is now filled with the figure of an elephant, an addition which I can only ascribe to the force of a strong imagination. Still, for all that, these sketches are not without a certain merit. Rhind's work I have not seen. Dr Stewart, speaking of the drawing in the sculptured stones, says that it "was taken with great pains, and a scaffolding was erected, so as to enable the artist to copy the upper portion of the stone with accuracy." This drawing must undoubtedly hold the first place for truthfulness among all those I have mentioned, but still that need not detract from the commendation due to Cordiner, in that, with so many difficulties to contend with, as he doubtless had, he was able to produce such creditable work as his sketch in the *Antiquities*,

clearly show that the ornamental arts had been cultivated with considerable attention and care in Northern *Caledonia*, in an age of which we have no annals.

It was about the middle of the 12th century that blazonry, or the distinction of nobility, and by knights, by coats-armorial, came into general use in *Europe;* and soon after that period we find such insignia on *Caledonian* monuments; but those under consideration relate to an epoch more remote. Let it at present be only further observed, with respect to the highly-finished monument under consideration, that the heads and limbs of animals, entwined with foliage with circular and waving stems, was the peculiar taste of ornament on the continent, especially in those kingdoms next to *Great Britain*, about the end of the tenth and throughout the eleventh century. Hence we may see the origin of the marginal embellishments of the obelisk.

Some time after the thousandth year of the Christian æra, and before the thirteenth century, most of these obelisks would appear to have been erected; and as they give evidence of the genius and capacity of the artists employed in the carving of them, we cannot suppose that they would work symbolical figures on them with such care, if the import of these figures had not been generally understood; for as they had not the knowledge of letters, to enable them by inscriptions to perpetuate the memory of persons and events, it is not to be doubted but these hieroglyphical forms are the traces of a language, or specimens of imagery at the time comprehended, however difficult it may be now for us to unravel their meaning. These observations are applied to the sceptres and circles above the figures; for the hunting of the deer and the sounding of the horns need no illustration; only, perhaps, it is worthy of some notice, that the principal figure in this outset to the chase is a female. It is observable that the uppermost rider has a stirrup [no stirrip is now visible], wears no spear, is represented in a front view, and is therefore probably feminine; but the emblems raised in the adjoining corner seem calculated to put it beyond a doubt. They very nearly correspond in form with those expressed more at large on the *Maiden Stone* [situated in the parish of the Chapel of the Garioch, Aberdeenshire], and pronounced to be the figures of a mirror and a comb. None need be offended at the choice of these hieroglyphicks as appendages of dress, or characteristic of the *lady*. There was found an ivory comb in an alabastar urn at *Rome*, in the end of the sixth century, which was esteemed one of the greatest curiosities, and gave rise to many deep speculations on the gradual advances of society towards elegance of manners and refinement in the arts of polished life. Although this be a similar occasion, it is not thought necessary to renew these speculative disquisitions, however entertaining they may have been.

The shields and sceptres claim a more minute investigation. Shields were ornamented with various flowerings, ere they were distinguished by those peculiar emblems, which became the chosen insignia of those eminent in valour, or remarkable for their feats in arms.

In his *Antiquities of the North of Scotland* Cordiner remarks:

It is highly probable, from the indubitable evidence which these monuments give of the expertness and genius of the artists who have been employed in designing and carving them, that every figure has had an import of some consequence, at that time understood; and what might then, from custom, be easily apprehended, they would not doubt of continuing intelligible to future ages also; but had they obtained the knowledge of letters, they certainly would not have had recourse to a means of perpetuating the memory of events, so much less perfect.

There are writs extant, signed at *Inverness*, &c., in the middle of the eleventh century, though the obelisks under consideration must have been erected some time previous to that age; yet it is perhaps beyond human penetration any further to ascertain the period, far less unravel their import. One general observation however occurs—that the genius, art, and application, discoverable in the carvings on these monuments; the elegance of some of the ornaments, the mathematical accuracy of others, and elaborate execution of the whole; as they bear testimony to the ingenuity and abilities of the artists of an unknown age; so they are some acknowledgement of the tranquility, improvements, and happiness of this country, ages before our accounts of it commence. The ornamental arts are only practised and admired, when leisure, quiet, and security is much enjoyed; and they must have been greatly encouraged and delighted in, before they could have come to such perfection. Had the *Caledonians* been earlier capable of recording their story, it is probable that we should have been presented with many pictures of easy life, of rural happiness and peaceful years; perhaps of civil policy and superior improvements, enjoyed by the inhabitants of these northern provinces, previous to those turbulent ages, to which our histories extend.

The numerous remains of antient towers and castles, both inland and upon the shores; the decayed monasteries, and other religious buildings, all give evidence that *Ross-shire* has been long held a field of valuable settlements: and now the whole side round its eastmost extremity is through well-cultivated fields, and commonly very pleasant seats in view.

No notice occurs, either in the *Antiquities of the North of Scotland*, or in the *Remarkable Ruins*, of the inscription upon the back of the slab.

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ANNUAL DINNER OF THE 3D BATTALION SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS.—The 3d Battalion Seaforth Highlanders (Ross-shire Buffs) (The Duke of Albany's), late the Highland Rifle Militia, held its annual dinner at Limmer's Hotel, Hanover Square, London, on the 22d June. His Royal Highness the Duke of Albany, Colonel of the Battalion, presided, and was attended by Colonel Perceval. The following officers were present:—Lieutenant-Colonel Macleay; Majors Kenneth Macleay of Keiss, and Hugh Rose of Tarlogie; Captains Colin Mackenzie; W. F. Maitland-Kirwan, Sinclair Macleay, and Sutherland Colquhoun; Lieutenants Munro of Poyntzfield, Baird, Wimberley, Davidson, Thomson, and Edwards; and Lieutenant Fitzroy Fletcher, Scots Greys. Letters expressing regret at inability to attend were received from Lord Tarbat; the Hon. Walter Stewart, Master of Blantyre; Sir Kenneth Mackenzie, Bart., of Gairloch; Colonel Duncan Davidson of Tulloch; Colonel Mackenzie-Fraser; Inspector-General W. Ord Mackenzie of Culbo, and many others. After dinner, His Royal Highness, who had expressly stipulated that he should not be called upon for a speech, proposed the toast of the Queen, which was most heartily responded to. Shortly after ten the Duke, who had an engagement to visit the Botanic Gardens, took leave of his regiment, and retired with Colonel Perceval, but the rest of the company did not break up till about an hour later. During dinner Ronald Mackenzie, Pipe-Major of the regiment, who had been specially summoned from Fort-George for the occasion, played a selection of marches, reels, and strathspeys, and after dinner was specially commended for his masterly execution of the piobaireachds—Seaforth's Salute, the Desperate Battle, and the Finger-lock.

# BISHOP CARSWELL AND HIS TIMES.

By the Rev. JOHN DEWAR, B.D., Kilmartin.

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## VI.

IT would no doubt interest us to know what was the social state of Kilmartin during Carswell's incumbency. Unfortunately no records of so early a date survive. A sub-valuation of the year 1629-30 enables us to give a brief analysis of the proprietors, &c. Three-fourths of the parish was in the hands of proprietors of the name of Campbell, most of them cadets of the House of Argyll. There were 13 proprietors of the name of Campbell; we give the rest in alphabetical order—1 Carswell, 1 Dewar, 1 Macarthur, 1 Malcolm, 1 Maclauchlan, 2 Macneills, 2 Mactavishes. The population was distributed over 63 hamlets or townships, and they seem to have been descendants of Dalriadic Scots who had settled in the district as early as the sixth century. The name of the district, *Airdskeotinnish*, seems to prove this, and abounds in Celtic remains, crosses and sculptured stones, and the patronymics of the people prove that they had come under Christian influences largely; the district, moreover, abounds in the ruins of old churches, most of them named after Columban and Culdee saints. But it would appear that traditions of their old Pagan religion still survived amongst them. "It appears," says Kennedy, "that a tribe of the Druids made choice of this *Strathsgeodinnis*, frequently called Strathmore, for their place of worship and interment. I remember seeing at the bottom of this strath edging an extensive moss (perhaps 25 miles in circumference) more than a score of circular cairns of different magnitudes and nearly the same form, with small open circles (which might be used as altars), proving them beyond a doubt to have been the works of Druids. There have been also at certain distances from these cairns large pillars of stone standing erect from 9 to 12 ft. in height, most of which have been in later times removed to make room for the plough. The natives time after time within the last century demolished the greater part of these relics or *cairns* (which their forefathers considered to have been sacred to the memory of some holy man), and carried away the stones to build their dykes or out-houses. Some long time since

on removing the rubbish from one of these cairns to the bottom, 10 feet deep, an Urn or Tunga was turned up of a superior structure, apparently of brass, supposed to contain the ashes of a dignified Druid."

Some of the urns that have been recovered from cairns which survive are now in the possession of John Malcolm of Poltalloch, and are wonderful specimens of Celtic art and design. The Druids, too, seem to have given names to two places at either extremity of the strath, Crynan or Crinan, and Gouroch (modern, Euroch), which reminds one of Greenock (Gaelic, Grianaig) and Gourock on the Clyde. "Great," says Carswell, "is the blindness and darkness of sin and ignorance and of understanding among composers and writers and supporters of the Gaelic, in that they prefer and practice the framing of vain, hurtful, lying, earthly stories, about the Tuath de Dhanond, and about the sons of Milesius, and about the heroes and Fionn MacCumhail with his giants, and about many others whom I shall not number or tell of here in detail, &c." It would appear, then that such stories were rooted in the very soil of the strath of Kilmartin, and probably we have fragments of them in the Dean of Lismore's Book, in Ossian, in Keating's History of Ireland, and in Campbell's Tales of the West Highlands, where we find Tuath de Dhanond, sons of Milesius, Druids and Fionn MacCumhail intertwined with Celtic mythology. It would seem as if the Highlanders had almost "gane wild" over the exploits of Fionn MacCumhail, if we may judge from Sir David Lindsay's satires, published in Carswell's time, where we find a pardoner producing for sale some relics; amongst others—

Heir is ane relict lang and braid
Of Fyn MacCoall the richt chaft blaid,
With teith and al togidder.
Of Collin's cow heir is ane horne,
For eating of Mak Connal's corne
Was slane into Balquihidder.

We are left to infer the rest from the tombstones supposed to belong to this period. There we see warriors with helmets and tippets evidently of one piece, underneath which is a close-fitting shirt or slashed waist-coat, and truis reaching to a little above the knee, terminating in close-fitting hose; but oftener with the

helmet and tippet and a loose tunic. The warrior invariably holds a long spear in his right hand, while with his left he grasps the hilt of a sword hanging from his belt, or occasionally holds in his hand a shield. We find on these stones all manner of interlaced work, rude representations of dogs in combat with deer, horses, or buffaloes; we see griffins, dogs with their ears pricked, an occasional hawk and wolf, &c. On one of these stones there is the representation of what seems a stag and hind grazing, while above are two youthful heroes with hair on end in loose tunics barely reaching the middle of the thigh; one of them has both his arms raised above his head, and the other his shoulders shrugged up like the wings of an angel evidently in ecstacy at the scene. No doubt these represent the little Highland savages (as Lord Macaulay would call them) of Ariskeodnish on a clandestine visit to the hunting grounds, and bring us back to a time in the history of our Highlands when the glens were resonant with the sound of the horn and the yell of the staghound and the excitement of the chase. We would fain re-people our glens with these, and recall their appearance at the social gatherings, at the fairs, in the sanctuary, at the time when chiefs and clansmen

> Brought to the fane their offering,
> And fought the holy day.

We would fain recall the giant form of Carswell upholding the banner of the Cross

> To plaided warriors arm'd for strife.

We would fain listen to him as he recommended to them "the old, old story," in preference to the "vain, hurtful, lying, earthly stories of their own bards." Multitudes must have listened to his burning words of eloquence; for his power as a preacher seems to have been no less than his piety and learning, his wealth and official power; and the eye of the old Highlander in his native glen will still kindle at the mention of "The Great Carswell."

But though we are left to conjecture the state of the parish during Carswell's incumbency, we have the records which survive and show the social state little more than a century after his death. After the Revolution a Mr Dugall Campbell was appointed minister, and seems to have commenced his labours in

January 1690. He seems to have been a pious and learned man, having acted in the capacity of tutor to the family of Lord Breadalbane before his appointment. His brethren in the Synod of Argyle give their estimate of him in a letter sent him during a severe illness, dated Inveraray, 24th March 1707 :—"They (the Synod) pray the Lord to spare you to be serviceable to the Lord as you are, and that he would send forth to this pairt of his vineyard many such faithful and diligent labourers. We had at our October meeting a most satisfying and savoury account of yourself and discipline, and all other parts of your work there, from the Committee of Synod that visited your parish, and it is earnestly desyred that you may encourage yourself in the Lord, who will erelong sufficiently reward you for your serving him so faithfully in your generation." He seems to have extended his labours beyond his own parish, for they add—"As for the Confession of Faith, Mr McLaurin is to meet with you about it to finish it; but being now to go to the Synod of Glasgow, and next to the Assembly, your meeting must be delayed; however, it is recommended to you to go through the versions that you have, and amend here and there what you think fit, that our work may be easier when you meet. . . . . The Synod recommends to you and Mr Daniel Campbell, senior, to see what you can do as to ane Irish paraphrase upon all the Scriptural songs ere the next Synod."

The stipend of Kilmartin during his incumbency was 4½ chalders meal, and £157 6s 8d Scots money, and as I find the meal in 1702 sold at £4 13s 4d Scots per boll, the stipend in that year would amount to £41 2s $2\frac{8}{12}$d sterling; and considering the fluctuations in the price of grain, he would answer to the letter Goldsmith's description—

> A man he was to all the country dear,
> And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
> Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
> Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change his place.

He seems to have lived in a "modest mansion," with regard to which we read in 1701 :—"The minister did represent unto the Session and heritors present that the west end of the manse was in a very ruinous condition, and that the couple was broken, so that there was apparent danger to lye in it when there was any

storme, and that his judgment was that there would be a necessity for repairing it in the coming in of the year." And they did repair the west end of the minister's manse, at an expense of £32 10s Scots, equal to £2 14s 2d sterling. The church, too, seems to have been equally modest, but it was slated and had glass windows, and had the rare luxury of a bell and bell-house, as we may conclude from "a sum of one pound sixteen shillings Scots money that was paid to John Robertsone, mason, for affixing the tongue to the bell of the church, and for setting up of the bell in the bell-house." This happy community, too, had a schoolmaster "for training and educating of young ones in the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures and good literature." As early as 1692 the heritors of the parish stented themselves in seven shillings Scots the merkland for his maintenance and encouragement, and Mr Dugall Campbell, minister, besides his proportion of the stent, obliged himself to pay to the schoolmaster yearly one boll of meal. A year later they appointed and ordained a schoolhouse to be built for the use of the school and schoolmaster, with "two couples and two gavels;" one heritor mortifying a stance for the schoolhouse and kailyaird; another heritor condescending to give all timber materials necessary "except cabbers;" the rest agreeing to pay a quarrier to "winn and dig stones;" and the whole dividing the rest of the work and charges amongst them proportionate to their respective interests.

> There in his noisy mansion skill'd to rule,
> The village master taught his little school.

The elders of the parish, including the minister, were 24 in number, composed of nearly all the heritors of the parish, and others, all described as "men prudent and discreet, and fearing God." One of the elders was invested by the Right Honourable the Sheriff-Principal of Argyle with power as a civil magistrate to punish delinquents, impose and exact mulcts for the elders forming the Kirk-Session, according to the Acts of Parliament. This Kirk-Session was the body in the parish to whom it appertained to take heed that the Word of God be purely preached within their bounds, the discipline rightly maintained, the ecclesiastical goods uncorruptly distributed, and the sacraments rightly administered.

The parish had undergone a process of dismemberment since Carswell's day, and was not now so extensive: the population, as nearly as can be estimated, must have been somewhere between 1500 and 2000, distributed over 53 hamlets or townships; and the parish was divided into 24 districts for "the elders' more easy vigilance in their function and the people's convenience to meet together the time of examination," and stringent rules were laid down for the discharge of their office. We find in the Records a number of delinquents summoned before the Kirk-Session and doing penance for immorality, profanation of the Sabbath, and other little scandals—there are breaches of promise, and run-away marriages—debates and scoldings amongst the women, and "idle tattles and vain clashes" circulating amongst the gossips—but generally speaking they are a peaceful, moral, and Bible-loving community.* Before the end of 1693 twenty Irish Bibles and six New Testaments are distributed by the Session amongst them, and in 1696 they are put in possession of upwards of thirty Psalm Books and upwards of twelve Bibles and New Testaments, and the eagerness with which these were read by the community may be gathered from the following extract recording a gift of a Psalm Book—

To Malcolm McArthur, miller in Carnasrymore—this man began to learn to read from his son, a school-boy.

The poor and the sick were attended to, and their wants supplied out of the funds of the Church: such of them as stood in need of shoes were supplied with them, so that they might have

* This is no fancy picture, but the result of a careful study of the Records. As to the morality of the parish, the number of delinquents between Jany. 1690 and Jany. 1703 was 44, or an average of 3·38 yearly. The population could not be less than 1500, was probably nearer 2000, yet an anonymous writer on the state of the Highlands and Isles, who, when it suits his purpose, refers to "the beautiful parish of Kilmartin, which contains the grave of many a nameless king and chief," says of this time, "The marriage tie was not always held sacred; and purity of life was rather the exception." Till the anonymous author of "The Social State of the Hebrides Two Centuries Ago" produces his evidence this must be treated as a piece of gratuitious and coarse slander, quite in keeping, however, with the rest of the paper. We have it, not on the authority of an anonymous contributor to the *Cornhill Magazine*, but on the authority of Bishop Burnet, about the year 1692, that in England "the nation was falling under such a general corruption as to morals and principles, and that was so much spread among all sorts of people that it gave us great apprehensions of heavy judgments from Heaven."

no excuse for absence from the ordinances when their health and infirmity allowed them; and they were licensed to go once in the month to every family for a supply to their distressed condition. Nor was the poor school-boy overlooked, as the history of John McCallum abundantly proves—

1696. To John McCallum, a poor orphand and a school-boy, to buy him ane New Testament and shoes, twenty-one shillings Scots.
,, To John McCallum, a poor school-boy, one pound fourteen shillings.
,, To John McCallum, orphand, to buy paper, five shillings Scots.
1697. To John McCallum, a poor school-boy, to buy paper, two shillings.
1700. To John McCallum, a poor school-boy, fourteen shillings Scots.
,, To John McCallum, a young boy going to Ila to be a schoolmaster there, ten shillings.

We give specimens of the charities of the Session—

To Jean Beeth, for two grave-cloaths, one to Katra McKenrick and another for McCarmick, a Craignish man who died in Raschuilly, two pounds twelve shillings Scots.

To John Campbell, to pay for a grave-cloath to his mother-in-law, Bessy Tamson, one pound sixteen shillings.

To John McMartin, in Lorn, a very old man, who had the Synod of Argyle's recommendation, twenty-five shillings ten pennies Scots.

To Donald McVicar, a poor indigent disease gentlemen, who of late was herd in Lergiicrach, that day's collection extending to twelve shillings ten pennies Scots money.

To a poor Braidalbin man, a stranger, three shillings Scots.

To a poor Ila man.

To John Campbell, a poor gentleman of ——'s family.

To Thomas McNeill, an Irishman, having alongst with him his wife and three or four young babbyes, his testificate bearing that he was of reputation once where he lived, and that he was depredated, and having recovered some small stock all was consumed with fyre again, given to him twenty-eight shillings Scots.

To Archibald McGlaissen, a deaf and lame souldier, ten shillings Scots.

Also, four shillings Scots to Donald McPhaill, a lame souldier.

Truly of Mr Dugall Campbell it might be said of the village preacher—

His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch and show'd how fields were won.

The reader will perhaps smile at some of the above entries, but perhaps some hearts will warm, some eyes fill, at the sight of this entry—

25th February 1694. To — McNeill, lying sick of a fever in Upper Leargy, to buy drink, four shillings Scots. *Nota.*—Lady Sophia took special notice of this poor girle.

Dear guardian angel of the noble Argyll! long may thy name be as ointment poured forth in this favoured parish, in which that name was once a household word!

This community, like every Highland community, is seen to better advantage when celebrating the holy Communion.

It was in the spring of 1699. "It being consulted in the Session whether or no the Lord's Supper would be celebrated in this parish this year. It was unanimously *nemine contradicente* acquiesced unto that it should, in the strength of the Lord, be administrated, and that all due previous preparation thereto should be looked to in time that that sacred work might proceed with all decency and order." At the next meeting "The minister gave account that he thought a table of six and thirty foot would be requisit, and if it could be longer it would be better, and that the table and formes on both sydes would require thirteen or fourteen deals," which was "acquiesced to," and the wrights set to work. The necessary funds were speedily raised, and it was finally determined to celebrate the Lord's Supper on Sabbath, the 6th of August 1699; and the elders are exhorted to be circumspect and watchful, and to be present at the circular examinations in their several precincts; and then "it is recommended to the minister to informe himself by Mr Daniell Campbell, minister of Kilmichael, who lately had that work in his hands, what quantity of wine and flower will be requisit to be written for, and that he send ane expresse to John Brown, in Inveraray, merchand, who has been spoken to on the generall already, that he cause bake the quantity of flower requisit, and cask the wine in good tight casks, and have all the elements in readiness to be transported hither on Tuesday, the 1st of August insuing precisely." Meantime circular examinations are held in the several districts of the parish previous to the admission of communicants, in order that the elders may be the better able to pass judgment of the people's competence of knowledge as well

as of their manners and deportment. Jean Beeth (mentioned already) is supplied with eighteen ells of linnen for two table-cloths and three servitts, which she is to hem; she is supplied with black silk to mark them, and white thread to sew them, and with fourteen ells of knittins to keep the table-cloth on the table —chalices, flagons, plates for the element of bread and for the offering are provided. An express is sent to John Brown to have so many gallons of claret wine, and so many pecks of flower baked against Tuesday, the first of August, the wine to be casked carefully "in two little barrells or bungells." Jean Beeth finishes her stitching, and three wrights finish the tables and forms, and on Monday, the last of July, John Campbell, the church officer, and another careful man, with two horses, go to Inveraray for the elements. The people assemble in church on Thursday, the 3d of August, which they observe as a day of humiliation. After the service "the list of those that had been catechised, and had enrolled themselves spontaneously in order to communicate, is read, *vicatim et oppidatim*, from one end of the parish to the other, and the opinion of the Eldership being asked if they had any ground to object against all or any in such and such a town, especially the judgment and opinion of such elders in whose precincts they respectively did reside, such as anything was objected against, were desired to be admonished privately; and their tickets appointed to be given to the rest, particularly and personally promising, in the strength of the Lord Jesus, to serve God with a sincere heart and a willing mind, and their engagement was to be the Lord's." The people reassembled in the Sanctuary, and observe Saturday as a day of preparation—and on Sabbath the community assemble to the sound of the church bell: they seat themselves on the graves of their ancestors and amongst the old warriors in the kirk-yard, and listen to a sermon in their own vernacular: the church bell tolls again at the close of this sermon, and company after company enter the church and take their place at the table, and after a suitable exhortation they partake of the Supper—each company in their course retiring and mingling with the congregation still assembled without, till the close of the service. Monday they spend once more in the Sanctuary as a day of thanksgiving.

Such was a solemn communion season in the Strath of Aris-

keodnish about a century and a quarter after the death of Bishop Carswell—such the pleasing picture presented to us in this Highland glen at a time when chiefs and clansmen were content to worship in the same church, and to communicate at the same table; when land agitators were unknown, and eviction unheard of, before the clearing of the glens—when

The wrinkled hoary sire,
Of fourscore years and ten,
And the baby at the breast,
Were ejected from the glen.
And rustics in their prime,
Bereft of home and hearth,
Had to bid a long farewell
To the spot which gave them birth.

*(To be continued.)*

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SONNET:
ON READING THE LIFE OF THE LATE REV. DR NORMAN MACLEOD.

—o—

As when a man, a weary-footed wight,
Tramping long leagues of waste and wintry road,
Sudden uplooks, and recreates his sight
With novel prospect, bursting bright and broad,
Of yellow field, and green soft-gleaming glen,
And rolling stream, and wide rich-waving wood,
And purple brae, and blue embosomed Ben,
And shining crest of laughter-loving flood:
So I, lean traveller, through grey land of books,
Where weeds are rank, and foodful fruits are few,
With ampler thought uprose and brighter looks,
When thy brave life, great teacher, flashed in view;
And launched my skiff, and caught a gale from thee,
Like a young sailor on a broad blue sea!

The above sonnet, written some years ago, I stumbled on the other day, when ranging through a domain of my paper world, in which unprinted verses lie stored. Though somewhat out of season now, it seemed to me that it might not inappropriately find a place in a Magazine where any tribute, however slight, to the memory of one of the greatest of the Macleods, will be sure to find a patriotic appreciation.

JOHN S. BLACKIE.

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ALTAVONA.—The second notice of this remarkable book is unavoidably held over for a month.

## THE HIGHLAND LAND LAW REFORM ASSOCIATION.

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AN Association with the above designation was recently formed in Inverness. Its objects and constitution are as follows :—That the objects of the Association shall be by constitutional means, and *irrespective of party politics*, to effect such changes in the Land Laws as shall prevent the waste of large tracts of productive lands in the North, shall provide security of tenure, increased protection to the tillers of the soil, and promote the general welfare of the people, particularly throughout the Highlands of Scotland.

A special object of the Association shall be the encouragement and fostering of small holdings in the Highlands, and the collection and publication of the facts and circumstances connected with evictions in the North.

The Society shall be called "THE HIGHLAND LAND LAW REFORM ASSOCIATION."

The membership of the Association shall be open to all who approve of its objects.

The annual subscription shall be—For honorary members, *One Guinea;* for ordinary members, *Five Shillings;* for small tenants, artisans, and labourers, *One Shilling*. Subscriptions and donations may be paid to the treasurer or secretary. Then follows the usual rules as to number and election of office-bearers, meetings, and audit. The Executive for the current year are :—Hon. President, John Mackay, Esq., C.E. ; President, William Morrison, Esq. of Birchwood, Inverness ; Vice-Presidents, Councillor Charles Mackay, Inverness ; Councillor Matthew Elliot, do.; John Macdonald, merchant, Exchange, do.; Secretary, Dean of Guild Mackenzie, *Celtic Magazine* Office, Inverness ; Treasurer, George J. Campbell, solicitor, Inverness ; Council, Bailie Alexander Maclennan ; Treasurer Jonathan Ross ; Councillor W. G. Stuart ; Kenneth Macdonald, town-clerk ; Rev. Charles Macechern ; Rev. John Mactavish ; William Banks Forsyth ; Dr F. M. Mackenzie ; D. J. Mackay, solicitor ; James Fraser, Lombard Street ; William Mackenzie, clothier ; Duncan Mackintosh, commission-agent ; Duncan Mactavish, commission-agent ; Alexander Mactavish, ironmonger ; Donald Campbell, draper ; Colin Chisholm ; John Grant, upholsterer ; William Gunn, draper ; John Whyte, librarian ; Duncan Macpherson, steamboat agent ; all of Inverness.

The following circular is in course of being issued:—

Sir,—We beg to call your attention to the constitution of the Highland Law Reform Association sent herewith, and at the same time respectfully solicit your aid in carrying out its objects by granting us authority to enrol your name on its List of Members, and by inducing your friends to follow your example.

The Association has already done substantial service in directing public attention to the unsatisfactory condition of the crofter population throughout the Highlands, and especially in chronicling the facts in connection with recent evictions.

The objects of the Association are such as must recommend it to all interested in the welfare of the Highlands. All that is wanted to make it a real power for good, is that all who believe in its object should at once enrol themselves among its members.

We are, yours faithfully,

(Signed) CHARLES MACKAY, MATTHEW ELLIOT, JOHN MACDONALD, } *Vice-Presidents.*
ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, *Secretary.*
GEORGE J. CAMPBELL, *Treasurer.*

Those desiring to become members should communicate with the secretary. The objects of the Association are worthy of the support of all who take an interest in our Highland countrymen, and Highlanders at home and abroad may extend substantial support in carrying out its objects by becoming members, and sending donations to the fund. Among the honorary members whe have already joined are Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, Esq., M.P., F.S.A., Scot., and John Mackay, Esq., C.E., Hereford. It will be noticed that the Association is entirely non-political, and no illegal proceedings of any kind will be countenanced.

## THE SKYE CROFTERS AND THEIR CLAIMS.

THE following letter, from the editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, appeared in the *Inverness Courier* of 8th July:—

Sir,—Your Portree correspondent mentions my name in to-day's issue in connection with the present proceedings of the Braes and Glendale crofters in taking possession of lands which do not belong to them, and he suggested that I should advise them to act differently. I am not sure that, *in present circumstances*, any advice from me would be listened to, but I have no hesitation in saying that the conduct of the men who took unauthorised possession of Ben-Lee and Waterstein is quite illegal, and, in my opinion, foolish and ill-advised. I shall certainly not in any way encourage such proceedings, nor will I take any steps to defend them in Court or elsewhere; and, though I am here writing for myself alone, I think I know enough of the feeling of the crofters' friends in Inverness to entitle me to say the same for most, if not all, of them. Not only so, but the illegal conduct of the Braes and Glendale crofters has made it much more difficult for any of their friends to help them in securing redress in future for their grievances by legal means.

I had no communication whatever, either directly or indirectly, with any one in Skye on the question since the trial of those who took part in the famous but farcical "Battle of the Braes." The mention of my name by your correspondent and others has, however, induced me to write this note, and in doing so I would strongly advise the Skye crofters to withdraw their cattle from land which does not legally belong to them, and to keep within the law themselves in future if they wish to secure the sympathy of those who are anxious to get their grievances redressed by constitutional means.

I may safely say that on no other conditions will they obtain substantial aid or sympathy from this quarter. Illegal conduct on the part of crofters or others is at least as great an offence against society and the Moral Code as landlord tyranny, and both should be made equally impossible by the proper and impartial administration of the existing law, and by its abolition or alteration, where such may be found necessary, in the interests of the weak and defenceless crofters.—Yours faithfully,

Inverness, 6th July 1882. ALEX. MACKENZIE.

## HIGHLAND NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS AND THE CROFTERS.

IN connection with the foregoing letter, and the proceedings in the Isle of Skye to which it refers, it may prove interesting and useful to the public, if we place them in possession of information which may enable them to judge the Skye and West Coast correspondence of some of our Northern and, indeed, some of our leading Southern newspapers, at its proper value. One of the Skye correspondents of the *Inverness Courier*, who asked for the advice contained in the said letter, turns out to be a no

less important person than Mr Angus Martin, sheriff-officer, Portree, immortalised in connection with a "deforcement" which has become historical, though it has been found never to have taken place, and with the famous "Battle of the Braes;" clerk to Lord Macdonald's factor; and holder of innumerable other equally important offices in the Isle of Skye. This fact will at once explain to the public the unmistakeable one-sidedness of a great portion of what appears in the Skye correspondence of the *Inverness Courier*. But this is not all. In addition to the usual duties of ordinary correspondent, though it is obvious that, in his position, Martin cannot lay claim to such an humble but honourable position—for he, in the nature of things, cannot but write "to please the Laird"—he has taken to the extraordinary practice of writing "Letters to the Editor," and telegraphing them, at the expense of the *Courier*, as if they were written by independent outsiders. We have been able to catch him, red-handed, at this game the other day. The foregoing letter having appeared in the *Courier* of the 8th July, on the 10th Mr Angus Martin, one of the *Courier's* own accredited Portree correspondents, *telegraphed* a Letter to the Editor in reply, which, to use the late George Gilfillan's definition of the epitaph on Montrose's Monument, was simply "a lie twelve lines long," with this difference, that Martin's letter extended to more than double, or twenty-five lines of deliberate misrepresentation. We possess undoubted and complete evidence of the statements here made; and we can only express our surprise that a newspaper of the high character and respectability of the *Inverness Courier* should lend itself to such a contemptible and mean imposition on the public by a man situated like Angus Martin, whose position, whose bread in fact, depends on Lord Macdonald's factor, Lord Macdonald himself, and other Skye proprietors and party politicians.

It may be well, when at it, that we should give a slight insight into the source from which most of our leading papers derive their inspiration in connection with the recent eviction proceedings by Mr Dugald Stuart, late proprietor of Lochcarron, and other kindred questions. The same person is, or was, at the same time, West Coast correspondent for the *Scotsman*, *Inverness Courier*, *Advertiser*, *Oban Times*, *Elgin Courant*, *Forres Gazette*, *Aberdeen Journal*, *Edinburgh Courant*, *Glasgow News*, *Northern Ensign*, and *Perthshire Courier*. A few of these, as well as several others, have thrown the great man overboard, but he is still in active employment for most of the papers above named. The consequence is that when this "great unknown" adopts any opinion or publishes any statement on any public question, it virtually becomes the opinion of nearly the whole press of the country; while the public, naturally enough, suppose that the collective wisdom of the Scottish press is founded, in each case, on individual and independent testimony. We have nothing to say as to the value of the opinions and statements of this invisible lever for the formation of Scottish public opinion, beyond stating that he too has taken to writing letters to some of his editors, as if they were from independent correspondents, in support ot his own previously published statements and opinions, and that he is no other than Mr P. C. Ross, PLOCKTON, LOCHALSH.

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THE PROPHECIES OF THE BRAHAN SEER.—A third edition of this curious book, which has for some time been out of print, is just published. It contains the late Mr Macgregor's Appendix on the "Superstition of the Highlanders," and several additional prophecies. Price, 2s 6d; by post, 2s 9d. A few copies are printed on thick, fine, large paper. crown 8vo., with a wide margin, handsomely bound, at 7s 6d; by post, 8s 3d. To secure copies of the latter early application is necessary.

## JOHN MACRAE—IAN MACMHURCHAIDH—THE KINTAIL BARD.

### VI.

THE following Song, to the air of the *Flowers of Edinburgh*, is one of the bard's best and most popular efforts. It was written in America, and while Macrae was engaged in the American War of Independence. He compares his wretched position there, a soldier in the King's army, to his former free and happy state in Kintail, in splendid verse. The poor bard bitterly regretted, with good cause, that he had ever left his native country, and his contrast of his experiences in the land of his adoption and in the Scottish Highlands, in this song, is powerful, poetical, and patriotic :—

Gur muladach a tha mi,
'S mi 'n diugh gun aobhar ghaire ;
Cha b' ionnan 's mar a bha mi
'S an aite bha thall :
Far am faighinn manran,
Mire, is ceol-gaire,
Agus cuideachd mar a b' aill leam,
Aig ailleas mo dhràm.
Nuair 'shuidheamaid mu' bhord ann,
Bhiodh botul agus stòp ann ;
'S cha b' eagal duinn le comhstri,
Ged 'dh-olt' na bhiodh ann.
'S e th' againn anns an aite so,
Tarruing dhorn is lamh,
Agus cleas nan con 'bhi sàs
Anns gach aite le'n ceann.

Guidheamaid le durachd
A h' uile fear 'na urnaigh,
Gun tigeadh lagh na duthcha
Gu cunntais gun mhall,
Gun tigeadh achd bho'n righ sin,
A b' fhurast' dhuinn a dhireadh,
'S a chleachd bhi aig ar sinnsear
'S an tìm a bha ann;
Cha be 'm paipear brònach,
A shracadh na mo phocaid,
Bhiodh againn air son storais,
Ach òr gun bhi meallt ;
Crodh is eich is feudail,

Dha 'n cunntadh air an reidhlean,
Dheth 'm faighte sealladh eibhinn
Thar eudann nam beann.

Mo shoraidh gu Sgur-urain,
'S an coirre th' air a culthaobh,
Gur tric a bha mi dluth ann,
Air chùl agh is mhang,
Ag amharc air mo ghluinean,
An damh a' dol 's a bhùirich,
'S a cheil' aige ga dusgadh,
Air urlar nan allt,
Cha be'n duilleag chrianach,
A chleachd e bhi ga bhiathadh,
Ach biolar agus mìn-lach,
Is sliabh gun bhi gann;
Nuair rachadh e ga iarraidh
Gun tairneadh e troimh fhiaclan,
An t' uisge cho glan siolait,
Ri fion as an Fhrainc.

Mo shoraidh leis an fhiadhach,
Ge tric a bha mo mhiann ann;
Cha mho 'ni mi iasgach.
Air iochdar nan allt;
Ge b' ait leam bhi ga iarraidh,
Le dubhan, is le driamlach,
'S am fear bu ghile bian diubh,
Ga shiabadh mu'm cheann;
Ga tharuinng dho na bruaiche,
Bhiodh cuibhle 'dol mu'n cuairt leis,
Is cromag ann ga bualadh,
Mu'n tuaims a bhiodh ann;
Ach 's e th'againn anns an aite so,
*Cruipin-hoe* 's lamhag,
'S chan fhusa leam a *mharlin*
'Cuir tairnich nam cheann.

Nam faighte lamh-an-uachdar
Air luchd nan còta ruadha,
Gun deanainn seasaidh cruaidh
Ged tha 'nuairs orm teann;
Ged tha iad ga n'ar ruagadh,
Mar bhric a dol 's na bruachan,
Gu faigh sinn fhathast fuasgladh,
Bho'n uamhas a th' ann;
Ma chreideas sibhs' an fhirinn,
Cho ceart 's tha mi ga innse,
Cho cinnteach ris an dìsne,
Gur sibhs' 'bhios an call;

Gur e n'ur deireadh dibreadh,
Air fhad 's dha 'm cùm sibh 'strì ris;
N' as miosa na mar dh'inntrig,
'S gur cinnteach gur h' ann.

Sid an rud a dh' eireas,
Mar dean sibh uile geilleadh,
Nuair 'thig a chuid as treuna,
Dheth 'n treud a tha thall;
Bithidh crochadh agus reubadh,
Is creach air na cuid spreidhe;
Cha'n fhaighear lagh no reusan,
Do reubaltaich ann;
Air fhad 's dha 'n gabh sibh fògar
Bi ceartas aig Righ Deorsa,
Cha bharail dhomh gur spòrs dhuibh,
An seol 'chaith sibh ann,
Ach 's culaidh-ghrath is dheisinn
Sibh fhad 's dha'n cùm sibh streup ris;
'S gur h' aithreach leibh na dheigh so
An leum 'thug sibh ann.

The next, and the only other of the bard's compositions, which we are at present able to give, is a lament, also composed in America, having the same burden as the last. He draws a vivid contrast between his miserable position in the forest hut and the jovial days of his early youth, shooting, fishing, singing, drinking, and story-telling.

'S mi air fogradh bho fhoghar,
'Deanamh thighean gun cheo unnta,

Tha mi sgìth 'n fhògar so,
Tha mi sgith dheth an strì,
So an tir dhòruinneach.

Ann am bothan beag barraich,
'S nach tig caraid dha 'm fheoraich ann.
Tha mi sgìth, &c.

Ged a tha mi fo'n choille,
Cha 'n eil coire ri chomhdach orm.
Tha mi sgìth, &c.

Ach 'bhi cogadh gu dileas,
Leis an righ bho'n bha choir aige.
Tha mi sgìth, &c.

Thoir mo shoraidh le dùrachd,
Gus an dùthaich 's am bu choir dhomh 'bhi.
Tha mi sgìth, &c.

Thoir mo shoraidh 'Chinntaile,
Far am bi manran is oranan.
Tha mi sgìth, &c.

A'n tric a bha mi mu'n bhuideal,
Mar ri cuideachda sholasaich.
Tha mi sgìth, &c.

Cha be'n dràm 'bha mi 'g iarraidh,
Ach na b' fhiach an cuid storaidhean.
Tha mi sgìth, &c.

Ceud soraidh le dùrachd,
Gu Sgur-urain, 's math m' eolas, innt'.
Tha mi sgìth, &c.

'S tric a bha mi mu'n cuairt di,
Ag eisdeachd ùdlaich a' cronanaich.
Tha mi sgìth, &c.

A bheinn ghorm tha mu 'coinneamh,
Leam bu shoillear an neoinean innt'.
Tha mi sgìth, &c.

Sios is suas troimh Ghleann-Seile,
'S tric a leag mi 'n damh cròcach ann.
Tha mi sgìth, &c.

Gheibhte breac air an linne,
Fir ga'n sireadh is leois aca.
Tha mi sgìth, &c.

Tha mi nis air mo dhìteadh,
Ann am prìosan droch-bheolainteach.
Tha mi sgìth, &c.

Ach na'n tigeadh Còrnwallis,
'S mi gu falbhadh leis solasach.
Tha mi sgìth, &c.

Gu sgrios a thoir air beistean,
Thug an t'eideadh 's an storas bhuam.
Tha mi sgìth 'n fhògar so,
Tha mi sgìth dheth an stri,
So an tìr dhòruinneach.

[We shall be glad to receive any other of the bard's poems, some of which we believe are still to be had in Kintail, though many of them, we fear, are irretrievably lost.—Ed. *C.M.*]

# THE MATHESONS OF SHINNESS, ACHANY, AND THE LEWS.

By the Editor.

[Continued.]

It has been already pointed out [p. 62] how, in the fifteenth century,

Donald Ban Matheson, son of Alexander Matheson of Lochalsh, fled to Caithness and became progenitor of this family. It is said that the Chancellor of Caithness was, at the time, a Matheson, and that this accounts for Donald's choice of that remote country when he had to find protection from his step-father, Macleod, who was lording it so haughtily in Lochalsh. By a daughter of the Earl of Caithness Donald Bàn had a son who, according to the tradition recorded in all the Matheson manuscripts, was born in Lochalsh.* The son was named

John Matheson, but he was better known among the Highlanders as "Ian Gallach," or John of Caithness, and his descendants to this day are sometimes called "Sliochd Ian Ghallaich," or the descendants of John of Caithness. He settled on the lands of Shinness, which extended along the North-east side of Loch Shin, in Sutherlandshire. He was succeeded by his son,

John Matheson of Shinness, referred to in Sir Robert Gordon's Earldom of Sutherland, as one who, in 1569, with Y. Mackay, made a narrow escape from a fearful snow-storm on a certain foray. He is described as "John Mak-ean Mak-Konald wain [John son of John, son of Donald Bàn], who dwelleth now in Cinenes [Shinness], and is at this day [1639] Cheiff of the tryb of Seilwohan [Siol Mhathoin] in Southerland." This is the first authentic glimpse we obtain of this branch of the Mathesons; and so little is known of John's successors that it will be impossible to give more than a very incomplete genealogical sketch of his descendants.

In 1579 several of the leading men of the district were surprised and killed at Durness by the Chief of the Aberigh Mackays and others, at the instigation of the Earl of Caithness, be-

* See footnote, p. 62, quoting the Iomaire MS.

cause these leaders gave allegiance to the Earl of Sutherland, "at which tyme John Mack-ean-Mack-Donald-Wane* in Cinenes (cheiftane of the Seillwohan) escaped with great valor through the midst of his enemies, being then in the company of John Beg Mackay."

A tribe of the Mackenzies, known as "Siol Thomais," originally from Ardmanach, in Ross-shire, obtained a strong footing in Sutherlandshire by the aid of the "Siol Wohan," or Mathesons, who appear to have followed the lead of the Mackenzies until January 1616, when, on the recommendation of Sir Robert Gordon, Tutor of Sutherland, they elected a chief of their own in the person of John Matheson, and separated from the Mackenzies. Sir Robert's namesake, the author of *The Earldom of Sutherland* [pp. 326-27], gives the following account of how this election came about. Sir Robert, "perceaveing that some of Seill-Thomas in Southerland began now to depend vpon Macky (alledging ther tryb to be descended of his house, although ther begining and first predicessors came out of Ardmeanagh in Rosse), he essayed to weaken the power of the Seill-Thomas, becaus he thought it a dangerous exemple that any tryb within that cuntrey should depend vpon any other then the Earle of Southerland, or such as did supplie his place, which he brought to pass in this manner: There is a race of people in Southerland, of equall, yea rather of greater force and power than the Seill-Thomas called Seill Wohan. This clan, or tryb, at all meetings, conventions, weapon-shews, and hoisting, these many years bypast still joined themselves to the Seil-Thomas; so that now they were both almost reputed to be one familie, under the name of Seil-Thomas. Sir Robert thought iff he could withdraw the concurrance and assistance of this people from the Seil-Thomas, that then the Seil-Thomas wold be of little force. Therefor he taketh occasion to send for the tryb of Seil-Wohan, and declared vnto them how far more honorable it were for the Earle of Southerland, and greater credet for themselves to choyse a chieftane or captane of ther owne tryb, then thus to give their attendance to others, who were their inferiors, and at the most, bot ther equalls: that they were as strong everie way as the Seil-Thomas, and therefore he advysed them to choyse a heid of ther owne race and familie,

* John Mac Ian Mac Dhomhnuill Bhàin.

who wold be, from tyme to tyme, ansuerable for the rest of his tryb to the Earle of Southerland, or to any haveing his place: that so they should not onlie be in greater accompt with their lord and master, the Earle of Southerland, bot lykwise therby they should be more respected by the rest of the inhabitants within the cuntrey. Whervnto they hearkned willinglie, and the motion pleased them weill; so they did choyse John Mack-ean-Mac-Konald Wain, in Chinenes, for head and chiftane of ther tryb; which policie of Sir Robert's hath much weakned the power of the Seil-Thomas." Matheson must have lived to a good old age, for, as we have seen, he is referred to by Sir Robert Gordon as being very prominent among the leading men of Sutherland in 1569 and 1579; or 47 years earlier than 1616, when he was elected chief.

He was succeeded by his son,

GEORGE MATHESON of Shinness, who, in 1626, accompanied Sir Donald Mackay of Farr, afterwards Lord Reay, to the wars of Gustavus Adolphus, King of Denmark, in whose service he rose to the rank of Colonel. He, on his return, on the 5th of October 1639, matriculated his arms, in the Lyon Office, describing himself as Colonel George Matheson. The next head of the family of whom we know anything after Colonel George, and who must have been his grandson or great-grandson, is

DONALD MATHESON, who took an active part on the side of the Government in 1715. Donald was succeeded by his son,

NIEL MATHESON, born in 1740, and, at the head of his house, in 1745-46. His son, Duncan, however, seems to have represented his father in the field, and fought against the followers of Prince Charles Edward. In a skirmish with the enemy, the latter received a wound, from the effects of which he died, in 1750.

Duncan married Elizabeth, daughter of William Mackay of Moudel, with issue—(1) Donald, who succeeded his grandfather; and (2) a daughter, Anne, who died young. After Duncan's death his widow married Dr Archibald Campbell, by whom she had issue, among others—George Washington Campbell, Secretary to the Treasury of the United States of America, and afterwards Ambassador-Extraordinary to the Russian Court at St Petersburg. Niel Matheson outlived his son, Duncan, for 25 years, and on his own death, in advanced years, in 1775, he was succeeded by his grandson,

DONALD MATHESON, then in the twenty-ninth year of his age. In 1762, in his sixteenth year, he was appointed Ensign in a Fencible Regiment, raised by the Earl of Sutherland in 1759, and served with it until the peace of 1763, when the regiment was disbanded. The Earl raised another Fencible Regiment in 1779, and Matheson joined it as Captain-Lieutenant. This corps was reduced at Fort-George in 1783.

Matheson married, in the same year, Catherine, daughter of the Rev. Thomas Mackay, minister of Lairg, by his wife, Catherine, daughter of John Mackay, Kirtomy, and grand-daughter of James Mackay, nephew of Donald, first Lord Reay, by his wife, Jean, daughter of the Hon. Sir James Fraser of Brae, son of Simon, eighth Lord Lovat. By this lady Donald Matheson, at his death, in 1810, left a family of three sons and five daughters—

1. Duncan, his heir, born in 1784.

2. James Sutherland, afterwards of the Lews. He was born at Lairg, Sutherlandshire, in 1796. Educated at the High School and at the University of Edinburgh, he afterwards joined the well-known mercantile house of Jardine, Matheson, & Co., of India and China, where he amassed a large fortune. As a partner of this firm he resided for many years abroad. On the occasion of his return to his native country, in 1842, he was presented by the native merchants of Bombay with a service of plate of the value of £1500, with an address, in acknowledgment of his exertions in promoting British commerce during the first Chinese war, and for his conduct during the Opium dispute with the Celestial Empire. He published a pamphlet on the position and prospects of the China trade, which secured considerable attention; was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society; and represented Ashburton in Parliament from 1843 to 1847. In the latter year, he was elected for the Counties of Ross and Cromarty, which he continued to represent until he resigned in 1868. In 1843, he had married, Mary Jane, fourth daughter of Michael Henry Perceval of Spencer Wood, Canada, a member of the Legislative Council of Quebec (who survives him), without issue. In 1851 he was created a Baronet of the United Kingdom in recognition of his great exertions and munificence in providing the inhabitants of the Lews (which Island he had previously purchased from Mr Stewart-Mackenzie of Seaforth) with food during

the severe famine of 1847 and succeeding years. He spent an amount of money on building his residence, Lews Castle, laying out the grounds, and on improving his property generally, which, in any previous era of Highland history would have been considered fabulous; but the manner of this expenditure, and its results generally throughout the Island, as well as the career of Sir James generally in the Commercial world, and as a landed proprietor and public man, will demand a separate article. In 1866 he was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of the Counties of Ross and Cromarty. He died, without issue, in 1878, leaving his Island principality, in life-rent, to his widow, Lady Matheson of the Lews, and entailed on his nephew, Donald Matheson, present representative of the family of Shinness.

3. Thomas, a General in the army, born in 1798, and died unmarried in 1874.

4. Margaret, who, in 1804, married John Matheson of Attadale, and became the mother of Sir Alexander Matheson, Baronet, of Lochalsh, M.P. for the County of Ross, and several others.

5. Harriet, who, in 1814, married the Rev. Alexander Macpherson, D.D., minister of Golspie. She died in 1816.

6. Williamina, who died unmarried.

7. Johanna, now Miss Matheson of Achany, Sutherlandshire.

Donald Matheson of Shinness was succeeded as representative of the family by his eldest son,

DUNCAN MATHESON, an Advocate and Sheriff of the County of Edinburgh. He married, in 1815, Annabella, daughter of Thomas Farquharson of Howden, by whom (who died in 1829) he had issue—

1. Donald, his heir, born in 1819.

2. Hugh Mackay, who married Agnes, daughter of David Macfarlan, with issue—one son, Hugh, and two daughters.

3. Thomas, who, in 1850, married Anne, daughter of John Cropper, who died, leaving him no issue.

4. Elizabeth; 5, Isabella.

Duncan Matheson died in 1838, when he was succeeded, as representative of the family, by his eldest son,

DONALD MATHESON, who married, in 1849, Jane Ellen, third daughter of Horace Petley, Lieutenant, R.N., with issue—

1. Duncan, of the Inniskilling Dragoons, and who, born

in 1850, married, in 1875, Clara Ellen, daughter of Sir Erasmus Dixon Borrowes, Baronet, with issue—a son, James Sutherland Mackay, born in 1880, and two daughters, Winifred Ellen, and another.

2. Donald, born in 1852.

3. James Horace, born in 1853.

He is the present representative of the Mathesons of Shinness, and heir of entail to the Lews and Achany estates of his late uncle, Sir James Matheson, Baronet, which are now held in life-rent by his widow, Lady Matheson of the Lews.

*(To be continued.)*

## HIGHLAND TESTIMONIAL TO PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

Sir,—Some short time ago I directed attention to the fact of the learned professor having almost single handed, and in an incredibly short time, brought to a successful completion the great and noble work that he engaged in for the perpetuation of the Gaelic language by the establishment of a Celtic Chair in the University of Edinburgh—he having gathered some £15,000 for this purpose. Now, although his name will go down to generations yet unborn indissolubly connected with this Chair, and therefore needing no memorial to keep it green in the memories of our affectionate and grateful countrymen; yet, it will be a fitting and grateful act of Highlanders, for whose mother tongue he has done such important and valuable service, to at once set about getting up a fund to present him with a tangible memorial of their appreciation of his labours, as also of the high esteem in which he is held by Highlanders all over the world as a benefactor to the race. The form such a memorial should take could be settled afterwards.

The capital of the Highlands, I humbly submit, would be the most suitable place to have the honour of initiating and practically carrying out a proposal, which I feel sure only requires to be stated to meet with a hearty response from Highlanders everywhere.

Your own well-known interest in everything connected with the Highlands and Celtic literature, as also your indomitable perseverance in every matter you take in hand, point you out as the most suitable party to take this business in hand.

I wish you to give this letter a place in your valuable and widely circulated magazine.—Yours truly,

27 St. Andrew Street, D. MACDONALD.

ABERDEEN, 14th July 1882.

[We are in hearty sympathy with Bailie Macdonald's proposal, and have no hesitation in saying that Highlanders will prove themselves unworthy of their name and ancestry unless they at once set about carrying it into practical effect. We have no doubt Bailie Macdonald and his Aberdeen Highland friends will do their share; Edinburgh and Glasgow will also be to the front; and the Highlands generally, led by the Highland capital, will surely do their part. Any small service which the *Celtic Magazine* can render in such a good cause will be heartily and freely given. The Gaelic Society of Inverness should immediately place itself in the van and lead the Highlanders to victory in such a cause. We would suggest a portrait of the Celtic Apostle by a first-class artist as a suitable testimonial; the subscription not to exceed one shilling, or, at most, half-a-crown. These could be forwarded in postage stamps or by postal order, without trouble, from any part of the United Kingdom; and, in the colonies, leading Highlanders would come to the front to receive such subscriptions, and forward them, in the usual way. We submit these suggestions with confidence; and in the meantime we shall be glad to receive suggestions, or subscriptions, from the admirers of the Professor in all parts of the world—at home and abroad. —ED. *C. M.*]

## ANNUAL ASSEMBLY OF THE GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

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THE Eleventh Annual Assembly of the Gaelic Society was held in the Music Hall, Inverness, on the Thursday evening of the 13th of July, the first night of the Great Annual Inverness Wool Fair.

Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, Esq., M.P., F.S.A. Scot., Chief of the Society, occupied the chair, and was supported by a very large audience, representing the whole of the northern and some of the southern counties of Scotland. Pipe-Major Maclennan, of the 2d Battalion Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, played appropriate music in the

entrance hall during the assembling of the audience, and the band of pipers in connection with the I.H.R.V. paraded the streets. The Chairman was supported on the platform by the following gentlemen :—Professor Blackie ; Dean of Guild Mackenzie, editor of the *Celtic Magazine ;* Captain Chisholm, Glassburn ; Colin Chisholm, Namur Cottage ; Roderick Maclean, factor for Sir Alexander Matheson, Bart. of Lochalsh ; Sheriff Blair ; Councillor Charles Mackay ; H. C. Macandrew, sheriff-clerk ; James Anderson, procurator-fiscal ; Kenneth Macdonald, town-clerk ; E. H. Macmillan, manager, Caledonian Bank ; Walter Carruthers, of the *Inverness Courier;* Andrew Dougall, manager of the Highland Railway ; Dr Aitken ; James Fraser, Mauld ; Alex. Dallas, town-clerk ; Rev. Mr Macechern ; G. J. Campbell, solicitor ; Alastair Macdonald Maclellan, Munlochy ; and A. C. Mackenzie Maryburgh. Several of the gentlemen on the platform wore the Highland dress.

The Secretary intimated apologies from the Earl of Seafield, Mackintosh of Mackintosh, Sir Kenneth S. Mackenzie, Bart. of Gairloch ; Æneas Mackintosh of Holm ; John Mackay, C.E., Hereford ; Sheriff Shaw, late of Lochmaddy ; Allan R. Mackenzie, yr. of Kintail ; Bailie Macdonald, Aberdeen ; William Jolly, H.M.I.S. ; ex-Provost Simpson ; and Charles Innes, solicitor. Sir Kenneth Mackenzie wrote as follows :—

"GAIRLOCH, 10th July 1882.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly make my excuse on the 13th to the Gaelic Society for my failure to support our Chief, and to take a part in welcoming the author of "Altavona" at our annual assembly? Irrespective of the pleasure I should have had in being present with you on this occasion, the Society has such a warm side for the small tenantry of the Highlands that I should have been glad of the opportunity to disclaim views inimical to these, which, curiously enough, have been imputed to me—of all people—from a misunderstanding of a few words I spoke last winter in Glasgow. I have, however, engagements here which make it difficult for me to leave, and I regret I must forego the satisfaction I should have had in attending this Assembly. I hope it will have all the success which the presence of Professor Blackie and Mr Fraser-Mackintosh ought to ensure.—Yours very faithfully,

"KENNETH S. MACKENZIE."

Mr FRASER-MACKINTOSH, who was received with applause, said—Ladies and gentlemen, I feel very proud indeed to occupy for the second time the position of Chief of the Gaelic Society of Inverness. I find that it is now seven years since I occupied that position formerly, and, to use a common expression, a great many things have occurred since that period, and I was beginning to consider myself—so far as this society was concerned—on the retired list, but when I received information that the society had been good enough to suggest my name as a proper person to fill the Chief's place for another year, I had no hesitation whatever in accepting the position. (Applause.) If any justification was required for appointing one person twice to be Chief, that justification so far exists in the fact that there is no person who is more fully in sympathy and in harmony and communion with the objects of this society than myself. (Hear, hear.) At the same time, I think it very important that a society like ours should, to establish width and due stability, always be recruiting our strength and getting new blood infused into it ; and I should have been very happy indeed to have been on your list in the high position of honorary chieftain. However, as I said I would accept the chair, I have no hesitation in doing so, and undergoing the fatigue of coming north from London at this time of the year. The fact is that during the session I have been so wearied and harassed, as other members have been, at the proceedings in Parliament, that this long journey north I looked forwared to with delight,

almost like a boy who is looking forward with joy to his holidays. (Laughter and applause.) I found after all the scenes I have seen, and fatigue that I have undergone, that it was one possessing all the excellence of foreign travel; it is so different from what I have been undergoing.

MEMBERS WHO DIED DURING THE YEAR.

At our annual assemblies it is usual for the chairman to make some notes of what has taken place during the past year and offer some observations regarding the future. At our annual meeting we never meet a second time without having undergone the loss of some valued members of the Society. We have met with several losses during the last year, and in connection with that I have to mention a few names. I have in the first place to mention with regret one who has left us and who will not return—one of our chieftains, Mr Thomas Mackenzie of Broadstone. Mr Mackenzie presided at the very first meeting—the meeting that was held to institute this Society, on the 4th September 1871, when thirty-five gentlemen are recorded to have been present, and Mr Mackenzie was voted to the chair. When he was not present in body at our meetings in consequence of failing health, Mr Mackenzie was always with us in spirit in all our gatherings. My recollection goes back to a very remote period—in 1839—when I remembered him in connection with the memorable episode and correspondence that passed between him and Mr White of Cullaird. Ever since then I knew him, and I can say that he departed from us lamented and respected. He was a man who made a most favourable, most honourable, and useful career. (Hear, hear.) We have to mourn another member—Mr John Munro, one of the Glasgow members of this Society, who was drowned in Islay the other day. He was a native of Sutherland, and gained no little fame by his collection, and noting down of Highland music. He collected many Highland airs. I have also to mention the death of the late Mr Davidson of Tulloch, who took a deep interest in all Celtic matters.

NEW MEMBERS.

We have, however, to congratulate ourselves on the other hand on getting new blood into the Society. I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the value of a gentleman who has not long since come to reside among us—I mean Mr Campbell of the *Northern Chronicle*. (Cheers.) I have not the pleasure of that gentleman's acquaintance, but I read with interest the papers that come out in connection with Celtic matters in that newspaper,—(hear, hear)—and I am sure Mr Campbell is very competent to deliver a lecture upon Celtic matters, and if the Society approach him, I have no doubt he would be very glad to do so. I have also to mention another gentleman whose name is connected with Celtic literature—Sheriff Shaw, late of Lochmaddy, who is a thorough Gaelic scholar. Sheriff Shaw has made himself acquainted with the Gaelic of the Western Isles, which is said to be different from ours. From his official experience and long residence in this place, he is a gentlemen, I am sure, who must have had very good opportunities of picking up a good deal of information—old anecdotes, legends, and other things in connection with the islands of the West. I am sure if he were asked he would unfold many curious tales and other interesting things which, perhaps, if not taken down in his own lifetime may be lost to us. I need not, of course, refer—because it has been done already—to the death of the Rev. Mr Macgregor. Every one who was acquainted with Mr Macgregor loved and revered him. I have had an opportunity of glancing over his most valuable work that he wrote about Flora Macdonald. I have often told him, seeing that he was so well acquainted with her history, and

with incidents in her remarkable career, that it was a great pity he did not publish it. That was twenty years ago. But what I was unable to, my friend sitting near me—the Dean of Guild—was able to do. I know that this valuable work contains the most minute details of a life that is not confined to the locality alone round which interest centred, but was known all over the world. (Applause.)

### CELTIC LITERARY ACTIVITY.

There is a deal of intellectual activity—of literary activity—going on at present in connection with Celtic matters. We have, recently published, a most valuable work—another edition of Mackintosh's Gaelic Proverbs by Sheriff Nicolson. We have lately also in connection with Highland matters a book—Altavona—(cheers)—published by my friend Professor Blackie—(long and continued applause)—one of the many powerful weapons that he has brought forward in his day for the purpose of standing up for and preserving Highlanders and the Highlands. I do not think Professor Blackie has ever done anything that did him more credit. At any time when I have occasion to address Highlanders I always mention the name of Professor Blackie, who has done a great deal for us and received nothing in return except the warmest sympathies and affections of the Highlanders, and as long as he lives his name will be revered among the Highlanders and in the Highlands. (Applause.) I must not forget to mention the name of my friend the Dean of Guild—(applause)—in connection with Celtic literature, as I understand his name is associated with—on the title-page of—more than twenty volumes during the last seven years, all of them of very great interest and most of them of real historical value. (Cheers.) We have also the most agreeable and instructive letters of the Nether-Lochaber correspondent of the *Inverness Courier*, whose information was the result of vast research, and who revived the old stories and traditions in the Highlands of matters connected with ancient civilisation. (Applause.) We should be thankful for the literary spirit which prevails in the Highlands.

### THE HIGHLANDERS AND THE HOME SECRETARY.

The Highlanders do get, to use a common expression, "slaps in the face" now and then. I read with surprise the other day that a prison chaplain [Rev. Gavin Lang] had been appointed at Inverness who could not speak Gaelic. Surely, if others fully qualified were applicants, an error in judgment was committed. The Home Secretary, with whom the appointment ultimately rests, is, I know, a great admirer of the Highlanders, particularly the Highlanders of the West, among whom he spends some of his time. (Applause.) I could not at first make out what he meant by this appointment, but at last I came to the conclusion that the only justification that Sir W. V. Harcourt had was that he had such a high opinion of the Gaelic-speaking Highlander that there is not the slightest chance of any such person being incarcerated in prison. (Loud laughter and applause.) If that were really the grounds on which he went, then I am indeed satisfied—(laughter)—and shall say nothing more.

### TEACHING GAELIC AND THE GAELIC CENSUS.

Now, I want to draw your attention to a matter which I consider is of great practical importance to us in the future. I purpose on this occasion to offer a few observations, which I trust will be of a practical character, in reference to a matter which has always attracted the deep attention of this Society, viz.:—The teaching, or as I should rather put it, the utilising of the Gaelic language as a means of facilitating instruction in our Highland schools. (Applause.) It may be in the recollection of some of you that Dr Maclauchlan, who occupied the chair at the Assembly of 1880, spoke as follows:—"One other subject. Can we not next year have

a census of the Gaelic-speaking population of Scotland. The Irish had it last census but one. Why should not we? The Church Committee, of which I am convener, have unanimously memorialised the Government in favour of such a census. It would be full of interest, and could be made to serve important practical ends. Would this Society send a special memorial to the same effect? It is quite in their line, and would be of great and substantial service to the Highlands. You recollect Mr Fraser-Macintosh, M.P., has promised his hearty support." Shortly before the taking of the census, after repeated refusals, the Gaelic return was ordered to be included in the census schedules. You may recollect that considerable discussion took place as to the mode in which this Gaelic census was to be taken, and some valuable remarks on the point by the Secretary of our Society occur in the preface of the last issued volume of your publications. This, however, I must say, that had I laid down any hard and fast rule, or waited until everyone was satisfied how the census was to be taken, the first Sunday in April 1881 would have passed and the census would never have been taken. (Hear, hear.) No doubt some omissions have been made, but I unhesitatingly assert that for all practical, and particularly for such educational purpose as can be demanded from Government, the Gaelic census for 1881, under the instruction "habitually," for which we have to thank the registrar of Fort-Augustus, is sufficient and satisfactory. We there find, in a clear and umistakeable manner, those parishes and districts where the Gaelic overwhelmingly prevails and is the mother tongue. Those who examine the census returns will find that in Sutherland 11 out of 13 parishes, in Ross 28 out of 36 parishes, and Inverness 27 out of 32 parishes, and in Argyll 41 out of 48 parishes, there is a large majority of Gaelic-speaking people. (Applause.) And in all the island, and many of the mainland parishes, the majority is overwhelming. Now, I say it is tyrannical, it is unnatural, in the Education Department to ignore the Gaelic language as a means of instruction and communication, and to refuse to teach it as a substantive branch of education in these districts. (Loud and continued applause.) How would it be viewed in Inverness among the English-speaking population, who think in English, speak in English, and whose whole life is a part of, and inseparably bound up with that language, should they be compelled to educate their children in another language to the ignoring of their own? (Loud applause.) The feelings of all such would revolt against so unnatural a proceeding, and they would rise to a man to repudiate any such rules. Precisely the same hardship is committed upon the Gaelic people, and it is no wonder that we find in some cases rather startling results. (Hear, hear.) You have no doubt all observed that the state of educational matters in the important island of the Lews has excited considerable public attention, and on more than one occasion has been the subject of notice in Parliament. It will not be pretended, I think, that the poor Highlander is averse to his children being educated. (Applause.) On the contrary, we have hundreds, nay thousands of instances, where by hard pinching, saving, and sparing, youths have been sent to school and to college whose subsequent career has shed lustre and renown on the lowly home of their birth. (Applause.) Yet we find in the Lews so many parents declining to send their children to school for the specified periods under the Act, that the highest local authority—(laughter)—[Lady Matheson's factor] was obliged to issue a notice in English and Gaelic (and I would observe in the bygoing that the Gaelic is somewhat faulty) that all defaulting parents must pay additional rent. ("Oh.") Now, I wish to utilise this Lews incident, and I do so by suggesting to the worthy framers to withdraw the circular which has created so much hostile criticism, and to suggest to the School Boards that they petition the Education Department to insert Gaelic as a specific subject in

the next Code. (Applause.) And then, having got authority from the Department, that they will instruct in, and utilise the Gaelic language. I think then we shall hear no more of declinatures to send children to school, of prosecutions before the Sheriff, or the issue of grandmotherly but at the same time illegal notices, like that I have just referred to. (Applause.) To say that the teaching of Gaelic would be no real education or means of instruction and improvement is absurd. (Loud applause.) Why, three hundred years ago the Gaelic language was categorised among the classics. (Hear, hear.) In the "Statuta et leges ludi literarii grammaticorum Aberdonensum," it was enacted that the boys should not speak in the vernacular or vulgar tongue, but in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, French, or *Gaelic*. (Applause.) One simple fact of this kind over-rides the thousands of ignorant and depreciatory remarks regarding Gaelic, so often to be heard of and read. (Hear, hear.) The census returns show where Gaelic prevails, and societies like ours should press forward and use every exertion to make Boards, and the Education Department, act according to reason. (Loud applause.) I fear without this pressure nothing will be done. The same evil, alien influence, which in times past and even now evicts or starves out, or forces the poor Highlander to poverty or expatriation, still exists. (Hear, hear.) I say that evil influence has been, is, and will continue strongly at work to discourage, and if possible obliterate our language unless checked with a firm hand. (Loud applause.) The present Vice-President, Mr Mundella, is a liberal-minded man in the truest sense, and an admirer of Scotch character. It appears to me that now is the opportune moment to press matters on the Department, and if a small deputation from this Society, and from Edinburgh and Glasgow, should be organised towards the conclusion of the year, to proceed to London and interview the Vice-President, I am not without hope of success. (Applause.) For my own part, I should do what I could in London to promote the objects of the deputation and to facilitate their procedure. (Loud applause.)

### THE CROFTER QUESTION.

I would also direct your notice to a matter that has been absorbing the attention of the people in the north. Every one here must be aware of the very unfortunate circumstance that happened lately—(hear, hear)—and many people are of opinion that it is necessary that due protection should be given to the poorer occupants of land in Scotland, and that some remedial measures should be taken in their behalf. (Cheers.) I have myself for a considerable time tried to get a place in Parliament to bring the matter before them, but I have up to the present failed. At the same time I think if a fair representation of the Highlanders and crofters' feelings were submitted to the Prime Minister—(hear, hear)—by a deputation going up at the same time with the education deputation, I have not the least doubt but that they would receive a grateful consideration from Mr Gladstone. (Applause.) The notice that stood in my name has created a good deal of interest in the minds of a great many other members of Parliament. I commit myself to nothing, I offer no solution of the question—it is not for me to do so—all I want is that a Commission should be appointed for the purpose of going round the districts disturbed, speaking to the people in their own language, and asking them their grievances, and I am sure Government—considering how much has been done for Ireland—would not object to this very small act of justice. I propose that these remarks may be taken up by the active members of your Society. You will often see it stated that there is something in the Englishman and the English language which makes a person feel himself at home and independent of his surroundings. We Highlanders have greater advantage in this respect than Englishmen and the English-speaking race. We have our own language, our own music peculiar to

ourselves, and our own dress. These three matters ought not to be forgotten by Highlanders in whatever circumstances they may be placed, and societies such as yours, or such societies as I am addressing, cannot fail to have the sympathy and feeling of all true Highlanders all over the world. (Loud applause.)

Dean of Guild MACKENZIE, editor of the *Celtic Magazine*, and one of the Chieftains of the Society, was the next speaker called upon by the Chairman. He was in the Highland garb; and, peculiarly enough, this was the first time in which the annual Gaelic address was delivered by a speaker dressed in native habiliments. The Dean was warmly received, and he proceeded in Gaelic as follows: —

Fhir na Caithreach, a bhaintighearnan, agus a dhaoin' uaisle, 's mi tha toilichte comas a bhi agam air focal no dha a chantainn ruibh a nochd, aig a leithid so do choinneamh ghrinn dheth mo luchd-duthcha. Tha mi air son sin duilich gum bheil cuid g' am eisneachd nach tuig cainnt mhilis, cheolmhor nan Gaidheal, agus air an aobhar sin cha chum mi fada sibh, ged bu ghle mhath leam beagan a' radh ruibh ann an cainnt laithean m' oige 's na glinn. Ach cha 'n eil leigheas air. Se so a cheud chothrom a fhuair mi air labhairt ri coinneamh mhor a Chomuinn Ghailig, agus tha bròn orm, air iomadh doigh, gu'n d'fhuair mi fhathast e. Co air, am measg nan Gaidheal, nach eil bròn trom agus cràdh cridhe, air son bàs mo charaide dileas is minic a thug dhuinn oraid mhilis, shunntach, bhlath, aig a choinneamh so—an t-Urramach Alastair MacGhriogair, mo dheagh charaide, do math a thigeadh sin. Tha sinn uile duilich e bhi bhuainn—

'S nach till, 's nach, till, 's nach till MacGhriogair.

Ach cha 'n eil comas air; ni sinn mar a dh' fhaodas sin air son a chliusan, agus cliu nan Gaidheal a fhuair rùm mor na chridhe-sa, a chumail suas mar bu mhath leis. Agus their mi so ruibh : cha 'n fhiach na Gaidheil an t-saothair mur a cuir iad Carncuimhne air, agus sin ann an uin ghoirid. Oir bho chaochail m' fhear-cinnidh fhein agus mo charaide—Ian MacCoinnich, a chuir a mach "Sàr Obair nam Bard Gaidhealach," cha d' rugadh fear eile a rinn urad air son na Gailig ri MacGriogair. Rinn Ceannard a Chomuinn, Tearlach Frìseil-Macintoisich, mar tha, anns an oraid ealanta, cheannsgallaich a thug e dhuinn, obair mhath an nochd mar a b' abhaist da; agus nuair a dheireas an Gaisgeach iongantach sin agus am Foghluinnte mor, Mac-an-Duibh, le chiabhaig leith, sa ghuth blasda, binn, cuireas e fonn, sunnt is sogan oirnn uile gu leir. C'aite 'm bheil a leithid? Cha d' rugadh MacGoill riamh, a rinn urad air son nan Gaidheal sa rinn esan, 's gu dearbh cha d' rugadh, mac Gaidheal, a rinn na bu mho. Rinn e iomadh treuntas air son nan Gaidheal; agus bha e duilich gnothuich na bu thapaidh dheanamh air an son no Ard-fhear-teagaisg Gailig a chur suas agus a steidheachadh ann am baile mor Dhun-eidin. Be fhein sàr Charaide nan Gaidheal. [Here Professor Blackie jumped up, and heartily shook hands with the Dean amidst loud and general cheering.] Ach rinn e, air mo bharail sa, gniomh nis tapaidh na sin am bliadhna, nuair a sgriobh e agus a chuir e mach an Leabhar iongantach, miorbhuileach sin, air an tug e mar ainm, annabarach freagarrach, "Allt-a-Mhonaidh;" 's be sin an t-allt glan, sruthach, leumnach, fallain, a ni feum do na Gaidheal, cha 'n e mhain an diugh, ach fada 'n deigh bàs a churaidh ghaisgeanta 'chuir a mach e. Cha tainig a leithid a leabhar a mach o chionn tri-fichead bliadhna. —o na chuir an Stiubhartach coir agus gaisgeanta 'mach *Eachdraidh nan Gaidheal agus nan Reisimeidean Gaidhealach*, ann an 1822. Cha 'n eil Gaidheal is fhiach an t-ainm feadh an t-saoghail gu leir a bhios latha gun a leabhar iongantach so aige, co luath sa chluinneas e mu dheighinn. Gu ma fada beo *Blackie* coir—

Mac-an-Duibh; ach cha bu dubh ach geal dhuinne e. A nise mo na rinn mac a Ghoill urad air nar son agus a rinn Blackie, bu choir dhuinn a bhi smuaineachadh gu de 's urrainn agus is coir dhuinn a dheanamh air nar son fhein. Cha 'n eil cion treubhantas, spiorad uasal, no gaisgeantachd, air na Gaidheil fhathast, ged a tha iad, tha eagal orm, a tuiteam air falbh, a lion beag is beag o an staid naduraich, agus, troimh iomadh ana-cothrom, a' call pairt dheth an cliu agus moran deth am misneach. 'S mò a chuireas earraid, no ablach siamarlain, a dh' eagal an diugh air mo luchd-dutcha no chuireadh feachd *Bhonaparte* orra aig toiseach a cheud so, no na chuireas an t-Afganach, an Turcach, no 'n t-Eiphiteach riabhach, fhathast orra. Agus carson tha sin mor so? Mo thruaigh ri innse dhuibh, gur ann a tha moran dheth an t-seorsa—an cinn-cinnidh—a bha air an ceann anns gach math, agus, feumar aideachadh, uairean anns gach olc, anns na linnibh a dh' fhalbh, an diugh coma dhoibh, ach air son na sgriobas iad a mhàl asda air son na criomagan as cruàidhe 's as creagaiche dhe an fhearann a choisinn an athraichean do aithrichean nan uachduaran thruagha, leis an docha 'n diugh feidh, caoirich mhaola, agus coin, no sliochd nan gaisgeach a choisinn an talamh dhoibh, agus cliu, le'n gaisgeantachd, do Bhreatuinn uile gu leir, gu iomallan an t-saoghail. Ach fhearamh bithidh feum a nise orra 's an Eiphit, agus math a dh'fhaodte, nuair 'thig am feum gun tig barrachd meas orra. 'S ann ainneamh a ghabhas Gaidheal an diugh 's an àrm, agus gu dearbh cha'n eil mi an duil gun cuir moran guth air air son sin, 's nach eil meas nan con aig luchd-riaghlaidh no uachdarain na rioghachd air. 'S mo ga mor a tha mheas air coin nan gall! Ma ni thu droch dhiol air cù no mùc, each no bò, bitheas an luchd-lagha na do sgròban, is se 'm priosan t-aite comhnuidh, ach an deamhain guth a chluinneas tu aig na fir ud ged a gheibheadh croitear bochd, sa bhean, 's a chloinn bàs air cùl garaidh no cnuic, le fuachd no acras. Nach nàr so fhearamh! Cia fhad sa dh'fhuilingeas sinn an diol so a bhi ga dheanamh air nar fuil, 's nar feol. 's na coin 's na feidh gu rìmheach air talamh, 's ga'n arach le biadh, nan daoine. Mo nàire! mo nàire! Cha 'n e sin a mhain, ach tha-sa fuadach nan daoine as an duthaich mar nach b'fhearr iad no na madaidh ruadha. Fhearamh, feumaidh sibh stad a chuir air an obair mhallaichte sin rathad air choir-eigin. Agus feumaidh na Gaidheal fhein misneachd a ghabhail agus "am fraoch a chuir na theine," ach an atharraich luchd-riaghlaidh na rioghachd an lagh air dhoigh 's gum bi e do-dheanta do na h'uachdarain Ghaidhealach iad fhein 's an duthaich a mhaslachadh, a deanamh na Gaidhealtachd na fasaich do dh'fhiadh bheathaichean, agus a sgiursadh an t-sluaigh air fogar do thirean céin agus fad air falbh. Ge 'd tha mor chràdh oirnn air son na tha do dh'obair nàr agus chruaidh-chridheach mar so a dol air adhairt, cha 'n eil sinn idir gun uachdaranan matha, glice, air feadh na Gaidhealtachd. Tha Sir Coinneach MacCoinnich, Ghearrloch; Lochiall, agus graine eile, 'tha nam brod uachdarain, agus gle mhath, gu h'araid, do'n tuath bhochd, agus do na croitearan; agus tha mise cinnteach na'n reachadh iad so, agus an leithid air ceann an cuid daoine, nach gann mac Gaidheal a th'air an talamh aca nach eireadh leo agus nach leanadh an cinn-cinnidh do na h'Innseachan, an Eiphit, no a dh'aite air bith eile am biodh feum orra. Ach tha an seorsa uachdarain so a fàs n'is gainne a h-uile latha mar thig. Bithidh sinn an dochas air son sin, fhad sa tha beagan diubh againn, gun teid iad air taobh agus air ceann an cuid daoine, agus gu'm faigh iad laghan air an deanamh a chùmas droch uachdarain o bhì toir mi-chliu agus taire orra-san nach toill sin, agus a phean-aisicheas na droch dhaoine sin air son brùidealas ri 'n cuid daoine nach leig lagh na rioghachd leo dheanamh ri 'n cuid con.

This address was warmly cheered during its delivery, and the enthusiasm of the meeting gave unmistakeable proof of the power and electrifying effect which an effective Gaelic speech is capable of producing on a Highland audience.

PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

[*Specially reported for the Celtic Magazine.*]

Professor BLACKIE was received with loud cheers, again and again renewed. Amid uninterrupted attention, he spoke as follows:—Ladies and gentlemen of Inverness, Celtic brothers and sisters—(laughter)—I tell you honestly that there is nothing I like, and nothing that I dislike so much as coming to a Highland gathering. (Laughter.) Nothing, I say, that I dislike. I like it with the right side of my heart, and I dislike it with the left. There is nothing that I like so much as coming here to Inverness, because here I get the very soul of the Highlands—the essential spirit and enthusiasm of all that is Highland; and here I meet with people who are not only Highlanders on the outside, but also possess the quality in far higher excellence in their very spirit and constitution. (Cheers.) But, still, there is nothing that I dislike so much, and for this reason that I am called upon to deliver that nondescript sort of a thing which people call an address. (Laughter.) I don't know what it is. (Laughter.) If you want a lecture I can give that to perfection—(laughter)—an hour and a-half if you like without stopping, not only on Greek, but on all subjects whatever—and a few others. (Laughter.) I can also give you a sermon—(laughter)—perhaps as good a sermon as Mr Moody—(renewed laughter)—perhaps even as good as Dr Kennedy, of Dingwall —(applause and laughter)—although I don't exactly like to say that, especially here, and I hope (addressing the reporters) that it will not be printed. (Laughter.) I might give you a song too—even in the presence of Miss Watt. (Laughter.) But to give you an address that passes my faculty, because it passes beyond my comprehension. What then do you expect from me? Do you want amusement? If so, you are very much mistaken. My fun is only the seasoning of the pudding, and if there be no pudding I'll defy you to get any use of the seasoning. (Hear, hear, and laughter.) What, then, will the pudding be to-night? Like Faust, or some one else, if I was many years younger, I would have liked to hear myself speak, although that speech, perhaps, as many speeches are, might be destitute of both seasoning and pudding. (Laughter.) Byron somewhere says—

> "'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;
> A book's a book although there's nothing in't."

And so I would have said 30 years ago. Old men become modest. (Laughter.) I would have many years ago thought it a fine thing to splutter out my mind before you —yes, I would have liked it at a time when an expression of it was not one bit better than a puff of wind against the mighty mass of Ben Nevis. "It is in the papers," people would say. "It is in the papers to-morrow," and they would add, "Blackie is a very clever fellow." (Laughter.) But it is a disgraceful thing to go on talking about nothing, and to show merely that you have a tongue. The first thing that I would say to you, as a friend of the Gael, and as the man whom you have chosen to be a sort of Solicitor-General, or, to use a more serious word, if not more applicable, a sort of Apostle—(laughter)—speaking, then, to you in these capacities, I say to you Highlanders "Believe in yourselves, and that is what you don't always do." If you don't believe in yourselves, and if you don't stand up and say, not only here but everywhere, "We want to be Highlanders—we think we have not been well treated—we have fought all your battles again and again—we have gained all your glory—we claim to be listened to as Highlanders—we don't want to go and make money by hanging to the skirts of a few English dukes and sportsmen as mere flunkeys—we don't want to be sacrificed to the caprice of a few Saxon strangers who come here during a few months of the year." You may say, "We are very glad to see their money—(laughter)

—but we don't want our land to be looked upon as merely hunting ground for a few English dogs." So far as I can understand the scheme of the universe, it is made up on the principle of variety, and not upon a Chinese or Russian principle of monotony. There is throughout the vast universe as great a variety of type and forms as possible —that is the principle everywhere; and upon that principle you surely can see that it is not for the benefit of the universe that the Highlander should be extinguished, and his traditions and his very life thus blotted off the earth. (Applause.) If a parcel of botanists go to a Highland glen, and blot out a whole variety, say *mosumula regalis*, a royal fern, it would be a positive loss to the science of botany. And in the same way, it would be an irreparable loss to the country at large if the Highlanders be overwhelmed and extinguished. (Loud applause.) But I say that this can never take place, unless the Highlander quietly submits to it. If he submit to be kicked out of the world, depend upon it there will be plenty of people who will be very glad to do it.

HIGHLAND PIETY AND ITS RESULT.

Now, continued Professor Blackie, if you wish to take my advice I will tell you that there are two means by which you must preserve your distinct existence as a people. The first is the Church. (Laughter.) And the second is the school. With the Church I won't meddle, not because I cannot—(laughter)—but because corbies and clergy are kittle cattle. (Laughter.) And, besides, I have already told you in that most admirable book—(laughter)—which I understand you are all to buy—(laughter)—I have already explained my views on Highland theology, and I won't now enlarge upon it. But this I will say, that I think these fellows in the *Saturday Review* and in the *Scotsman* who laugh and sneer at Highland piety don't know what they are doing. (Applause.) It is Highland piety, I tell you, that made Scotchmen; it is Highland piety that made Highlanders. (Applause.) Read you the account of how the Highland regiments behaved in America and in other parts of the world, as you will find it given in Stewart of Garth's book, and you will see how it was that their piety, their sobriety, and their general high moral character made them such soldiers as they were. (Loud applause.) There may be, as some say, things about it which present a gloomy aspect of godliness, but I don't think that even that should be talked of with scorn any more than when occasionally a gloomy day comes over your beautiful atmosphere. This talked of gloom is not the whole of you—not the whole of your religion; it is only part of you—it is only part of your theology. I will now, having said so much, leave the subject to Dr Kennedy; but before I pass from it let me impress upon you what Goethe said when he declared that reverence was the root of all excellence: an irreligious man is only a very small part of a man, and an irreligious woman is simply a monster. (Loud applause.)

HIGHLAND SCHOOLS—GAELIC SONGS—THE SNEERING SCHOOL INSPECTORS—SCHOOL BOARDS.

I now come to the school. I have taken the trouble to look into Highland schools, and, therefore, I may be permitted to deal with them at a little greater length than with the Church. I have never been more disappointed at anything in my life than with what I have seen on looking over the schools in the Highlands. There is not a single spark of Celtic fervour—the *perfervidum genus Scotorum;* there is no Celtic fervour; no Celtic enthusiasm; no Celtic feelings—nothing Celtic at all. I could not know that what I have seen in Highland schools was not a thing manufactured up in London for stupid Dorsetshire peasants. (Laughter.) Why, I was obliged in Oban to go and offer two guineas to boys who would sing me Gaelic songs. And they sang, and they got the guineas; but it is not my business to go and give prizes all over the

country for the singing of Gaelic songs. And whose business is it? I'll tell you what it is—there's something rotten in the state of the Highlands, or I would not require to do what I have done. (Laughter and applause.) Napoleon Bonaparte used to say that there is nothing calculated to stir the heart of a nation so much as the national songs: they are the very thing to make the pulse beat in the true man—they are the steam and the go of national life—the glorious impulse to national feeling and unity; and yet those very national songs of yours are never heard in your Highland schools except, perhaps, in one school in every twenty parishes. (Applause.) This, I say, is essentially wrong. If you want to be snuffed out by English school inspectors, who come down here with Oxford ideas, in order to turn you into little small Englishmen —(laughter)—sing all songs except the Gaelic songs. But, on the other hand, if you wish to be sons of your fathers—Macleods, Macdonalds, Campbells, and I don't know how many more—names which are blazing on the roll of British glory—(cheers)—names that are inseparably associated with British honour in every quarter of the globe—(cheers)—then sing your own Gaelic songs. (Cheers.) Why, the Greeks knew something better than you, for no Greek was considered a Greek at all unless he knew and could sing the songs of his country, or was able to play on some national instrument. What is your education? It consists of something that is crammed into you, but there is absolutely nothing in it that I can see to bring out your Gaelic souls, and aspirations of a national feeling—nothing at all, I say, for it is pre-supposed by many that you have no Gaelic souls at all. (Applause and laughter.) What is education? What is it to educate? Is it not *educo?* Is it not the very act of bringing out of you what God has put into you? But what is done with your Highland schools? They send down inspectors to the Highlands of Scotland to sneer at the Gaelic, and they look upon you as a mere sheet of blank paper, on which all the dogmas of John Bull may be put down in any way they please, and all things Highland utterly ignored. (Applause.) I say there is something rotten in the Highlands, for you not only ought to have the Gaelic songs sung in your schools, but you should have the Gaelic Bible read in your schools —(cheers)—and this should have been the case were it not for the insolence of the English, and the stupidity of the Highlanders themselves. (Laughter.) Why are you ashamed of yourselves? What reason have you to be ashamed of yourselves? None, if you look back on your fathers: a good deal if you look at some of yourselves. (Laughter.) I would have specially written books for the Highland schools—full of Highland traditions, full of Highland history, full of Highland heroism; I would have Highland botany, Highland geology; I would have some special mark upon all that would be used in the Highland schools—a mark upon it all in the same way as you set the kilt upon the man whose knees are worth the showing. (Laughter and applause.) Look, for instance, at my friend the Dean of Guild. (Laughter and applause.) What does the gardener? He does not say—"I'll make a rose." But he says—"That thing is a rose, and I'll pull up all the weeds, and I'll try to make as good a rose as I can." So you Highlanders and Highland schoolmasters should make both good Highlanders and good scholars. But does the Highland schoolmaster attempt it? Does he even attempt to touch it with the tip of his wretched little finger? (Laughter.) No. Then act yourselves, and when you elect your school boards, see that you put in nobody whatever who has not got an enthusiastic Highland soul. (Cheers.) I may tell you that there are many people—people who no doubt think themselves swells—who would wish to extinguish the Highlanders altogether, who have no sympathy with you; and if you allow those fellows to represent you, you will be simply driven as you drive your horses and your asses. (Applause.) You have plenty of the right sort of men to form your school boards—there's Chisholm and Mackenzie—(cheers)—and I dare say the

Sheriff there is a very good Highlander. (Laughter and applause.) But, whoever you get, you must have men who have love of, and sympathy with, the Gaelic and the Gaelic speaking people of the country. Put these people on the school boards, and never mind what other people say. (Applause.) I am glad to hear that you have some spark of pluck after all. I heard a very good story the other day. It is the story of a minister, not far from this, who wrote a book in which he described the people of his parish in a most complimentary style. I believe it is a very good book; but still the people did not like it. They found out, or at least some of them thought, that there were some persons in that book who represented living persons in the parish, and who were written of in a way that was hardly considered respectful enough. And what did they do? Why, the people in a body assembled, went up to the top of the hill that stands right in front of the minister's manse, and there burned in effigy both the book and himself. (Laughter and applause.) They might be wrong in that. (Laughter.) I would not say they were altogether right in the act. (Laughter.) But I say this that they were right in showing their pluck. (Laughter and applause.) In the same way I want you all to have pluck in dealing with all those, be they who they may, who desire to ride slip-shod over you. (Applause.) This is the second head of my discourse, and I now come to another head—one that is far more serious.

THE LAND LAWS—HIGHLAND DESOLATION—THE RIGHTS OF THE PEOPLE.

I must say something about the Land Laws. (Cheers.) Say what you will, the land laws are in the wind just now, and people are beginning everywhere to see that change has at last become absolutely necessary. (Cheers.) And to-night I'll talk about the land laws, about the game laws, about deer forests, and about big farms—a very delicate subject to be sure. (Laughter.) But I don't care how delicate a subject it is. It is the subject that is in the wind—(cheers)—and I shall speak about it. I know what I am talking about. I have studied the subject for 30 years, and I shall tell you my opinion as briefly as I can. I think that the land laws of this country are essentially unjust. (Cheers.) They were made by the strong for the strong; by the rich for the rich; and made only to support and to protect that which people call the rights of property. (Cheers.) But I think laws should be made for quite a different end. I think the laws should be made to support and to protect the rights of the people. (Loud cheers.) But no such laws as those which ought to protect the rights of the people were made, and therefore people in many places have dwindled away, and left the country a wilderness—a desolation. (Cheers.) And why? Because there is absolutely nothing in our code of laws to prevent any man to-morrow from buying up the whole Island of Mull, and turning that into a vast deer forest. What, at the present moment, is your gloriously beautiful country of the Highlands? I'll tell you in a sentence. Sentimental tourists—Cockney poets and poetesses who want to write fourteen stupid lines upon some big mountain—(laughter)—or some pretty waterfall—(laughter)—come to the Highlands to see Highland scenery. And what do they see? Highland desolation. (Cheers.) They come to see a great big mountain, and that is all that they care about. But I, on the contrary, come to see Highland human beings, and these are they you cannot see throughout the greater part of the Highlands. (Cheers.) They are miserable, shallow fellows who care for nothing but the mountain or waterfall. (Hear, hear.) But still some such fellows there are. Perhaps, it is well that some such there should be, and we may all admit this, that if they have never seen a mountain it is as well that they should see one in the Highlands of Scotland or anywhere else. (Laughter, hear, hear, and applause.) But when they come to the Highlands there should be Highland people for them to see. (Cheers.) Some

people come to the Highlands to shoot grouse, to hook salmon, or to run after the deer, preferring the four footed animal to the biped, whose real home the Highlands are. (Laughter and applause.) But all this is not right so long as the people are not there—so long as it remains a fact that the people have been driven from their homes to make room for that which is only the sport of other people. (Cheers.) All these people—tourists and sportsmen—do not care a single rap if there was not a Highlander in the country beyond their own flunkeys and gamekeepers. They have driven the people away from the Highlands; they have driven the people off the old crofts; and they shall never, if they can help it, allow the people to live on the green hill-sides, for fear that they should meddle with the deer. (Cheers.) That, I say, is a thing that ought not for one moment longer be tolerated. (Loud cheers.) And I am here to-night as a man that loves my fellow beings, and, as one who loves my fellow beings, I will not silently allow this sort of thing to go on—(cheers)—for, although I am not an M.P., still I am somebody in a way, and I have a tongue in my head, which will be used to denounce the wrong and to uphold the right. (Cheers.) I will not see the whole of the Highland people—the best peasantry in the world—the staple of the best army in the world—cleared off their own native lands without recording my earnest protest; and I will not see their just rights sacrificed at the altar of a few pleasure seekers. (Cheers.) Against that I shall ever protest, even although the breath of my protest be as a puff of wind against the great mountain of Ben Nevis. (Loud cheers.) And, therefore, I agree that a commission should come down to enquire into the facts, and to endeavour to find out how it is that our beautiful Highland country is a perfect desolation. (Cheers.) I want them to declare whether it is right and proper that there should be curious laws which take no note of the people, but which are framed to preserve game that belong to nobody. (Cheers.) Deer belong to nobody. They don't, Sheriff (turning to Sheriff Blair); you know that quite well. (Laughter and applause.) I know it myself. I walked seven years on the boards of Parliament House, and I know the old Scotch law under which wild animals—animals *per naturæ*—belong to nobody whatever. (Cheers.) But whether such law exist or not, what I say is there should be laws made to preserve the people, and to save them from those people who would drive them off from their Highland homes. (Applause.)

DEER FORESTS.

What, then, would you do? I shall tell you. Suppose, when the first deer forest was made, and that there were people there who had a perfect right to live and to browse their cattle upon the sides of the hills. Suppose that, and I say then, if the Government had cared for the people, the Government should have said to those who wanted the sport—"By all means have a deer forest, but you shall not be permitted to encroach upon the crofts of those people whose sons make our best soldiers, and have won our most glorious battles." (Cheers.) The Government in a word should have said—"You are not entitled to encroach upon the people. The people are not to be sacrificed to your pleasure." (Cheers.) There were always deer forests in the Highlands. Duncan Ban sang splendid songs about the deer forests, and about the glory of the deer hunt; but it was not the fashion in those old days to sacrifice the people systematically to the pleasure of a few strangers. (Loud cheers.) What I want then to get at is this. Let a Commission of Enquiry tell the Government that the people of the country must get justice—(cheers)—and further, to tell the Government to teach the people at large that no man has a right to do what he wills with his own—(hear, hear, and cheers)—that no man is entitled to use his talents or his property in a way prejudicial to the public good. (Renewed cheering.) If people are to have these amusements the rights of the people of the country where it is proposed the sport shall

be carried out are not to be sacrificed to the strangers. (Cheers.) I don't object to the amusements—(hear, hear)—by no means. But they have been over-strained; they have been driven over the people. Therefore, I would have new laws. (Cheers.) I would prevent deer forests being extended in such a way as to encroach upon the old, the established, the just rights of the people. (Loud cheers.) And I would go further, I would have an Act of Parliament which would say that, if the deer come down upon my croft, I shall have the most perfect right to shoot that deer. (Cheers.) Let the crofter be entitled to say to one and all—"I pay my rent for that croft in order that there I shall feed my cattle, and grow my corn; and if deer come down upon it—if wild animals come there—I shall shoot them." (Cheers.) These laws of ours which foster game against the people are very bad. They are the most abominable thing in the world. And common sense ought to rise up in one vast mass against them. (Loud cheers.) So much for deer forests. But this much yet I have to say. My words may be only as a puff of wind against a strong rock. I am only a talker: you must act.

ENTAIL.

The whole thing is wrong. Take this other point in your land laws by which landlords are protected in their accumulation, by unnatural means, of monstrously large properties, which have tended to destroy the middle classes of the country. (Cheers.) There is no right and prosperous society that has not got a well balanced distribution of the high, middle, and low classes of the people. (Hear, hear.) But our land laws have destroyed that balance, because they have tended, and inevitably must tend, to pamper the few, and to allow the middle classes to be annihilated altogether. (Loud cheers.) Take, for instance, that monstrosity of the Entail laws. (Applause.) The Entail laws, I tell you, are a swindle. (Cheers.) Suppose I get into debt. All honest people will tell you that I should pay them. But what do your Entail laws encourage, and actually bid me to do? Backed by your Entail laws, I say, when in debt—"Oh, no—I am a Lord or a Duke—(laughter)—I am not therefore called upon to pay my debts. I'll let my debts go where they will, and I shall keep my property for my son." And this son is very likely a spendthrift and a rascal. (Laughter and applause.) In a word, the Entail laws pamper family pride and vanity; but they injure the nation in restricting production, in favouring the accumulation of land too frequently in unworthy hands, and in interfering with the operation of natural laws. (Cheers.) And in the case of the thriftless spendthrift who never pays his debts, but who throws the pictures, the jewels, and all the art treasures of an historic family into the market, for the satisfaction of creditors, it is surely poor consolation, wretched consolation, to think, as he drops into the grave, "My son will be there to hold my property, and to remember that his father was a fool." (Loud cheers and laughter.) In the opinion of all great lawyers the Entail laws were contrary, not only to the natural laws, but to natural justice and honesty. (Cheers.) They ought to be abolished altogether. (Cheers.) That, I say, is the opinion of the majority of lawyers just now. They will tell you that they ought to be done away with, and that the House of Lords should be taught that they are not to exist longer upon principles which encroach upon the just rights of the community. (Loud cheers.)

THE UNDUE ACCUMULATION OF LANDED PROPERTY—CONCLUSION.

Accumulation is the outcome of the dictates of a natural instinct in the human system. People desire to accumulate learning, as the scholar; people desire to accumulate thought, as the thinker; people desire to accumulate money, as the trader; people desire to accumulate land, as the big landowner. This tendency towards accumulation is a natural result of an instinct implanted in man. What I say, then, is this: don't

give artificial support to that instinct or desire which, by nature, is strong enough, perhaps too strong already. (Cheers.) If laws are to be passed to regulate the possession of property. they ought to be so framed as to assist distribution, and not to protect or to render distribution impossible. (Cheers.) I would, therefore, not only abolish the Entail laws as a cheat and swindle, but I would make such changes in the law as would make such a distribution of land as would more and more reduce it to small and middle class properties. That is to say, I would have no laws that would interfere with the operation of natural laws, particularly while dealing with a subject of such vast importance as the land. (Cheers.) These are all the observations which occur to me to make. I would end as I began, by saying that while some will have it that the Highlands are for Scotchmen, I say "The Highlands for the Highlanders," and not for either grouse, deer, or salmon. (Cheers.) Again, I say "The Highlands for the Highlanders." (Renewed cheers, amidst which Professor Blackie resumed his seat.)

The musical part of the programme consisted of Gaelic and Scotch songs and bagpipe music. Pipe-Major Maclennan, the piper of the Society, contributed the bagpipe music in his usual masterly style. Miss Watt was down in the programme to sing, "Cam' ye by Athole," "Jock o' Hazeldean," and "Willie's gane to Melville Castle." The first and the last of these she sang with great effect, and for each of them received a hearty encore. Instead of "Jock o' Hazeldean," she elected to sing a new and plaintive song about Inverness—evidently to the disappointment of the audience. Miss Watt, however, rendered the song very sweetly; and her singing fully sustained her well-known reputation. Mr Paul Fraser, a local singer who has seldom if ever appeared in public as a soloist, sang two songs. The first—"A Mhnathan a' Ghlinne"—he gave with great pathos, holding the large audience spell-bound all the time he was on the stage. He received a hearty encore; and Professor Blackie was so charmed that he called him aside to ascertain something about the authorship of the song, and the source from which it had come. Mr Fraser, at a subsequent stage, sang "The Battle of Stirling" in excellent style. Another local singer, who appeared for the first time, was Mr Alex. Deans, who creditably sang "Mo Nighean donn is boidhche." Mr Deans, by selecting songs more suited to his voice than the one he chose on this occasion, will form a valuable acquisition to the list of Gaelic singers. Mr Malcolm Macfarlane, Glasgow, sang three songs—"A mhaighdinn òg nam Meal-Shuilean," "Clachan Ghlinn-da-Ruail," and "Cruinneachadh nam bò," in a manner which gained for him hearty encores; but he would do well in future to sing the songs placed opposite his name in the programme. Although taking liberties with the programme, he gave a very good account of his vocal powers. The pianoforte accompaniments to all the local singers —Gaelic and English—were played with great musical taste and ability by Miss L. Chisholm, 46 Telford Road—a young lady who, having recently completed her education in France, has begun private teaching in Inverness.

The dancers on this occasion were Piper-Major D. H. Fergusson, Mr Alex. Deans; Mr Gordon, Highland Railway offices, and Mr R. Macdonald, Culcabock. They were, of course, in Highland costume—two of them wearing red tunics and two green tunics, their appearance on the stage being exceedingly picturesque. Their dancing was excellent, rousing the enthusiasm of the audience to the highest pitch. It may be observed that they are all local men, and as an illustration of the progress made by Highland ideas, &c., since the Gaelic Society came into existence, we may state that until recently the Society was obliged to go to Strathspey at great expense to secure the services of semi-professional dancers for their annual assembly.

Great credit is due to the Secretary, Mr William Mackenzie, for the excellent manner in which the interests of the Society were attended to throughout.

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*Conducted by ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A. SCOT.*

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## HISTORY OF THE MATHESONS.

BY THE EDITOR.

[CONTINUED.]

### SIR JAMES MATHESON OF THE LEWS, BARONET.

UNDER the Mathesons of Shiness and Achany, in the county of Sutherland, we have referred briefly to this excellent man, and traced his descent through that family to the original Mathesons of Lochalsh. Sir James Matheson of the Lews, and his nephew, Sir Alexander Matheson of Lochalsh, are, perhaps, two of the most remarkably successful, and two of the best Highlanders, in many respects, of modern times. Unlike most men who have succeeded in the commercial world, and afterwards became landed proprietors, they have, altogether, treated their tenants as human beings, having different rights and higher claims on their consideration than mere articles of commerce. In their dealings with the people on their respective properties they have realised and given effect to the difference between men and women possessing souls and human bodies—themselves now virtually the law-makers—and bales of cotton or pig-iron. Such conduct, especially when the temptation and, probably, their personal interest were all in an opposite direction, ought to be recorded and highly commended.

We have already briefly stated what was done by Sir Alexander Matheson of Lochalsh, and we now proceed to record the

more prominent acts in the career of his uncle, Sir James Matheson of the Lews, trusting that, in addition to the historical interest attached to such a useful life—his remarkable career—his rise and success in the world, by indomitable perseverance and sterling honesty alone, from a comparatively obscure position, may prove an example to others, not only in their efforts to get on in the world, but especially in the use they make of a good position after it is acquired by honest toil, persevering industry, and honesty.

Sir James was born, as already stated, at Shiness, in the parish of Lairg, county of Sutherland, on the 17th of November 1796. He was the second son of Donald Matheson, representative of the family of Shiness [see p. 471]. Having been educated, first, in the Royal Academy, Inverness, and afterwards in the High School and University of Edinburgh—where he had among his class-fellows the Right Hon. Sir David Dundas; David, Lord Marjoribanks; Sir Robert Christison, Baronet; Lord Brougham; and Anthony Adrian, Earl of Kintore—he determined to enter upon a commercial career, and to devote his energies entirely to it. He, at the age of seventeen, went to London; and, having spent two years in a mercantile house there, he, when only nineteen years old, proceeded to Calcutta, where he entered the counting house of Messrs Mackintosh & Co. After a short stay there he went to China, where he was long resident at Canton and Macao, and was one of the founders of the eminent and well-known house of Jardine, Matheson, & Coy., of Canton, and subsequently of Hong Kong.

A work, issued in Paris in 1844, entitled "The Historical and Biographical Annual of Foreign Sovereigns and Distinguished Personages," gives an interesting account of the commercial career of Sir James Matheson; and we cannot here do better than utilise a translation in our possession for a sketch of his life up to that period. According to this brochure the firm of Jardine, Matheson, & Company was "well-known for its extensive relations, the importance of its commercial operations, and the liberality of its acts. A great number of persons who, at the present moment [1844], enjoy all the pleasures of wealth might attest that they owe most of their prosperity to the gratuitous friendship and benevolence of Messrs Jardine, Matheson, & Co., who have always been ready to help liberally and disinterestedly.

This is proved by the gratitude of the commanders and officers of the East India Company's ships who, when their commercial monopoly ceased in 1833-34, presented Mr Jardine, the senior partner of the firm, with a magnificant service of plate." It was not long after, however, before the services of Mr Matheson were also found of great value, and were ultimately suitably acknowledged in a similar manner.

For a few months Mr Matheson visited his native land in 1835-36, on which occasion he published a pamphlet on the state of commerce then, and its future, in China, which secured considerable attention; and the views which he then expressed, though disbelieved by many of his countrymen, proved his great insight and knowledge, for they were all fully confirmed by subsequent events.

In 1839, when serious differences arose between the British and Chinese Governments, Mr Matheson rendered most important services to the Civil authorities of his native country, as well as to the officers of the army and navy. It was owing to his mediation and influence at Canton, that Major Grattan of the 18th Regiment, Captain Dicey, and the officers and sailors of the East India Company's steamer *Madagascar*, which had been destroyed by fire on the Chinese coast, were set at liberty. They fell into the hands of the Chinese, but were released, during the war, in terms of a private arrangement entered into through the good offices of Mr Matheson.

He at all times used his influence to ameliorate the condition of the Chinese, and to establish various benevolent schemes in their interest. He was one of the most powerful supporters of Morrison's Educational Society, having for its principal object the teaching of English to the young Celestials. He also extended his influence and powerful aid in support of a Society established for the diffusion of useful knowledge among the natives; while he, at the same time, by every possible means, helped on the work of the successful missionary, Gutslaff, in several important and trying circumstances.

Mr Matheson was the first to introduce to China the benefits and active influence of a European Press. He imported from England a printing press, first, for his own amusement, but afterwards allowed its gratuitous use to establish and print, in

1827, the first English newspaper published in China, under the title of the *Canton Register*. This publication proved very useful to the Europeans in the Chinese Empire, supplying them with regular information of a trustworthy and most important character, enabling them, the more easily and rapidly, to understand Chinese affairs. The paper also contained translations from the best native works, and original articles by Mr Matheson's distinguished friend, the late Rev. Dr Morrison. The commercial department of the paper not only proved useful to and enlightened the Europeans, but also conveyed to the Chinese authorities a great amount of valuable information on various subjects, to them previously a sealed book. Mr Matheson, however, subsequently had cause to regret that this journal, instead of remaining in its original groove, became, under other management, an organ for violent personalities and political diatribes—a state of things of which he very much disapproved.

He was among the first to oppose the system of unjust exactions which then prevailed, and the bad treatment pursued by the local authorities at Canton towards those engaged in foreign commerce. He did what he could to expose all such proceedings whenever they occurred. He took a leading part in getting up the famous petition to the House of Commons, which Sir Robert Peel presented in 1830, and in which the English merchants of Canton fully stated their views and grounds of complaint.

In 1842 Mr Matheson decided upon returning to his native land, he having already amassed a splendid fortune. Before leaving he handed over 5000 Spanish dollars, or about £1120, to the Portuguese Government of Macao, for the establishment of some charitable institution; the English having resided in the town of Macao during the late war.

On his way home he called at Bombay, where the native merchants, headed by his old friend, Sir Jamsetjee-Jejebhoy, presented him with an address, and at the same time offered him a service of plate of the value of fifteen hundred pounds sterling, "in recognition of his wise and firm conduct during the difficult crisis preceding the Chinese War, when he had protected their commerce, on the occasion of the seizure of their opium. On the 13th of June, 1842, this address was presented to him in the house of Sir Jamsetjee-Jejebhoy, an old and valued friend, surrounded

by a numerous and brilliant gathering, composed of men of different lands, races, and religions, who came forward from all directions with remarkable and unprecedented readiness and enthusiasm, "to express their gratitude to a man of such a great character, who, both as a merchant and philanthropist, merited so much public esteem, and whose liberality and munificence were indeed worthy of the title well bestowed upon him on this occasion of Merchant Prince." In name of the subscribers, and those present, Mr Framjee Comajee addressed Mr Matheson as follows:—"Your friends have been much grieved by the news of your intended return to England. They wish to express their grateful sentiments for the many acts of kindness and liberality which you have performed. They desire to express these in the Address which Mr Bomanjee Hormusjee is about to read." The last named gentleman then read the Address of the Parsee merchants of Bombay, which was couched in the following terms:—

My Dear Sir,—We cannot hear of your proposed return to England without feeling deeply grieved at the cause, which we hear is owing to the bad state of your health. We regret much to lose such a devoted friend, who supported our interests so successfully in times of incomparable difficulty and danger. During the space of three years, since the suspension of our commerce with China, we may state, without fear of contradiction, that any commerce of importance which we have been able to carry on has been entirely owing to your firmness and active perseverance. After the affair of the opium trade in 1839, which deprived India of two millions sterling, the Bombay trade was completely paralysed, and the most fatal consequences might have ensued; but you generously came to the rescue of our country and sustained our commerce, helping us to carry it on under foreign flags. All this was done at your own risk and on your own responsibility for the public welfare. When we consider what might have happened if you had not come to our assistance, we cannot express the measure of our gratitude to you. Our ships laden with cotton would have had to remain in the ports, the cargoes becoming rotten, while our fortunes would have been entirely destroyed. It is therefore natural that we, who are under such great obligations to you, and who owe so much to your wise conduct, should wish to express the great esteem we feel for your character and the gratitude we feel for your numerous acts of unparalleled liberality. We seize this opportunity with pleasure to express to you that we have had every reason to be grateful to you, and to state that we have never come to you with a reasonable request without its being received and granted by you with the greatest kindness. Our best wishes will always attend you, and in order to leave in your mind a perpetual souvenir of our affection, we have begged of our estimable friends, Messrs Magniac, Jardine, & Co., to present you, on your return to England, with a service of plate of the value of £1500, which we beg you to accept as a token of our sincere respect.

This address was signed by Cursetjee Ardusees Selt, Jamsetjee Jejebhoy, Jagonette Sunkersett, Dackjee Dadajee, Boman-

jee Hormusjee, and 76 other equally distinguished native merchants of Bombay.

Mr Matheson returned thanks as follows :—

DEAR SIRS,—The address which I have just had the pleasure of listening to is so flattering, and the offer which accompanied it so magnificent, that I feel quite overwhelmed at the honour you so kindly wish to do me, and I can find no words to express my great gratitude to you. I am quite convinced that the services you rate so highly are nothing more than a commercial agent owes to his correspondents. I can only attribute the fact that you deem these services worthy of such a great distinction, which I consider as very little merited, to the generous feelings which characterise your nation and dispose you to view any efforts made on behalf of your commercial interests in the most favourable light. This confirms the long experience I have had of your dealings, and is a great pleasure to me. The agent employed by you is always sure that, even were his efforts not crowned with success, they would be appreciated, and his conduct reviewed with indulgence, instead of, as is often the case, being made responsible for every result even if not favourable. This loyal confidence is what is most wanted to assist an agent, and it is that which caused us to act as we did in the unhappy circumstances which you mentioned on the occasion of the suspension of commerce in 1830. But I repeat that your indulgence causes you to rate these services too highly. We were guided by the simple rule of doing to others as we would wish to be done by, and, as the circumstances were extraordinary, extraordinary measures were necessary. I acted in common with the other partners of my house. The satisfaction which I feel at receiving this mark of esteem from such a large body of merchants is increased when I consider what an assembly of noble-minded men I have the pleasure of meeting to-day ; when I think of your munificent charity, the means you have taken to help the indigent classes, the places of worship you have established, the hospitals you have opened, the schools and colleges you have founded to diffuse the knowledge and science of the Western world. Thus your loyal aid on behalf of every worthy institution is known to all ; but my admiration is particularly excited by the knowledge I have of your private and constant charities, of which no one, I am sure, has an idea in Europe, and whose only reward is the approbation of your own consciences and that of the Invisible Being who governs the world. It would be an inexhaustible theme were I to enlarge on the estimable qualities of the Bombay merchants. I will only add that it is a great satisfaction to me, as well as to your other European friends, to know that your generous deeds have at last attracted the attention of our most gracious Soverign, who has given proofs of her appreciation by the honours borne by one of the members of your corporation. This is an important step towards the amalgamation of the interests of the two nations, England and India, and I am sure it is the precursor of other similar honours. There only remains now for me to express my deep gratitude to you for the honour you have wished to do me. Your splendid token of gratitude, precious in itself, will be doubly so on account of those by whom it is offered. I shall preserve it all my life, and it will be preserved by my heirs. Rest assured, however, that this present was not necessary to make me always remember you in my heart, whatever lot is reserved for me in China, in England, or elsewhere. I hope you will always consider me as your most devoted friend, and that you will never hesitate to ask any service from me. I shall always be most happy to be of any use to you. In conclusion, I wish you each every good fortune and happiness.

Before his return to Britain Mr Matheson, in 1840, purchased

the estates of Achany and Gruids, in his native parish of Lairg, county of Sutherland.

In 1847 he purchased the village of Ullapool from the British Fishery Commissioners at a cost of £5250, subject to a feu-duty of £50 10s, payable to the Countess of Cromartie, from whose ancestor, Lord Macleod, the Commissioners feued the estate in 1788. Sir James redeemed the feu-duty in 1878, for the sum of £1136.

In due course Mr Matheson arrived in Britain ; and, in 1842, he was elected member of Parliament for Ashburton, Devonshire, of which town he was, jointly with Lord Clinton, lord of the Burgh and Manor. He soon became very popular with his constituents. Two thousand of the labouring classes of that burgh joined in a penny subscription, and presented him, during one of his visits, with a silver snuff-box, beautifully executed by Messrs Hunt & Roskell, of London.

Soon after his return to Britain he contributed a thousand pounds to the funds of the Royal Caledonian Asylum, London, and was then instrumental in opening up that excellent institution to girls, hitherto available to boys only. In addition to the handsome sum given by himself to the Asylum, he collected a considerable amount among his relatives and friends. Nor was he even thus early forgetful of his brother Highlanders in the North. The Academy of Tain, now a prosperous and high-class educational seminary, had been closed for some time for want of funds, but through Mr Matheson's personal munificence, and his influence among his friends, the Academy was placed in a good financial position, and reopened for the successful teaching of Highland youth in the higher branches of knowledge. In acknowledgment of this generous assistance and valuable service to the town and district, the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Tain presented him with the Freedom of the Burgh. Mr Matheson also subcribed five hundred pounds towards the establishment of the Northern District Lunatic Asylum at Inverness, which has since proved such a blessing to the unfortunate creatures who previously wandered all over the country, in many cases unprotected and unprovided for, and, too often, to the great danger of the community.

In 1844 he purchased the Island of Lews from the honour-

able Mrs Stewart Mackenzie of Seaforth for £190,000, and he entered into possession at Whitsunday of that year.

That the Seaforth Trustees might not harass his new tenants, he bought all the arrears due on the estate at Whitsunday, 1844, for which he paid a composition of £1417 18s 1d, and they were never charged against anyone, except in a few cases where feuars were in arrear who could well afford to pay their feu-duties.

This great Island principality has an area of some 417,469 acres, of which about 10,000 are arable. The original cost to Mr Matheson was about 9s 2½d, while the rental averaged 5¼d, per acre; the annual rent being, on the original capital invested, equal to £5 3s 1d per cent. The agricultural rental of the estate in 1844, when it came into Mr Matheson's possession, was £9,800. It is now £13,300, or an increase of £3,500, which must be placed against an outlay of £99,720 expended by the proprietor in building farm houses and offices, and on improvements and reclamations of land. Of the increased rental, £1,788 is derived from holdings of £15 and upwards, and £1,712 from crofters paying under £15 per annum.

Mr Matheson commenced his great efforts for the advancement of the material prosperity of the Island in 1845 by building a patent slip, quays, constructing roads, and other works for the promotion of trade, some of which have since proved of great permanent advantage, while others, unfortunately, have become complete and ruinous failures. His extraordinary efforts to improve the agricultural character of the Island have been great and earnest, though not, for various reasons, altogether successful.

The late Mr Smith, Deanston, who was at the time considered one of the most eminent of "speculative" agricultural authorities in Scotland, was engaged to survey the Lews with a view to improvements and reclamations of land, and he advised works on an extensive scale. He became Mr Matheson's adviser and engineer, and after surveying the whole island, he recommended the simultaneous prosecution of land reclamation on the coast and in the interior.

These works were commenced, in 1845, on six sections along the coast, and in one part of the interior 890 acres were reclaimed and brought under cultivation. These lands were thus apportioned:—In the Stornoway district, 520 acres; Loch Roag,

50; Galson, 140; Deanston, 60; Carloway, 40; Barvas, 40; and Shawbost, 40 acres. Part of the reclaimed lands in the Stornoway and Galson districts was added to existing holdings, all of which were then remodelled. The remainder was utimately divided among the crofters.

The test of Mr Smith's ambitious but ill-advised scheme was the portion of the interior upon which he operated, and which bears after him the name of Deanston, in the parish of Uig. The soil consisted of moss, from three feet to twelve feet in depth. Sixty acres were wedge-drained, and laïd out in fields of 10 acres, enclosed with ditches and turf fences. The surface was dug by an operation something between the extremes of ploughing and trenching, after which a coating of clay marl was applied, followed by a good supply of shell sand, guano, and dissolved bones. Two of the fields were put through a course of arable cultivation, while the others were laid down in grass. Those fields were wrought for several years, and the driest part of the ground naturally gave a superior crop of grass. Afterwards this land was given to small crofters, but they had ultimately to abandon it, for, among other reasons, being too far from the sea coast, and, so, unable to procure sea-ware for manure or prosecute sea fishing in connection with their crofts, which by themselves were not large enough to support their families.

In 1850 the improvement scheme was suspended, and shortly afterwards given up altogether. In 1851, in spite of the noble efforts of the proprietor, four of the Parochial Boards of the Island sent a memorial to Lord John Russell praying the Government to afford relief in the shape "of a judiciously conducted emigration" to some of the many unoccupied tracts of lands in the Colonies; and for aid for maintaining such members of the remanent population as might require it until the next crop became available. The memorial stated that all that had been expended by the proprietor "has proved unremunerative, and only in a small degree promotive of the existing or prospective comfort and prosperity of his tenants; that it is well known that the cereal produce of the Island has not, in the memory of man, been adequate to the supply of the inhabitants for more than four to six months of the year, and that the depreciation of all agricultural, pastoral, and fishing produce is 50 per cent." This memorial

was forwarded by Sir James Matheson to Lord John Russell on 27th January, 1851, in a letter in which he endorsed the statements therein set forth, adding that "as the redundancy of population is notoriously the evil, emigration is the only effectual remedy to afford elbow-room and fair scope for the success of the antecedent measures which, from over population, have hitherto proved comparatively unavailing." Sir James was at this time spending a great deal more in the Island than the revenues from his estate. During the six years from 1844 to 1850, he spent, over and above his rental, the sum of £67,980, including, however, £29,124 borrowed from Government under the Drainage Act, for which some of the tenants paid 5 to 6½ per cent. interest, amounting in all to £561 18s 10d per annum.

The portions of land brought under cultivation nearer the coast have since been maintained in a crop-bearing state, and now yield a fair return. These improvements, at such enormous cost, have, however, to a large extent, unfortunately turned out failures. To have employed a mere "speculative" agriculturist to carry them out, in a place like the Island of Lews, so different in every respect to the Lowlands of Scotland, was a misfortune, and an unfavourable result was inevitable from the beginning. For this, however, no blame can be attached to Mr Matheson. He was misled and imposed upon, and he had to pay for his error in a very substantial form. Referring to his laudable efforts to improve the condition of his people, the *Inverness Courier*, on the occasion of his death in 1878, says:—"Between 1844 and 1850, Sir James spent nearly £68,000 in improvements, and there is no more distressing example of the fruitlessness with which, for the most part, it was expended, than the township which Mr Smith called after his own place of abode in Stirlingshire. The soil is gradually relapsing into peat and heather, and the houses are falling back to the condition of the primitive natives of the Island. Still, the strongly-felt wish of the proprietor, that he should leave the island and its people better than he found them, has been in a great measure accomplished." In this all who know anything about the actual facts must concur.

In 1844, when Mr Matheson purchased the estate, there was no steam communication between the Island and the mainland. He immediately offered various firms of ship-

owners in Glasgow a subsidy of £500 annually to run a steamer between Glasgow and Stornoway, but no one agreed to undertake the risk, believing that no sufficient trade existed to support a steamer. He afterwards took shares in the "Falcon," a steamboat which ran for a short time between Ardrossan and Stornoway. This boat ceased running in October 1845, when Mr Matheson built, at his own expense, the "Mary Jane," soon found to be too small for the trade. The "Marquis of Stafford" was then built by him and the Duke of Sutherland for carrying on the business. She was, however, ultimately sold, when Mr John Ramsay of Kildalton took up the traffic, and, after him, the well-known firm of Messrs David Hutcheson & Coy., now suceeeded by Mr David Macbrayne, who runs two steamers weekly to Stornoway. There is also, once a fortnight, a boat from Liverpool, Granton, Dundee, and Aberdeen; and during summer and harvest, one from Glasgow calls, once a month, in Loch Roag, on the west side of the Island.

Mr Matheson's loss by the "Falcon," "Mary Jane," and the "Marquis of Stafford" steamers amounted to £15,000.

Soon after his accession he built schools in almost every district of the Island, not previously provided for by a Parochial or Free Church school. Teachers from the Free Church Normal School were appointed and paid by him. These schools were not well patronised, and, after a few years' trial, Mr Matheson was so disappointed with the small attendance and with the little appreciation of the schools by the people, that he handed them over to the Edinburgh Ladies' Association, at the same time granting an annual sum towards the salaries of the teachers. He had also built, in Stornoway, an Industrial Seminary for females. Besides the ordinary branches of education, Ayrshire needlework was taught in this institution, but it was soon found that the latter did not pay, and it was ultimately given up. The seminary, however, is still upheld as an industrial institution by Lady Matheson. The outlay by Sir James on this institution and the other schools already mentioned—apart from grants to Parochial and Free Church schools—amounted to £11,681.

There are now not less than 32 Board Schools in the Island, in addition to 3, in the village of Stornoway, not under the Board,

and 4, in outlying districts, maintained by the Edinburgh Ladies' Association.

In 1849, Mr Matheson was instrumental in forming a Gas company in Stornoway, in the capital of which he took £350. He also established a Water company, in which he invested £1,150.

When he purchased the property in 1844, there would have been about 45 miles of imperfectly formed, rough, country tracks in the Island. There are now over 200 miles of excellent roads, on which Sir James spent, including bridges, £25,593.

In 1845, there was but one solitary gig in the whole Island. There are now no less than 87 taxed conveyances.

When, in 1844, Mr Matheson came into possession, and for many years after, a sailing packet conveyed the mails twice a-week to and from Poolewe. Subsequently the steamers, as well as the sailing packet, carried the mails; and when Mr David Hutcheson placed two boats on the route, they carried the mails twice a-week, but still very irregularly. After many years' contending with the Post-Office authorities for a mail steamer to Stornoway, they at last offered to place the Lews on the same footing as the Orkney Islands, and offered a subsidy of £1,300 for the conveyanee of the mails. No one could be found to take the contract at this price, and Sir James Matheson took it himself for a period of ten years, commencing on the 1st of August, 1871. By this arrangement he lost £16,805.

Between 1851 and 1861 no less than 1772 souls emigrated to Canada, while in the two succeeding years, 1862 and 1863, an additional band of 459 left for the same place, making a total, in twelve years, of 2231 from the Island. To pay their passage money to Quebec, their Canadian inland railway fares to the different settlements, and a considerable quantity of clothing and other furnishings, Sir James expended a sum of £11,855.

The population of the Lews in 1841, three years before it came into his possession, was 17,037; in 1851 it was 19,694; in 1861, notwithstanding the emigration stated, it increased to 21,056. In 1871 it reached 23,483; while in 1881 it amounted to 25,415 souls, in addition to 400 militamen who were out of the Island when the census was taken. This is a total of 2550 more than the whole population of the county of Sutherland,

and an increase, since 1841, of 8788 souls, or more than 50 per cent.

There are at present in the Island of Lews 2881 crofters, paying a gross rental of £8,070 6s, or an average of £2 16s each.

To meet the great destitution of 1845-6, the proprietor imported meal and seed potatoes to the value of £33,000. About one-half of this sum was afterwards refunded by labour on roads or on other works of improvement.

In addition to the sums already stated, Sir James at one time or another expended the following sums:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Castle Buildings and Offices, including Grounds and Policies ... | £100,495 |
| Brickworks ... ... ... ... ... ... | 6,000 |
| Patent Slip ... ... ... ... ... ... | 6,000 |
| Fish-curing Houses ... ... ... ... ... | 1,000 |
| Bulls for Improvement of Crofters' Stock ... ... ... | 1,200 |
| Quay for Steamers at Stornoway ... ... ... ... | 2,225 |
| Chemical Works for Manufacturing Paraffin Oil from Peat ... | 33,000 |
| Cost and Outlay on Shooting Lodges ... ... ... | 19,289 |
| | £169,209 |

Sums already mentioned but not included in above statement:—

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Buildings and Land Reclamation ... ... ... | £99,720 | |
| Industrial and other Schools ... ... ... | 11,681 | |
| Gas Company ... ... ... ... .. | 350 | |
| Water Company ... ... ... ... | 1,150 | |
| Road and Bridges ... ... ... ... | 25,593 | |
| Loss on Steamers ... ... ... ... | 15,000 | |
| Loss on Contract for Carrying Mails by Steamer ... | 16,805 | |
| Emigration of 2,231 souls to Canada ... ... | 11,855 | |
| Meal, Seed Potatoes, &c. ... ... ... | 33,000 | |
| | | 215,154 |
| Original Cost of the Lews ... ... ... ... | | 190,000 |
| Total Outlay by Sir James in the Island ... ... | | £574,363 |

The gross rental from all sources, including £350, the sum at which the Castle and grounds are entered in the Valuation Roll, amounts to £19,154 3s 1d, and gives, in 1882, an annual gross return of £3 6s 6d per cent. From this, however, falls to be deducted the Public Burdens, amounting to £4027 17s 0d, which reduce the net return for this vast expenditure to £2 12s 8d per cent. per annum. But to give a more correct idea of the financial

results of these operations, it is necessary to deduct the cost of Stornoway Castle, grounds, and policies, from the calculation on the one side, and the sum at which these are entered in the Valuation Roll for the county on the other, as these were in possession of the proprietor, and the expenditure on them bear no comparison with the sum entered against them in the Valuation Roll. The result is that the expenditure on the whole estate, apart from that on the portion of it in the hands of the proprietors themselves, gives a clear return of £3 2s 4d per cent. on the total purchase price and subsequent improvements—a very fair per centage, it will be admitted, as land goes.

Had this noble-minded and generous man placed less confidence in his subordinates the administration of the vast property under his charge would probably have been almost faultless, but like many more well-meaning and naturally generous landlords, he delegated too much responsibility to his late factor, and this led to abuse in the latter years of his life, when he was unable from old age and failing health to give personal attention to the management of the property. Were it not for this we would never have heard of the "Bernera Riots." Sir James was a good, an excellent, and humane proprietor, generous and loyally trustful to a fault. He resided for eight or nine months each year in his Island home, among his people, who, during his life generally spoke, and still speak, of him in the highest terms.

In 1847 he retired from the representation of Ashburton, when he was unanimously elected for the combined counties of Ross and Cromarty, a position which he occupied to the entire satisfaction of his constituents until he retired into private life in 1868. He was appointed by Her Majesty, in 1866, Lord Lieutenant for the County of Ross. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society; and a J.P. and Deputy-Lieutenant of his native County of Sutherland.

In 1843 he married Mary Jane, fourth daughter of Michael Henry Perceval of Spencer Wood, Canada (a Member of the Legislative Council of Quebec), by his wife, Anne Mary, eldest daughter of Sir Charles Flower, Baronet, without issue. In 1850 Her Majesty testified to her sense of his benevolence during the Famine of 1845-46, by creating him a Baronet of the United Kingdom.

He died at Mentone, France, whither he had gone for the benefit of his health, on the 31st of December 1878, aged 82 years, and was buried at Lairg, in the county of Sutherland, where his widow, Lady Matheson of the Lews, erected a noble monument, with appropriate inscriptions, to his memory.

His estates are all left in life-rent to and under the uncontrolled management of Lady Matheson, and entailed on his nephew, Donald Matheson, present representative of the family of Shiness.

*(To be continued.)*

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THE HISTORY OF THE MATHESONS, in a neat volume of some 80 pages, will be published about the middle of September. The issue is strictly limited to 250 copies. Price to subscribers, whose names will be printed in the work, 7s 6d; to non-subscribers, 10s 6d.

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## WASHED OVERBOARD.

—o—

We all must bear our burdens, we all must feel our woe,
We reap in harvest-time the fruit of what in Spring we sow,
Betimes we reap the ripened corn, betimes 'tis only tares,
Betimes we find 'twas barren land we tilled and sowed for years.

But, ah! methinks there's sorrow, methinks there's mournful woe,
When comes the Messenger of Death with his effectual blow;
Methinks there are times when man should mourn and hearts should weep aloud,
When comes the news that one we love lies in a watery shroud.

A mother sorrows for her boy, brothers and sisters weep
For him who was a sailor lad, and braved the dangerous deep,
And friends who knew him sympathise, and friends unknown are sad,
E'en though there be no ties to bind them to this sailor lad.

The boy had joined the *Sovereign*, a sailor he would be,
He would go forth to roam the world; he'd face the raging sea;
But e'er a year had passed away, sad was the news that came,
"Our sailor boy went overboard; Tom Milne it was his name.

"The Mediterranean's raging sea engulphed his youthful form,
He could not brave those furious waves; all-powerful was the storm—
He sunk, no human aid could help, no human strength avail,"
All that his comrades now could do was—tell the mournful tale.

. . . . . .

"Thy will be done on earth, O God!" our humble prayer would be,
"And ask that Thou wouldst keep the souls of all upon the sea;
And when it is Thy will to send the tempest's furious gale,
Have pity on the broken heart, oh, hear the mourner's wail."

G. M'K. S.

## A HIGHLANDER'S EXPERIENCE IN THE HUDSON BAY TERRITORY.

—o—

In or about the year 1812 my father was working at his trade in the town of Port-Glasgow (even then a busy port of entry for the city of Glasgow), which lies fifteen miles up the Clyde, and here large-sized ships had to cast anchor, as the river had not then been deepened enough to admit of their proceeding up to the city. The house in which father lived was kept by a West Highlander, whose father-in-law resided in part of the house. This was an old gentleman on the verge of fourscore, who had seen much service both by land and sea. As father was then young, fond of information, and a Highlander like his host, the old man took a pleasure in relating or describing to him some of the scenes and adventures of his earlier life, the incidents of which were both numerous and interesting.

At seventeen years of age he left the rocky hills of Cowal and fought in the battle of Culloden, under Campbell of Argyle, against the last Prince of the Stuarts who contended for the crown. After this early introduction into the sad and fearful scenes of "war with all its murdering joys," our hero, Donald Bane, went home to Cowal, and not far from his native place he learned the trade of a cooper, which he did not easily settle his mind to on account of his former initiation into the bustle and excitement of the battlefield. Accordingly, on the termination of his apprenticeship, he joined the Royal Navy, and his next warlike experience was in fighting against the French in the English Channel, under the gallant Admiral Roscoe. In course of time Bane's naval as well as military term came to an end, but being yet in his prime, strong, and active, he engaged himself as a cooper for a period of years to serve in the Hudson's Bay Company at one of their factories in the far north of America.

He reached his destination in the summer of 1781, and entered upon his duties according to the terms of agreement, part of which was that, besides working at his trade, he had often to go out among the woods along with others in search of such animals as were wanted for their skins and fur, and these the Company prepared and sent home to Britain to be further dressed and

exposed for sale. This trade in fur was the source of the Company's wealth, and the anticipation of this result was the occasion of its formation.

After the lapse of some time, when Bane was well known and much respected at the fort both for his courage and skill, he formed one of a party who were out in the forest hunting for wild animals, and in order to come on their game with better caution, they all agreed to separate and afterwards meet at a specified time and place of rendezvous. Bane was eager in his work, and had already ended the happy career of many a small quadruped, and must have been far away from his companions when he saw a party of wild Indians running in upon him from every part of the forest, gesturing and yelling like madmen. Resistance on his part would have been worse than useless. The Indians made him their prisoner, and marched him away into the never-ending sylvan shades; a long and weary journey, guiding themselves by the westward course of the sun. Day after day they continued their tedious march, shooting and killing such beasts and birds as they could, and which served them for food along with herbs and fruits that abounded in many parts of the wilderness. At the end of the day they would cast their eyes around for some halting place convenient for water and shelter. The red men soon perceived that the pale-faced captive was a much better shot and had a knowledge and method far above any of them, and so they deemed him doubtless a great gain—an uncommon power and acquisition to their tribe either in time of war or peace. At length the long march of the wild men of the woods came to a close.

They reached a lake whose further shore
Was lost beyond the setting sun,
Whose ample bosom filled the view
Beneath a heaven of rarest blue;
A tideless sea whose rising gale
Had never urged the bending sail,
Nor caught the seaman's song.

In Europe none before could tell
What lay behind that parallel,
And many ages now had passed
Since Asia's wondering sons were cast,
And hardly shunned a deadly fate
When dashed ashore from Behring Strait.

On the banks of this lake the hunters were met and savagely welcomed by their squaws and children; for this was the centre of savage life and society. Here Bane was compelled to stay, where he saw it would be the better policy to assume an air and manner of contentment and strive to identify himself with his red-skinned neighbours; and, however sore against his will, he had to say and do many things which under other circumstances he would have revolted from. Often have tyrants wished to know the secrets in the breasts of their slaves; and Momus, the ancient satirist, suggested that man should have a window in his breast as well as a tongue in his mouth, that others might see if his words and actions agreed with his thoughts. Often did Bane long for the life and habits of civilised society, but this feeling he durst not betray, nor divulge the thought for his life. None within hundreds of miles could understand how he could feel, and the savages were far below that mental or moral discipline that would render them capable of sympathising with him, even if he had told them how he felt.

Those people lived by hunting and war, and often had abundance of food, but at times were in great straits for the means of subsistence; and as the inevitable result of ignorance and want of mental culture, they had no rational enjoyments. True, their mode of life encouraged and fostered a certain degree of human sagacity, which at best is but a meagre substitute for civilised life and learning. Bane, like others before and since, had heard of

> Those happy times ere learning yet began,
> When wild in woods the noble savage ran;

but, like the blue hills that bound the distant horizon, a close acquaintance with them is apt to dispel the romantic and fairy delusion.

Sometimes this intelligent European saw the prisoner of war butchered, and his carcase hung up in the wigwam for winter's food, and at other times, in extreme want, the red savage would bury the knife in the heart of his wife and children before the eyes of a man who had been brought up among enlightened Christians. The only thing that saved the life of this stranger and white man was his usefulness to them on account of his superior knowledge; and this advantage they both felt and saw, and gave him credit

for even more than he really knew or could do. His knowledge of the arts of Europe and wide experience saved the Indians in many a strait. His gun was of more service to them in war and in the chase than any of their own; and besides being a cooper, he could turn his hands to various other crafts. He was not only their director, but their principal artisan in all their public works, such as building, shoemaking, clothing, repairing guns, and making utensils for daily use among those rude citizens of the forest. Often did he contemplate escape, but was too well watched by the wily and suspicious Indians; but for all this the idea of escape was so cherished in his bosom that it became the ruling passion of his life, and all his powers of invention and contrivance were conjured up in laying schemes for the accomplishment of this one object.

He had now been three or four years among the tribe, and to all outward appearance had become as one of themselves. He was aware that the men were to go out hunting on a long excursion on a certain day, and in view of this he feigned himself sick and submitted to unpleasant medical treatment, remaining an invalid in the camp while the rest of the men betook themselves to their great hunting expedition. Bane knew that somewhere on the east side of the vast lake a river of large volume flowed through a great stretch of unexplored country to the north-eastern sea of Hudson's Bay. He had learned also that on three tributaries of the river three factories were situated belonging to different nations, viz., the English, the French, and the Danish; but as each of the other two countries was at war with Britain, he was almost as anxious to shun them as he was to make his escape from the Indians. And now for his escape. With the hope of making out this river, he quietly stole from the encampment on the evening of the day after the men's departure, and wishing an everlasting but unexpressed farewell to his familiar but uncongenial associates, he took a canoe and paddled along in the darkness of the night in the supposed direction of the river. Thus he continued all night, but when daylight approached he took shelter close to the margin of the lake and concealed himself among the long grass and bushes that grew by the edge of the water. He drew the canoe ashore, and having rested himself during the daylight, he was refreshed when he sallied forth under the cloud of night

in pursuit of the much-desired river. Onward, beneath the raven wing of night, on that silent lake, secretly, earnestly, and swiftly, he left the distance behind, but still the same unconquered distance seemed before him to baffle his efforts and jeer at all hope of success; but the impulse to get away from the revolting scenes of his long captivity, and the dread of re-capture, urged him on with wonderful and unremitting perseverance, while he felt and experienced a vivid sagacity, caution, and endurance which before this occasion he did not think himself capable of. The Indians had evidently been very soon apprised of his flight and gone in pursuit of him, for on the third day after he left, and when he lay concealed among the reeds, he heard some of them passing at a short distance from where he lay; indeed, so near were they at one time that he could hear his own name mentioned. Yet by the providence of God, in whom he trusted, his hiding-place was not discovered, and they passed along without observing him. In this way our hero continued for seven successive days and nights to sleep during the sunshine and welcome the dark that he might resume his voyage of discovery, till at length, when tired and worn by hunger, hard work, and anxiety, his wakeful eye caught sight of the opening river. He went up to it to make sure that it was not some creek or bay, and finding the current running further inland than he could see, and after observing the tendency and appearance of the banks, it was evident that he was not mistaken. Yet here the difficulty before hinted at presented itself. There were a Danish and French factory on the same river, as well as an English one, and these two nations were at war with Britain, so that he had two chances to one of falling into the hands of enemies perhaps as bad for him as the Indians.

His food was exhausted; he was tired and almost worn out; he was chagrined, too, because he could not solve the present doubtful question about the situation of the English factory. In whatever direction he might steer all was danger and uncertainty. Around him were beast, bird, rock, and tree, but they could bring him no sympathy or comfort. He looked far out upon the wilderness. Men may have been somewhere in that wide expanse, but, if so, he dreaded them even more than the wild beasts, for was he not hunted by men for seeking life and safety by flight? The friendly face of a white man might be

hundreds of miles away behind that weary horizon. Possibly death was very near. He was almost at his wits' end. He thought of Cowal and the scenes of home and childhood, of his father and mother. His eyes filled with tears. From the sombre earth he lifted his eyes to heaven. The fleecy clouds were gliding gently under the blue sky, and then he prayed to Him that sitteth on the circle of the heavens, as David the great singer of Israel had cried out of the depths 3000 years before, and by faith in the Son of David did this veteran warrior now, in his utmost extremity, call from the depths of his wretchedness to the Eternal God of Salvation for help and strength. As a soldier and sailor he had long ago mingled in the strife of rival dynasties and hostile nations, but never before did he so feel his helplessness or pray with such earnestness as he did now.

He was yet on his knees when the startling Indian war-cry assailed his ears, and thirty or forty half-naked savages ran at him with knives and tomahawks. And now he expected instant death, but one of the savages rushed between Bane and the others calling out, "Cæsar! Cæsar!" The same Indian turned to his fellows and began to give them an explanation of this procedure, which at once had the effect of turning the tide of their feelings; for he was now caressed and honoured like an Indian chief, and called by the Imperial title of Cæsar, which enabled Bane to comprehend the nature of the case more clearly. In order that the reader may also understand what occasioned this happy reversion in the conduct of the savages, we must refer to an incident which occurred a short time after Bane had arrived in the settlement at Hudson's Bay.

He and some of his fellow-workmen were out hunting one day in the forest, shooting and capturing such animals as they wanted for the sake of their skins and fur. The men had all scattered in different directions, and Bane was alone. In the stillness of the forest he heard the screams of a human being. He hurried to the place whence it came, and saw not any of his companions, but an Indian savage with a wild cat on his back which had sprung on him from a tree. The man held the beast by the neck, trying to choke it, but the cat used its hind feet so fast and with such force that the four-footed and soulless savage would soon have vanquished the human one. Bane saw that

the Indian's life could not last longer than a few moments, so, taking a speedy but sure aim with his gun, he shot the wild cat dead on the spot and saved the Indian's life, by which act of kindness he became the never-to-be-forgotten friend of this wild forest hunter. The Indian gave his name, but the white man did not remember it. Bane told the Indian to call him by the name of Cæsar, which the grateful Indian remembered long after in the tumult of his feelings when they met under different circumstances, and after many days, when all hope seemed to have fled, he found this bread formerly cast upon the waters return to him on the shores of Lake Winnipeg.

If selfishness had ruled the Indian's heart he could easily have agreed to the murder of his benefactor, and so have ended all obligations to him, and apparently have got rid of any further concern in the matter. Yet two things prevented this: first, the earnest cry of the troubled soul who cried to the God of Heaven for help; second, that conscience written on the heart of him who had never learned the Decalogue nor heard the Gospel of Salvation; and so the motives and conduct of him who was neither under the law nor the gospel were overruled by the predetermined providence of Him who numbers the very hairs of our heads.

When the Indian had explained to his friends how Cæsar once had saved his life, he informed him that they were a different nation to those he had been so long with, and that now they were going down to the French factory to sell their skins and ornamental work; whereupon Bane told them if they went with him to the English factory, he would assure them of higher prices and a readier market than if they went to any other place to transact their business. The Indians were easily persuaded to this, and knowing well where to find the English house, undertook the journey, gliding down the romantic stream, fringed and tinted on either bank with the pale green, yellow, and crimson hues of the North American autumn. A few days after this there stood by the gate of the English factory a wild and strange-looking man, who said he had once been cooper in that place, and now wanted to get admission once more. The keeper at the gate indeed knew his voice to be familiar, but as his face and head were covered with long dishevelled hair, and his whole aspect weird and ghastly, the watchman ran in all haste to the captain,

saying, "Bane, the cooper, is now at the gate, and wants in." "It may be his spirit," said the captain, "but it cannot be himself as he was, for he was doubtless murdered in the forest years ago." However, the captain came down and saw for himself that their old friend the cooper of former times was indeed there, and in the flesh too, though the latter portion of his humanity was represented but very sparingly. He wondered also to see him at the head of a band of Indian traders, but took courage and let him in at the gate, leaving the men outside; but Cæsar remaining longer in the garrison than the Indians could account for, they began to think something was the matter—perhaps he was murdered, or on the eve of being so, when they all at once attacked the wooden gates with their knives and hatchets, and would soon have made their way through the frail barricade. The men inside were preparing to drive them back with their weapons, when a peaceful state of affairs might have changed to bloodshed, war, and lasting vengeance for the want of patience and wisdom, if their friend had not gone out to explain to them by translation the difference between civilised and savage etiquette, and that even the former was sometimes overlooked, and that on the present occasion there was an inexcusable neglect shown on the part of himself and his former friends in leaving his faithful and friendly allies so long in suspense outside the gates. He hoped also that they would excuse his neglect in waiting so long to receive and reciprocate the welcome and congratulations of the people of the factory. This apology was accepted by the Indians, and they were pacified. Then all the men were taken in, heartily welcomed, and entertained like princes. Bane remained a few years more at the factory, and the company continued to trade with the same people while he was there and long after he left the territory; and by the latest accounts the Indians of that tribe were still true and faithful to the nation of the pale-faced hunter who rescued their brave companion from the claws of the wild-cat.

HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA. N. B.

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MR KENNETH MACDONALD, F.S.A., Scot., Town-Clerk of Inverness, sailed from Glasgow on the 17th of August, for a holiday tour in Canada. Our readers will probably learn something of his experiences.

# JOINT MEETING OF SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY SOCIETIES AT INVERNESS.

A MEETING of representatives from fifteen different Scientific and Literary Societies was held in the Town Hall, Inverness, on the 11th of August. Kenneth Macdonald, F.S.A. Scot., President of the Inverness Scientific and Field Club, occupied the chair, supported, on the platform, by Duncan Forbes of Culloden; Lieut.-Colonel Donald Davidson; E. H. Macmillan, manager of the Caledonian Bank; Councillor Alexander Ross, F.S.A. Scot.; Walter Carruthers, of the *Inverness Courier;* Alex. Mackenzie, F.S.A. Scot., editor of the *Celtic Magazine;* William Mackay, F.S.A. Scot., Hon. Secretary of the Gaelic Society; Thomas D. Wallace, F.S.A. Scot., Rector of the High School, and Secretary of the Field Club; A. Penrose Hay, Town Chamberlain; The Rev. W. Chisholm, Banff; Dr Aitken, F.S.A. Scot.; and William Jolly, F.S.A. Scot., H.M.I.S. There was a very good attendance, and the proceedings were of a most interesting and instructive character. Several papers were read, but our space will not admit of more than a mere reference to some of them.

The President read a paper on "Inverness in the Eighteenth Century," mainly from the Records of the Town Council. Dr Aitken came next with a paper on "Craig-Phadruig and the Distribution and Theories of Vitrified Forts" generally. Mr Alex. Ross, architect, followed with a sketch of "Old Inverness," the most interesting portion of which was two letters written by one of the Magistrates of the day to the Lord-Advocate, complaining of the manner in which the well-known Mr Burt and others tyrannised over the Invernessians in 1726. The letter to the Lord-Advocate, hitherto unpublished, is as follows:—

"It is very agreeable to us to understand that your Lordp. has recovered your former strength, not only because of the affection we still have hadd for the faimly in which you are so very nearly concerned and for your Lordp. person. But also in some measure because we thereby have access to lay our complaint before you, to which we claim a double priviledge of having the honour to be represented by your Lordp. in Parliatt., and as having certain knowledge of your affection to this Burrow of which we have the honor to be magistrat.

"As we have at all times out of our affection to his Magesti's person and Government endeavoured to cultivate a friendship with the troops quartered amongst us, It is with the greatest reluctance that we declare it impossible for us to bear with the haughty, keen, and unsupportable government of these military and stranger judges set over us. We mean Coll Clayton and Mr Burt, Justices of the Peace, and Major Ormsley of Genrl Whitney's regiment. It is not possible for us to give your Lordp. due account of the many insults and indignities offered us, we have no better terms from Coll Clayton than 'trucklers.'

"It is common for the last two to say in the coffee-house that we are corrupt and partiall Judges—that we have neither law nor Justice in our country—Dam our Laws.

"They, the Justices of Peace above named, will lay all matters before them and shew up the English law, and they will support and execute their sentences by their military force.

"If at any time we complain to the Governor of the injustice done the inhabitants by the soldiers, we meet with haughtiness and flashes of passion, instead of redress;

we are publickly certified every day almost by Major Ormisley, That if he see but three town's people in a tuilzee (or a mob, as he calls it), That, by God, he will Disperse them that moment by Bullot, That he'l let us know that he is not oblidged to read a proclamation, or wait dispersing of a mob one minute, and to convince us that he is in earnest, the oyr day, when we were going by the Guard-room with a buriell, the Guard was turned out and ordered to charge their peices with Ball, and put fresh powder in their pans, which was at our sight execute; and as we know not how farr a man of Mr Ormsley's complexion might mistake a Buriall or some such occasion for a mob, we represented to the Governor that we did not understand such management, who told us in derision that what the Major did was to do us honour, and all the excuse for this threat to shoot us is that we were only fined in £90 Scots. A fellow who exchanged some words (and a blow as appeared by the testimony of our witness) with a sergeant, whereas the Governor, Mr Burt, and Mr Ormsley would have him whipt by the hangman within ane inch of his life, which is a punishment your Lordp. has told us many times we could not inflict for such a crime. However, seeing Mr Clayton was not humor'd in this matter, and by verball complaint in court he tells us that if we are troublesome he will very soon take all power out of our hands.

"My Lord, if such treatment as we meet with dayly be the effect of lodging a judicative power in the hands of strangers and military, we cannot longer boast of being free-born subjects, but must acknowledge ourselves slaves to the pride and passion of such as profess not only ane ignorance of our law, but ane utter abhorrence of all our countrymen without distinguishing betwixt such as wish well to the present constitution or not. And, therefore, as these are not our sentiments alone but of every individual of the town, we do expect from your Lordship a substantial immediate relief, and such as will free us for the future from the Tyrranie of those passionate men, or otherways we might make a surrender of our effects to those (military men) who thirst so much for civil power.

"Inverness, 21st January 1726.

"To the Lord Advocate"

The same Magistrate on the same day wrote the following letter to Mr Forbes of Culloden, brother of the Lord-Advocate, backing up the one just given:—

"Honble. Sir,

"We were very happy whilst you were amongst us; but ye were no sooner gone than we began to feel the effect of powers being lodged in the hands of a man who hates our Law, our Country, and everything belonging to it. Notwithstanding of his fine speeches to the contrary when he was held under command, and by whose influence we meet with many insults and indignities from other persons, which we have of this date written to the Ld. Advocate, to which we referr.

"We expect that as ye still have been our true friend, and are still our first magistrat, that ye'l inform our complaint with your Brother, and as we are justly founded you, we expect your hearty concurrence for getting us immediate relief.

"We are by our charters and repeated acts of Parltt. confirming the same (and qrof we have extracts) Justices of Peace within ourselves. But seems no regard is to be had to charters or acts of Parltt. of Scotland by our new judges and Governor; if we are to loss all priviliges we think it should not be with shut mouths; and therefore it is that we apprize you of our danger that ye may support the priviledge of our Burgh in such manner as ye shall think fite.

"Inverness 21 Jany. 1726."

Mr Ross concluded an interesting paper thus:—"We have many public and private buildings of considerable merit, and there is an air of progress and business activity which is surpassed by few provincial towns. The population has increased from 2400 in 1645, with one ship of 50 tons, to 5107 in 1798; to 9663 in 1831; 12,509 in 1861 to 14,463 in 1871; and 17,366 in 1881."

The paper read by Mr William Mackay, one of the representatives of the Gaelic Society, is so interesting that we give it at length, as follows:—

## LIFE IN THE HIGHLANDS IN THE OLDEN TIME.

In this paper it will be impossible to give any exhaustive account of Life in the Highlands in the Olden time, and my endeavour will be to give you such glimpses of the past as may, in some degree, interest you in the social condition of our Highland forefathers—a subject of which, I am sorry to say, comparatively little is really known. We have histories, and, so far as they go, good histories, of the Highlands, but these, for the most part, consist of pedigrees of chiefs and chieftains, and narratives of the wars and feuds, which, from time to time, ravaged our country; and, unfortunately, we learn little from them of the domestic life of the people.

I shall begin with the statement that the average Highlander of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was by no means an uneducated man. Not only were there good Grammar Schools at Inverness, Portree, and other towns, but a considerable number of Parish Schools was scattered over the country; and, judging from the notices which the Church Records contain of these, their influence must have been greatly beneficial. For example, I find from Presbytery Records that, in 1672, the people of Kiltarlity were "weel satisfied" with their schoolmaster, Mr Charles Ritchie. At the same time there was a "flourishing schoole" at Kirkhill, under the charge of Mr Thomas Fraser, who was exhorted by the Presbytery "to walk exemplare in holieness before the young ones, and to continue worthie of the commendation that was given of him." In 1675 the ministers and elders of Dores reported "that several gentlemen had schools in their own houses for educating and training up of their children, and they were upon a feasible way, if this dear year were by, to convene and stent themselves for a public school for the common good of the whole parish;" and the Presbytery exhorted the minister, elders, and gentlemen to "follow and cherish this good motion as they wish that the knowledge of God may be upon the growing hand among them, and their posterities to bless their action when they are gone."

The teacher, as a rule, was a man who had been educated for the Church, and previous to his appointment, he was examined by the Presbytery. Some idea of what was expected of him may be gathered from the examination in 1673 of Mr Alexander Ross, an applicant for the situation of teacher in Inverness. Among other things he translated the third ode of Horace at sight, and delivered an oration *de vanitate hum Scientar*, on the vanity of human knowledge.

In the seventeenth century education was greatly encouraged by the Highland Presbyteries. They collected money among the parishioners, and applied it towards the support of smart boys at schools and promising students at the Universities; and the members of each Presbytery collected among themselves the necessary funds to pay for the education of a boy speaking the Gaelic, or, as it was then generally called, the Irish language. The manner of selection is shown by the Presbytery of Dingwall's Minute of 9th October 1649, which requires "that a list of poor boys having the Irish lauguage be given in to the Presbytery the next day for election of one to be trained up at schools on the Presbytery's charges, providing always that their parents be not able to sustain them."

The old Highlander was particularly careful to commit his more important transactions to writing, and thus there have come down to us heaps of contracts and agreements of all kinds, letters, receipts, and other business documents. If, for example, he was a man of any substance, he, on his marriage, entered into a written contract with his intended spouse. There is still preserved the marriage contract, dated 1364, of Hugh Rose of Kilravock and Janet Chisholm, daughter of the Constable of Urquhart Castle, the most striking provision of which is that the bride's father was to keep and entertain her in meat and drink for three years after her marriage, her husband being, however, bound to supply her with all needful garments and ornaments. I hold in my hand the contract of marriage of my own ancestor, Duncan Mackay of Achmony, dated 1592, and by which he gives to his intended wife, in the event of her surviving him, the life-rent of his estate. The deed is in Latin, written as you see on skin, and is very short and to the point. As a contrast to it, I show you Alexander Grant of Shewglie's marriage contract, dated June 1717, and which consists of roll of paper two yards in length. Among the witnesses to this latter deed is the famous Donald Murchison, who writes a bold scholarly hand.

Notwithstanding the assertions to the contrary which are now-a-days so frequently made, the old Highland proprietor took very good care to have valid written titles to his lands, and these titles show that from at least as far back as the 12th century the land was vested in the title-holders absolutely, and not in trust for the people. And, from the earliest times, the proprietor granted leases of the lands, collected the rents either in kind or in money, and evicted such tenants as did not pay. I hold in my hand a lease, dated 1642, of lands and shealings on the borders of Kintail, under which the tenant, Alexander Macrae, was bound to pay to the landlord "or his factors in his name, having his power," the sum of forty pounds of rent, and to deliver to the laird yearly "ane sufficient white plaid," three stones butter, twelve cheeses, a fat kid, a fat calf, and one mutton or good sheep; and I also show you a warrant of removal under which nineteen tenants were evicted by Sir Rory Mackenzie of Findon and Sir Alex. Mackenzie of Coul in the year 1688. It would be interesting to know whether there was then any Highland Land Law Reform Association to take up the cause of the evicted. That there were quarrels about land then as now is certain, for here is a judgment showing that John MacWilliam Vick Neill, in Wester Knockfin, was, in 1692, fined ten pounds Scots for deforcing an officer who attempted to poind his sheep for arrears of rent. And, in 1699, the Duke of Gordon's feuars and tenants in Badenoch addressed a "vindication" to his Grace, in which they bitterly complained of the conduct of his Bailie or Factor, William Mackintosh of Borlum, whom they accused of having "reported one of the most wicked, malicious, and notorious lies that his serpentine wit could invent, or the Devil could indite"—a lie which, they declared, "was never hatched or contrived without the concourse and inspiration of the father and author of lies."

As you are aware, the ancient Highlanders were a warlike people. I need not tell you of the many feuds between rival clans, or of the great national struggles in which they joined to take a common part. But I wish to point out to you that those wars were not entered upon lightly, or without a due appreciation of the gravity of the undertaking. For instance, when, after the judicial murder of King Charles I., the Scots took up the cause of his son and entered upon the war which closed disastrously at the battle of Worcester in September 1651, the Highlanders joined in the national movement; and the records of the Presbytery of Dingwall give a vivid picture of how the Highland army was mustered and prepared for the conflict. The clergy from their

pulpits called upon the people to join against the "sectary" Oliver Cromwell, and the chiefs went about among their people encouraging them to rise for King and country. From our own vicinity a regiment of Frasers marched south under the command of the Master of Lovat, and having the Rev. Donald Fraser, minister of Kilmorack, as chaplain; and a regiment of Mackenzies followed, led by the Earl of Seaforth, and under the spiritual guidance of the Rev. Donald Macrae, minister of Kintail. Before they started, special fasts were observed throughout the country, when the following prayers were offered from every parish pulpit:—That God would make His people willing and stir them up for the defence of the country and bless and gather their armies together; that God would graciously unite the hearts of those who are concerned and in hazard by the present enemy, to act jointly for the cause of God and against the enemy with one heart and mind, and remove all jealousy and heartburning from amongst them; that the Lord would provide for the necessary preservation of the lives of His people from sword and famine, lead out our army, cover their head in the day of battle, teach their hands to war and their fingers to fight, and make them have good success, that the enemy may flee and fall before them; and that God would look upon the Royal Family and bless the King, that he may be kept free from the snares and dangers of the times, and in due time restored to his right, and set on the throne of his three kingdoms. As I have said, the expedition thus so solemnly entered upon ended fatally on the field of Worcester.

But I must hasten to give you a glimpse or two of Presbyterial proceedings in the olden time. The records of the Presbyteries of Inverness and Dingwall show that the Presbytery of the seventeenth century was an important body, exercising the most extensive jurisdiction in matters civil and ecclesiastical. Nothing came amiss to the reverend brethren in Presbytery assembled. In 1655 the Presbytery of Dingwall tried a person for a murder committed in Strathconon. About the same time Duncan Mac-Murchie Vic Cuil, in Gairloch, successfully applied to the Presbytery for divorce from his wife, Agnes Kemp. One, Finlay Buy, is heavily fined for getting drunk and beating his mother. Margaret Dow is found guilty of sorcery by burying a lamb under the threshold of her byre as a preventive against the death of her cattle; and Mairie Nien Vic Neill pleads guilty to having put a pock of herbs in her milk to prevent the substance thereof being taken away by witches. In 1656 a great number of people in Applecross and in the district of Loch Maree were found guilty of idolatry by sacrificing bulls to St Mourie or Maolrubha in Isle Maree. Numerous attempts were made by the various Presbyteries to put down dancing, piping, and fiddling at likewakes, and the cases of church discipline that came before them were legion. Once an unfortunate man or woman came under the eye of the Presbytery, it was difficult to get beyond its reach until the offence was expiated in due form; and so perfect was the Presbyterial organisation, that, for example, Alexander Besack, a fugitive from the discipline of the Presbytery of Inverness, was in 1679 traced to Tongue, in the extreme north of Sutherland, and brought back; and, more wonderful still, Margaret Fraser, an Inverness breaker of the Seventh Commandment, who had about the same time fled the country, was traced to London and brought to discipline by the Presbytery of her native town. In addition to all this the members of the Presbyteries collected money from their parishioners for all conceivable objects. There were no China missions or missions for the Jews, but the calls upon the liberality of the old Highlander were numerous notwithstanding. For instance, in 1652, a collection was made in each parish within the Presbytery of Dingwall on behalf of the "distressed people in Glasgow" who suffered from the army of Cromwell. At a meeting of the Dingwall

Presbytery in 1665, "the Moderator produced an order of His Majesty's Secret Council in Scotland in reference to William Mackay, merchant in Dumbarton, a sufferer under the late usurpation and rebellion, recommending him to the charity of the several parishes of this kingdom;" and the brethren were ordained to send in the contributions of their congregations before the ensuing Synod. In 1667, the same Presbytery ordained the brethren "to collect some charity from their respective congregations for one Captain William Murray, a distressed gentleman," and at the next meeting the money so collected was delivered to the Moderator. At a meeting of the Inverness Presbytery in 1670, a letter was read from the Bishop "requiring a collection from the respective parishes within the Presbytery for repairing the bulwark of Dundee." The parishioners do not, however, seem to have thought that they had any special interest in the bulwark, for at the next meeting the brethren declared, with reference to the proposed collection, "that their people were most unwilling and dissatisfied with the same."

Sometimes the Presbytery was asked to adjudicate on somewhat delicate questions. For instance, at a meeting of the Dingwall Presbytery in 1665, "Mr John Mackenzie, archdeacon, advised with the Presbytery in reference to a woman in his parish (Killernan or Redcastle) whose husband being carried to Barbadoes after the battle of Worcester and married there for certainty, whether the said woman might have the benefit of marriage with another man." The Presbytery had a difficulty in the matter, and it was resolved to confer with the Bishop. What the final decision was does not appear.

I have time simply to mention the proceedings of the Baron Courts which were held in almost every Highland glen. The Baron Bailie who presided over the Court exercised almost unlimited jurisdiction, sentencing criminals to death, fining tenants for killing deer or cutting turf or green wood, punishing drunkards and breakers of the peace, and fixing the prices to be charged by shoemakers, tailors, and weavers, and the wages to be paid to servants. The old document now in my hand is the record of a Court held in 1699 by John Grant of Corrimony for the purpose of trying Donald Macallister Vic Oill Duy, accused of stealing a "red prick horned bull," a sheep, and some worsted. The proceedings are most carefully recorded. A jury of fifteen is empanelled, who, after hearing the evidence, retire and bring in a written verdict of guilty. The prisoner is sentenced "to be hanged, on ane gallows by the hand of the hangman, to death, and his corpse to be cut down and buried at the back side of the kirk yard."

I shall close these imperfect sketches by reading the funeral letter issued on the death of the Rev. John Mackenzie of Redcastle, the gentleman who propounded the difficult matrimonial question to which I have referred. It is perhaps the oldest Highland funeral letter now in existence. It runs thus:—"The favoure of your presence to accompanie the corpes of Mr John M'Kenzie, minister of Killernan, from his Dwelling house ther to his buriall place within the Church Yeard ther, Saturday next, being the twentie sevent instant, be ten a cloacke in the forenoon, is earnestlie intreated."

John Horne, F.R.G.S., of the Geological Survey of Scotland, read an eloquent and learned paper on "The Origin of the Andalusite Schists of Banff and Aberdeenshires," followed by one by Ralph Richardson, F.R.S.E., Vice-President of the Edinburgh Geological Society, on "The Arctic Shell Beds of Scotland." A paper by the Rev. W. Chisholm, Banff, and an invitation from the Banff Club to the Joint Societies to meet in that town next year, and accepted by the meeting, brought this part of the proceedings to an end, when the party adjourned to

## SUPPER AT THE STATION HOTEL,

Where some very excellent and enjoyable speeches were delivered, under the presidency of Mr Kenneth Macdonald. Among others present at the supper, or at the excursion on Saturday we noticed the following:—Professor Struther, Aberdeen; Dr Balfour, Edinburgh; Ralph Richardson, F.R.S.E., W.S., do.; John Horne, of H.M.G.S., Banff; William Jolly, H.M.I.S.; Thomas D. Wallace; James Barron, editor, *Inverness Courier;* Walter Carruthers, of the *Inverness Courier;* Bailie Smith; Councillor Alex. Ross; Alex. Mackenzie, editor of the *Celtic Magazine;* Geo. J. Campbell; Dr Ogilvie Grant; John Macdonald, banker, Buckie; James Fraser, C.E.; E. H. Macmillan, manager of the Caledonian Bank; Sheriff Blair; Dr Aitken; Dr Dalzell; Dr Macnee; John Whyte; Dr Corbet, Beauly; Councillor Charles Mackay; Jas. Clarke, solicitor; Finlay Macgillivray, do.; Captain E. O'Sullivan; Paul Waack, German teacher; Robert Davidson, accountant; W. Gowenlock, Highland Railway; John Cran, Kirkton; Alexander Macbain, Raining's School; C. Livingstone, Fort-William; Colin Chisholm, Edinburgh; Angus Grant, Glen-Urquhart; Roderick Maclean, factor, Ardross; Councillor Noble; John Fraser, chemist; Geo. Robertson, Victoria Circus; Alex. Maclennan, painter, Inverness; J. Ross, Merkinch School; Robert Ferguson, Aberdeen Granite Works; J. C. Kennedy, Springfield House, Elgin; J. G. Phillips, curator, Museum, do.; D. Mackenzie, advocate, do.; Dr Grigor, Nairn; William Brown, Earlsmill, Dyke; Rev. W. Chisholm, Banff; Mr Spence, head master, Banff Academy; Rev. Mr Milne, King Edward; David M. Fraser, Ayr Academy; Mr Docherty, Thurso; Mr Joass, Dingwall; Rev. Dr Richard, London, &c.

About ninety persons, including a few ladies, started from the Town Hall, at 9 A.M., on Saturday, for an

## EXCURSION TO KIRKHILL, BEAULY, AND STRATHGLASS.

The day was beautiful, and the party heartily enjoyed themselves. Mr Jolly dilated on his favourite theme, Geology, and Mr Barron gave a most interesting account of the old Chapel of Kirkhill. Mr Alexander Ross and Dr Corbet described the architecture, and related the history and legendary lore of the Priory of Beauly. Sheriff Blair and the President entertained the party to an excellent luncheon at the Falls of Kilmorack, after which they drove on to Struy, made some geological researches, and found their way to Inverness, by Eskadale and Beaufort, at 10 o'clock in the evening, every one being highly pleased with the day's proceedings.

We regret that the space at our disposal will not admit of our giving such an extended notice of the excursion as we would wish, and must content ourselves with the following, from Mr Barron's most interesting and instructive account of the

## OLD CHAPEL AND PARISH OF KIRKHILL.

The chapel in the Churchyard, the mortuary chapel of the family of Fraser, was built in 1772, and contains the remains of the Frasers of Lovat up till 1815. The present parish of Kirkhill is made up of two parishes, one of which was the old parish of Wardlaw, and the other the old parish of Fearnlaw. They were united in 1618. The Rev. James Fraser was minister of the parish of Wardlaw from 1661 to 1709, and it was he who left the Wardlaw manuscript, but his manuscript journal dates from a period before he became minister of Wardlaw. Fraser saw the building of the citadel at Cromwell's Fort at Inverness, and describes where the timber was taken from. The civil history of the district is this: The first Norman family established here were the Bissets, who came into prominence in the time of William the Lion, but after

flourishing for about 100 years the family went into the female line, and their extensive estates were divided among a great number of families, such as the Fentons, the Boscobos, and the Grahams. The Frasers came into the place in the middle of the fourteenth century, having apparently acquired the property of Lovat by marriage, and subsequently by means of marriages and purchases they extended their possessions until they came into possession of the domain that now forms the patrimony of the Lovat family. The most prominent man of the whole family was old Simon, who was executed on Tower Hill in 1747. The question sometimes asked was whether his body was buried in the chapel or not. According to one of the most recent histories the body was given to an undertaker in the Strand to be preserved and sent North, but it was taken, it was said, by the order of the Government, and buried in St Peter's Chapel in London. However, this story does not correspond with local tradition, which says that the body was brought North, and this local tradition was confirmed by a letter which Mr Barron had from Mr Peter, the factor for Lord Lovat, in which he says that about thirty years ago the late Lord Lovat told him that shortly before that time some of his sons looked into the vault and found an old coffin which contained the remains of the beheaded Lord. The lid had been torn off. The body was in the coffin, and the skull was lying in another part of the vault exposed. Dr Corbet said that the head was in a tin case, that the Beauly boys used to come up to the churchyard to steal the teeth, and that only one was left. Old Simon left two sons, one of which raised the Fraser Highlanders, and fought with Wolfe at Quebec, and had his lands restored to him. His brother Archibald, also son of Simon, was the last of the old line, and he died in 1815, receiving a remarkable Highland funeral, at which 1000 clansmen attended, and so copious were the libations of mountain dew that a number of them tumbled into the vault intoxicated, and were only taken out in the morning when the smith came to lock the door. The present family are the Frasers of Strichen, who came into possession on the main stem dying out, and their burying place is at Eskadale. Old Simon Lord Lovat put up a tablet in the mortuary chapel in remembrance of his father, but he managed to put in a great deal about himself. It is as follows, and is quite characteristic of the man :—

"To the memory of Lord Thomas Fraser of Lovat, who chose rather to undergo the greatest hardships of fortune, than to part with the ancient honours of his house, and bore these hardships with an undaunted fortitude of mind. This monument was erected by Simon Lord Fraser of Lovat, his son, who likewise having undergone many and great vicissitudes of good and bad fortune, through the malice of his enemies, he, in the end, at the head of his clan, forced his way to his paternal inheritance, with his sword in his hand, and relieved his kindred and followers from oppression and slavery; and both at home and in foreign countries, by his eminent actions in the war and the State, he has acquired great honours and reputation.

Hic tegit ossa lapis, Simonis fortis in armis,
Restituit pressum nam genus ille suum.
Hoc marmor posuit cari genetoris honori;
In genus afflictum par erut ejus amor."

This inscription, observes Burton, was dictated by the same policy which made Dupleix raise his pillar of triumph at Pondicherry. When Sir Robert Munro saw it, he said, "Simon, how the devil came you to put up such boasting romantic stuff?" Lovat answered, "The monument and inscription are chiefly for the Frasers, who must believe whatever I their chief require of them, and their posterity will think is as

true as the gospel." To the left of this inscription there is another curious inscription by the Hon. Archibald Fraser, who died in 1815, to his own memory, as follows :—

"This stone is erected to the memory of the Honourable Arch. Fraser, LL.D., F.R.S., F.A.S., F.L.A., &c., &c., Lord of Beaufort, Abertarff, and Lovat, Soldier, Macshimi 38th, nephew to John Duke of Argyle, godson to Archibald Duke of Argyle.

"A.D. MDCCLXIV.—While upon a diplomatique mission to the Mahometan states of Africa, he, by order of his most sacred Majesty George III. effected a peace between those states, the kingdom of Denmark and the republic of Venice. He procured indemnification from the empire of Russia, for depradation committed on the British flag; and during his ten years stay in those countries, he, by his King's permission, redeemed, Spanish, Portugese, and imperial subjects, at the expence to those courts, of two millions sterling, while not a single Briton was sold or taken into slavery.

"A.D. MDCCLXXXII.—He co-operated with James Duke of Montrose in recovering to the Highlanders the dress of their ancestors.

"A.D. MDCCLXXXV.—He, at his own expence, and in person, surveyed the fisheries on the West Coast of Scotland and the Hebrides, and petitioned for a repeal of the duties on salt and coals; encouraged the manufacture of coarse wool, hemp, and flax; he laboured to improve the soil; he amended the breed of Highland oxen, and broke them into harness; he meliorated the dairies; and by affording employment to a hardy race of men, returned from serving their country in the wars, he repressed emigration, and preserved to his country their equally valuable services in peace.

"A.D. MDCCXCII.—After quelling insurrections on the 10th August, he planned the system of legally putting arms in the hands of men of property; and had, when the Empire was threatened by invasion, the satisfaction of seeing its adoption and efficacy.

"Born 16th August 1736; died December 1815."

Here is one way of securing fame and immortalising one's self at a cheap rate.

## HIGHLAND TESTIMONIAL TO PROFESSOR BLACKIE—MEETING OF GAELIC SOCIETY OF INVERNESS.

A MEETING, under the auspices of the Gaelic Society, was held in the Town-Hall, Inverness, on Wednesday, 16th August, in furtherance of a proposal to get up a testimonial to Professor Blackie, as a slight recognition of his many services to the cause of the Highlands and Highlanders. Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., chief of the Society, presided. There were also present—Dr Mackenzie of Eileanach; H. C. Macandrew, Sheriff-Clerk of Inverness-shire; Dean of Guild Mackenzie, editor of the *Celtic Magazine;* John Whyte, librarian; Ex-Provost Simpson; Dr H. C. Gillies, Glasgow; James Barron, F.S.A. Scot., editor of the *Inverness Courier;* Ex-bailie Noble; Colin Chisholm (an Honorary Chieftain of the Society); Donald Reid, solicitor; Geo. J. Campbell, do.; John Mackenzie, C.E.; D. Watt, Volunteer Arms; And. Davidson, sculptor; William Mackenzie, secretary of the Society; Wm. Bain, assistant editor of *Inverness Courier*, &c.

Mr William Mackenzie, the secretary, explained the object of the meeting. One of the members of the society, Bailie Macdonald, Aberdeen, he said, had written a letter to the editor, which appeared in the current number of the *Celtic Magazine*, suggesting that the Highland Capital should inaugurate a movement to present Professor Blackie with some tangible token in recognition of his many services on behalf of the Highlands and Highlanders of Scotland, and the letter was backed up by an editorial

note. The present time, the secretary said, was exceedingly appropriate; for the services of the Professor towards the establishment of the Celtic Chair were practically completed and crowned with success. Further, his great Highland work "Altavona," was fresh from the press, and admired by Highlanders all the world over; while his stirring address at the Annual Assembly of the Society in July was still ringing in their ears. It was now still more opportune for inaugurating such a movement as had been suggested on account of the fact that the Professor had retired from the teaching profession—although he hoped not from public life. (Applause.) After consulting with several members, he called a meeting of the Council of the Society. It was held on Thursday last, and after fully considering the matter, it was unanimously resolved, on the motion of Dean of Guild Mackenzie, to take immediate steps in the direction indicated in Bailie Macdonald's letter, and he was instructed to call the present meeting in furtherance of the proposal. What form the testimonial should assume was not yet decided upon; but a suggestion that it be a portrait by one of the leading Scottish painters, had been favourably received. He announced letters of apology for absence from Bailie Macdonald, Aberdeen; Captain A. M. Chisholm, Glassburn, and others —all commending the scheme and promising their support.

Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., who was received with applause, said that as Mr Mackenzie had remarked, this was certainly a most opportune time for inaugurating a movement in recognition of Professor Blackie's services in the interests of Highlanders. It came rather by surprise on most people that the Professor resigned at this particular moment, but no doubt he had very good reasons for doing so. There were two ways in which this matter might be effected. In the first place this Society might do something by themselves, and make it a local matter; or, in the second place, they might take steps to communicate with other Societies and make it a general matter. But in any case something should be done, and this was an exceedingly opportune time for doing it. (Applause.) He would say himself that the claims of Professor Blackie were not local—they were general—(applause)—and much as he personally would wish to see Inverness take a very prominent part in the matter, he would be very glad to hear the opinions of others on the subject, and that being so it might be well if this Society put itself into communication with other Societies. But whatever was to be done ought to be done speedily, for at present there was a large number of the friends of the Highlanders and admirers of the Professor in the North. It might be premature to suggest what form the testimonial should assume. A portrait, if it were to be a local matter, would be very good; but if it were to be general, he did not think a portrait would be a sufficient recognition of the services of Professor Blackie to the Highlanders. (Applause.) A portrait might be sufficient from one small body, but coming from the general body of Highlanders all over the country, it would not at all be an adequate recognition. (Applause.) If it were to be general he thought the best thing would be the founding of some Gaelic bursaries—(applause)—or Blackie bursaries in connection with the Celtic Chair. There were two or three bursaries in connection with the Highland Society of London, and there were upwards of twenty applicants for them every year, each applicant having excellent testimonials—and many of these applicants the very flower of our Highland peasant youth. (Applause.) A number of such bursaries, he thought, would be a most fitting as well as a lasting memorial of Professor Blackie's services. (Applause.)

Dr Mackenzie of Eileanach, Ex-Provost of Inverness, said that when he saw the suggestions of Bailie Macdonald in the *Celtic Magazine*, he felt ashamed that they in Inverness—the capital of the Highlands—were not a little more forward in a matter

which so much interested them—(applause)—for there was no one who could equal Professor Blackie, if it were not Sir Alex. Matheson of Lochalsh, who had done so much for Inverness; but Professor Blackie had been working in season and out of season for the cause of Highlanders everywhere, and his claims were thus more general. (Applause.) He had a claim upon the whole Highlands and on all Highlanders—(applause)—for what he had done and what he is still willing to do for them; and the Highlanders ought not to be backward in doing their part towards commemorating his services for generations to come. (Applause.) He for one would be very anxious to see a portraint of Professor Blackie on the walls of our beautiful new Town Hall, that in future generations the stranger, when he would ask "Who is this?" would be informed "O, that's Professor Blackie who has done so much for the Highlands." (Applause.) Blackie bursaries, however, would be most excellent things to keep the memory of the Professor fresh in the minds of our Highland youth, and would be of great practical value. (Applause.) The matter should be taken up at once, and he for one would be delighted to aid the movement with all his heart. (Applause.)

Dean of Guild Mackenzie said that for a beginning he himself had suggested a portrait. He, however, was in favour of seeing the movement extend—and had stated so in his magazine. No one would be better pleased to see a number of Gaelic bursaries than he would; but he thought they should keep the portrait in view as one element in the proposed testimonial. (Applause.) A portrait should be presented, but the Professor should be left free as to how to dispose of it, although it would be most appropriate to decorate the Town Hall of the Capital of the Highlands with it. (Applause.) The matter had now been taken up, and whatever form it might ultimately assume, he thought it should be gone on with at once and brought to a successful issue. He stated that he himself had already received intimation of several donations, including one from one of their very best Highlanders, Mr John Mackay, C.E., Hereford, who wrote him as follows:—

"Reay Villa, South Bank, Hereford, 1st August 1882.

"My Dear Sir,—I do hope the Gaelic Society of Inverness may be patriotic enough to take up the suggestion of Bailie Macdonald regarding a testimonial to Professor Blackie. If ever any man deserved well of Highlanders that man is unquestionably Professor Blackie. In season and out of season he has been the advocate of their wants and rights. I am much mistaken in the character of my countrymen if they will not most enthusiastically take up the matter, and bring it to a creditable conclusion.

"There are Highland Associations everywhere. The work may readily be done through them, and done very effectively if once a start were made.

"As a commencement I will be a £5 note to the general fund.—Yours very faithfully, "John Mackay.

"Alex. Mackenzie, Esq."

This, he said, was a very substantial beginning—(hear, hear)—and he hoped Mr Mackay's example would be extensively copied. (Applause.)

Mr Macandrew, Sheriff-Clerk, thought that perhaps the time for the bursaries had not come until the Celtic Professor was appointed. It occurred to him that in the meantime, as a local matter, a portrait of the Professor for the Town Hall, with a copy for the Professor himself, would be very appropriate.

Dr H. C. Gillies, Glasgow, was very glad to see this movement on foot and to hear an expression of his opinion on the matter by Mr Fraser-Mackintosh. The idea of having such bursaries as were proposed was brought before the Federation of Celtic

Societies two years ago, by Bailie Macdonald, and then postponed. He was glad to see the matter now again brought up, and he hoped it would be put forward in such a way that all the Highland societies throughout the country could take part in the movement. (Applause.)

Mr James Barron, Editor of the *Courier*, who commended the proposal, said that a portrait of the Professor on the walls of our new Town Hall would be most desirable. They might be able to establish two or three bursaries, and get up this portrait also, all for about £2000; and it was for the societies to consider whether they could get up this amount. If not he thought our local society would have no difficulty in getting up a good portrait of the Professor.

Mr Colin Chisholm's feeling was that they ought not to content themselves with such a simple thing as a portrait. (A laugh.) By all means let them give him the portrait and show him how much they respected him, but let them extend their views farther in the matter, and he was sure they would be supported by every Celtic Society in the kingdom.

Mr George J. Campbell was pleased to see this movement on foot. He had himself suggested the matter of a bursary in a recent number of the *Celtic Magazine*, offering a subscription of £5, and he was glad now to see some prospect of its being successfully carried out. He would still give the same subscribtion towards the scheme.

Ex-Provost Simpson entered very cordially into the suggestions that had been made. A suggestion had been made that if there was a portrait for the Town Hall of Inverness, there might be a marble bust for the Professor himself; and if so their friend Mr Andrew Davidson would be the proper person to execute it; for he was a sculptor of whom the Highlands might be proud, who would well transfer the Professor's features to marble, and who was himself a worthy successor of their townsman, the late Alexander Munro. (Applause.) He hoped there would be a hearty co-operation among all the Gaelic Societies to have the matter brought to a successful issue. (Loud applause.)

Mr Fraser-Maokintosh then moved that the matter be remitted to the Council of the Gaelic Society of Inverness, with full powers—with instructions to communicate with the other Celtic, Gaelic, and Highland Societies throughout Scotland and England, asking them to co-operate in the matter, without delay; and, if favourable, asking them to appoint delegates to meet other delegates at some centre on an appointed day, or to send a statement in writing of their opinions on the matter. (Applause.)

Dr Mackenzie of Eileanach seconded, and the motion was unanimously agreed to.

Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, on the motion of Dean of Guild Mackenzie, was appointed Honorary Treasurer of the proposed fund, and Mr William Mackenzie to be secretary.

A vote of thanks to Mr Fraser-Mackintosh for his conduct in the chair brought the proceedings to a close.

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[Now that it has been decided to go in for the more ambitious scheme of founding Blackie Bursaries, as well as presenting the Professor with his portrait, it is to be hoped that Highlanders will at once forward their subscriptions to the Hon. Treasurer, Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, Esq. of Drummond, M.P., Lochardill House, Inverness. Sums from a shilling's worth of postage stamps, upwards, will be gladly received and duly acknowledged. Let Highlanders show by their promptitude and liberality in this matter that they are not unworthy of the great and successful efforts put forth on their behalf by their redoubtable champion, Professor John Stuart Blackie.—Ed. *C. M.*]

# PEASANT PROPRIETORS.

REPLY TO MR MACDONALD OF SKAEBOST.

THE readers of the *Celtic Magazine*, I am sure, must take great pleasure in reading anything from the pen of Mr Macdonald of Skaebost in respect of the Skye crofters, in whom he has taken so kindly and intelligent an interest. In recent numbers, he demonstrated by figures, that they could pay, and in fact are paying, more for land per acre than large farmers. In a recent number he passes under review the aspect of the present agitation, and more particularly the theories that are being circulated amongst the people; but he does not offer any opinion of his own with regard to their particular grievances, as to whether they are real or imaginary, nor does he suggest any remedy for obviating, in future, cases which he deprecates, such as the Leckmelm evictions, the Lochcarron disturbance, and the more cruel and unjust clearances of former times.

As my object is merely to offer a few observations on that part of Mr Macdonald's article which has reference to peasant proprietors, I do not wish to complicate that question by following him over the wider field of a general land law reform for the whole country.

Some prejudice may be raised against earnest men who devote their time and talents on behalf of the poor and helpless, by being stigmatized as agitators, and Mr Henry George may share in that sweeping condemnation, as a political economist, chiefly, perhaps, because he happens to be an American. Such weapons, however, when used in discussion, indicate poverty of argument, rather than any merit in the cause of those who resort to such expedients.

Mr George's rough-and-ready method of remedying all human ills by confiscating rents, might in some cases be equitable enough, and, as a question of general fiscal policy, he would probably be thought by some as sound and by others as dangerous, but what I myself wish to point out is that the idea which underlies his able and eloquent work, "Progress and Poverty," is not an original idea, and that he answers well the character given by us to his countrymen of having great cleverness in presenting other men's ideas in a most striking light.

Regarding our tenure of land, the incidence of taxation, and the condition of the labouring classes, we are not without able exponents and weighty authority in Scotland. Whatever prejudice may exist with regard to Dr Nulty of Westmeath and Mr George of San Francisco, there exists none, I believe, with regard to Dr Chalmers, whose ideas Mr George works upon, and whose prescient and weighty words ought to

come home, at the present time, with peculiar force, to every thoughtful man. Let us listen to Dr Chalmers! In the preface to the first edition of his Political Economy, published in 1832, he expresses in a few words the idea which Mr George expands into a volume, and presents in a somewhat drastic form :—

> And if not very hopeful of an instant acquiescence in our principles, far less do we look for the instant adoption of our practical suggestions. The urgencies of the country may perhaps speed onwards the commutation of tithes, and the measure of a universal education. *The commutation of taxes into a territorial impost, will be the work of a later age; though we should rejoice even now, did we witness a commencement, however humble, an approximation, however slow, to this great political and economical reform.*
>
> May God of His infinite mercy grant, that whatever the coming changes in the state and history of this nation may be, they shall not be the result of a sweeping and headlong anarchy; but rather, in the pacific march of improvement, may they anticipate this tremendous evil, and avert it from our borders.

Having thus briefly adverted to the larger question of general policy, which at present occupies so large a place in the public mind, I dismiss it entirely as having little or no bearing upon a small measure of relief applicable to the peculiar position of the Highlands.

Seeing that a Committee of the House of Lords, and two of the ablest leaders of the Conservative party in the House of Commons (Sir M. Hicks-Beach and Mr W. H. Smith) have recommended a peasant proprietary as the final solution of the Irish difficulty, we may regard the adoption of that scheme as merely a question of time. If that be regarded as a good thing for Ireland, I can hardly think it would be a bad thing for the Highlands, for both countries have now had a fair trial of evictions, emigration, and depopulation, without producing any good results. Mr Macdonald, however, looks upon it as a leap in the dark, or rather as entirely inapplicable to the Highlands. His views are expressed as follows :—

> The third question is the peasant proprietary scheme, and, at the outset, I must say, that I fail to see how it could practically work in our country. It is admitted by all who have given the land question consideration, that the result of small holdings, if free sale was allowed, would be that land would ultimately be bought up by the more prudent of the class that was sure to rise among the small proprietors themselves. If the sale of land was not allowed, what then would be the position in the event of causes occurring which might necessitate the withdrawal of capital or labour from the soil? Simply this, *less production*, and consequently a loss to the individual owning it and to the nation at large. The climate of this country is against its producing over and above the support of the person cultivating it, sufficient to enable him to purchase the common and almost necessary luxuries of the day enjoyed by most others not engaged in agriculture. Who would be a proprietor under such circumstances? and what a strange spectacle to witness—the land owned by peasant proprietors, and yet the said

proprietors the most wretchedly miserable lot this country ever saw. Even Mr George is opposed to it.

Imagine a crofter who now pays a yearly rental of £10 desiring to become proprietor of his holding. The price at 25 years' purchase would be £250, and to stock it £60, total £310. Is it likely any sane man would invest his capital in the purchase of a piece of ground which, after all, would not support him? Would it not be much better for him to invest his capital in a small farm which he would have for £40 a year, and which really would be self-supporting.

There is nothing so common with special pleaders as to draw upon the imagination with a total disregard of well ascertained facts. From Arthur Young to John Stuart Mill the testimony of all who have given the land question their consideration goes to prove that peasant proprietors "turn sand into gold." If we traverse the world the only part of it that is a disgrace to civilization is that part where peasant proprietors are non-existent—the country we live in. Who are the authorities referred to by Mr Macdonald, and where did they find such results of aggregation of small properties to follow the creation of peasant proprietors. The legislation of Prussia is the most noted, and probably the best that has taken place in modern times, and Mr Morier, who gives an excellent account of it in "Systems of Land Tenure in Various Countries," remarks on this point as follows :—

One of the commonest arguments used in England against small properties is that they cannot maintain themselves by the side of large properties, and that where free exchange in land is the rule, the large properties will invariably swallow up the small ; consequently, that if small proprietors are a desideratum there must be a law of compulsory division of property as in France, or some special State interference, *ad hoc*, as is supposed to exist in Prussia, in order to keep them up. The example of Prussia, on the contrary, tends to establish exactly the reverse, for there, with the most absolute rights of alienation on the part of peasant proprietors, and with their immediate proximity to large and mostly entailed estates, they have fully maintained their position.

Seeing that the direction of legislation is now in this country towards the removal of entail, so as to enable encumbered proprietors to alienate their property, any one who would advocate the tying up of land would be regarded as outside the pale of practical politics, so that Mr Macdonald's theory of *less production* need not disturb any one's equanimity, much less does it demand discussion in view of the experience of other countries.

As to climate. If the climate is unsuited to peasant proprietors, what virtue is there in our system of landlord and tenant to mitigate its severity? Is it because insecurity of tenure is in perfect harmony with the uncertainty of the weather? In these latitudes nature is more bountiful than we are ready to admit. Indigenous products of the

country are suited to our wants, and they have never failed us. The hardy oats are as persistent to the blast as a Highland brigade is to the charge of an enemy. Mr Macdonald may have seen, as I have seen, the starvelings of India crowding into relief camps for food—famishing mothers carrying emaciated infants—because the sky would not yield a drop of rain nor the ground a blade of grass. We are not sufficiently thankful for the mild and humid climate of the Western Highlands.

The climate of Norway is more severe, and even that of Switzerland, along the higher slopes of the Alps, yet in these countries we find peasant proprietors living in a state of comfort and prosperity. On the other hand, in Italy and Spain, where landlordism obtains, we find poverty and wretchedness similar to what we witness in Ireland and in the Highlands. With regard to Norway Mr Laing draws the following comparison :—

> If small proprietors are not good farmers, it is not from the same cause here which we are told makes them so in Scotland—indolence and want of exertion. The extent to which irrigation is carried on in these glens and valleys shows a spirit of exertion and co-operation to which the latter can show nothing similar. Those may be bad farmers who do such things, but they are not indolent, or ignorant of working in concert and keeping up establishments for common benefit. They are, undoubtedly, in these respects, far in advance of any community of cottars in our Highland glens. *They feel as proprietors* who receive the advantage of their exertions. The excellent state of the roads and bridges is another proof that the country is inhabited by people who have a common interest to keep them in repair. There are no tolls.

But Mr Macdonald himself, in former articles, showed very clearly that crofters might be very comfortable, if not prosperous, under a Highland sky, if they had only "elbow-room," and it is therefore all the more unaccountable why he should now consider that as proprietors of their holdings they should become "the most wretchedly miserable lot this country ever saw." This is certainly a theory with regard to the "magic of property" which goes against all experience, and we are left to the unaided light of reason. We must bring it to that test. But before doing so I may offer the observation that the imagination, to which Mr Macdonald appeals, would be greatly taxed to picture how this change, from their present condition as crofters, could well be more abject than it is.

Finding that peasant proprietors are industrious, comfortable, prosperous, and well housed in every country, irrespective of difference in soil and climate, we must look for the cause of the abject condition of our own peasantry to some diversity of human character which is inherent and ineradicable in the Celtic race, if we do not attribute it to a difference in the social and economic laws under which they live. When I look at the trim fields and cleanly villas of France, at the picturesque chalets of Switzerland, and at the substantial houses of dressed granite in our

Channel Islands, I ask myself the question, Are these peasants so prosperous, so comfortable, and so well housed in consequence of superiority of character to my own countrymen, who live in hovels more like the wigwams of Esquimaux than the habitations of civilized men, or is it owing to social and political causes? I am reluctant to admit any inferiority of race and character. Human nature is not very different all the world over, and the desire for improvement is universal. That desire is barred and clogged where a man is not secured in the fruits of his labour. Industry and prosperity follow closely on the heels of freedom and security. Indolence and filth are the badges of spoliation and oppression. Highland landlords and their apologists decry the climate, and traduce the character of the people, to account for the natural results of a system of which they form the principal part.

But viewing the question by the unaided light of reason alone, Mr Macdonald puts a case which shows very clearly the disadvantages under which Highland crofters labour. "Imagine a crofter," says Mr Macdonald, "who now pays a yearly rental of £10 desiring to become proproprietor of his holding." . . . "Would it not be better for him to invest his capital in a small farm which he would have for £40 a-year, and which really would be self-supporting." There are fishermen, crofters, not a few I am glad to know, who have money lying in the bank at 2 per cent. per annum, to whom farms at £40 a year are not available, even if such farms were great prizes, which I hardly think they are. The possessor of a capital of £250, by transferring it from a bank of deposit to a much safer bank, the soil of his country, would at once effect a saving of half his rental. "Money saved is money gained," and, as a peasant proprietor, he would make a very fair start on that transaction. Is the law that compels him to pay four per cent. on the landlord's capital when he can obtain only two per cent. on his own a just law? The Lochcarron estate has now changed hands speculatively three times within less than half a life-time to men who did not very much require it, whilst poor men to whom land is a necessity are debarred from investing their money in it, and have anxiously to study the temper and disposition of every new master.

But the saving thus effected, with regard to capital, would be the smallest part of the peasant proprietor's gains. The knowledge that the fruits of his labour would accrue to himself, and acquire a market value, should give a spur to his energies in employing every spare day and hour in building a house and in reclaiming waste lands. If a peasant build a house at a cost of £100, it is of some consequence to him whether it will have a selling value, or, by the logic of the law, it belongs to the land-

lord. In the same way, if he reclaim an acre of waste land, worth one pound in its natural state, and raises it to the value of twenty-five pounds, it must be of some consequence to him whether the produce of his labour accrues to himself or goes to the landlord, not only as property, but also as a means of raising his rent upon him. It may not be clear to landlords that a man whose labour takes the shape of property, and has therefore something which he can sell, is in a better way than the man whose labour is redundant, and never takes this tangible form, but to a man of business like myself it seems a matter of prime importance.

I trust Mr Macdonald will reconsider the grounds of his opinions, and allow the weight of his influence, as an excellent landlord, and a patriotic Highlander, to be enlisted in favour of giving absolute freedom and security to our peasantry, which can only be done effectually by making them peasant proprietors. I may be permitted to say that I consider it a somewhat beggarly business for noblemen and gentlemen to be engaged in collecting rents from this class of the people, and I trust that Highland proprietors will be willing to alienate that part of their properties which is occupied by crofters for this great and salutary measure.

Then should they meet their clansmen, not like cringing serfs, but as independent men paying that manly deference which wealth and rank and character will always secure, in a state of freedom, from the humbler classes; and with the capital thus released to engage in those mighty activities which are going forward in other spheres of life, and so contribute to the raising of the general level of a progressive society, by applying a powerful motive for improvement to its lowest substratum—the working classes on their estates.

How, then, is the difficulty to be met? To bad landlords we have nothing to say, and from them we have nothing to expect. It is from our friends the good landlords that we are entitled to know how they propose to give security against eviction, and to give the people a title under which they will not only be safe to build for themselves decent houses, but also to give a saleable value to such houses, so as to enable the owners, when so disposed, to move onward and upward. The question is a pressing one. The public conscience is shocked, and men's temper is aroused. Are they waiting to form a property defence association or prepared to join with reasonable men to urge the necessities of the case on the attention of Parliament?

Mr Macdonald says that he fails to see how a peasant proprietary scheme could practically work in our country. What I fail to see is how anything short of it can work. "Freedom of contract" under competition

in respect of large farms may be regarded by some as a legitimate transaction, and by others as an immoral compact, incompatible with the full exercise of freedom, contrary to public policy, and opposed to the order of nature and dispensations of Providence; but in either view it is evident that it is utterly inapplicable to small holdings, on which a man's labour is his capital, and who leads a hand-to-mouth existence. Emigration has been cracked up to us as a panacea for all our ills. The Highlander, conscious of a noble tradition, displays so much pride and self-respect that he is easily transformed into a gentleman, and we are ready to regret to see him in a fishing-boat, or with a spade upon his shoulder, and think that his most appropriate position is that of a gentleman farmer in the colonies, or at the council table of an infant republic guiding the destinies of a future empire. That were, indeed, good for him, and perhaps for them, but what about ourselves? Can we do without the fishermen and the labourers?

The life of crofter-fishermen is one of great toil and hardship as well as of risk to property and life. In the latter capacity, where their labour is free, and not liable to confiscation or taxation, they have acquired in fishing boats and materials considerable property. At the end of every fishing season, as at the end of a campaign, there are, alas! always some amissing. There is a fisherman's muster-roll as well as a soldier's? Why are landlords not more in sympathy with this useful and industrious class? Owing to the uncertainty and lottery of this industry of great national importance, small holdings are most useful if not indispensible to them, to employ their own spare time, and the otherwise redundant labour of their families, which could not be utilized without. No doubt their condition would be improved by emigration, but there are, as I said, two sides to that question. If we part with our fishermen-crofters, how are we to increase our supplies of fish and poultry and eggs?

Economically considered, large farms may produce better results than small holdings, although I question the soundness of that theory, particularly with regard to poultry, bacon, and eggs, and the other products of *petite culture* which now form so large a consumption at advanced prices, and for which we have to indent so largely on the Continent for our supplies. Indeed, I have often wished that thoughtless sportsmen who go after grouse would reflect more on the great utility and marvellous fecundity of the domestic fowl, and devote their time to importing incubators for the benefit of the Highlands, and the country at large. But whatever difference of opinion may prevail with regard to large as against small farms, no such question can be made to obscure our vision in respect of the fisheries. The boundless resources of the ocean are practically

inexhaustible, and its products are in direct proportion to the number of hands employed. Is it not a sad reflection on the selfishness and apathy of society that this useful class should have no right of domicile in their native country any more than if they were wandering gipsies, and are at the mercy of a few irresponsible individuals in respect of their dwellings?

How, then, is the case to be met? The very foundation of progress is security. The origin of commerce and civilization is the exchange of the products of labour. With regard to the crofters, in respect of houses and the improvement of land, these powerful elements and motives necessary to human exertion and improvement are totally wanting. The knowledge that the fruits of his labour would accrue to himself and his family, in respect of his property, would call forth his dormant energies, and the spirit of emulation would pervade the whole community. Every effort of labour would increase the selling value of his land and houses, and, with an educated family of sons and daughters ambitious to find a wider field and greater scope for their energies, he would most likely sell his holding and migrate to some other locality at home, or emigrate to some foreign part. Some industrious and prosperous young man, anxious to settle in a comfortable home, with ground already in cultivation, and probably capable of further extension and improvement would purchase the holding, and in course of time would probably follow the example of his predecessor. Giving a saleable value to a house would thus become a great lever power to carry off any excess of population. The upward and onward movement of society is directed by motive and desire and not by want and necessity, and thus we find the great flow of emigration from Germany and the Scandinavian countries proceeding to America, with money to make a fresh start in life, and on such a scale as to cause anxiety to the Governments of those countries, whilst we are obliged to resort to a state-aided emigration in Ireland to get rid of pauperized starvelings.

Of what advantage can it be to landlords to hold sway over this class of the people? We seek no confiscation of any legitimate right. On the contrary, our demand on behalf of the crofters is for a restitution of their lost rights, at a fair valuation of their acquired market value. Our demand is for perfect freedom in the prosecution of their business. As freemen they are perfectly safe to *manage* themselves, and the resources of civilisation are quite sufficient. It needs not the power of landlords, factors, and ground officers to teach them to respect one another's land marks, and the resources of the empire—legal, police, and military—will be better employed in some other way than in enforcing the payment of rents, and effecting clearances.

The area of land now in the occupany of crofters forms but a small

proportion of large estates, or of the total area of the Highlands, and if landlords wish to avoid the charge of "earth hunger," or rather, what is much more criminal, earth gluttony, they ought to be only too glad to get rid of the heavy responsibility of keeping this class in a state of bondage and fear, and anxious to avoid public odium by coming forward freely with an offer of self-expropriation by alienating part of their estates in favour of government for creating a peasant proprietary.

Our duty would be so much simplified if we could get rid of ideas which originated in the flint age, and could realise to ourselves the fact that we are now living in the age of electricity. It is a foolish conceit for men now-a-days to strive after transmitting a name to posterity by means of so many hundred square miles of Highland mountains and moorlands. Indeed, I am disposed to think that posterity will care very little about that form of human vanity. Nor in the consideration of this important subject, on the moral side, ought we to leave out of view the pernicious influence it has on the minds of landlords to find themselves in command over men's industries and comforts, and exposed to the flatteries of designing persons and of having their minds poisoned by the misrepresentations of others. It takes a strong and a virtuous mind to resist these influences, and what man who finds himself in uncontrolled power over men's labour and food is not likely to degenerate into a tyrant!

To encumbered landlords it will be a positive gain, and to those whose estates are free of debt it will be no loss, as investments in other industries, such as railways, shipping, mines, telegraph and lighting companies, and all the mighty energies that are going forward around us will yield them a better return, whilst to many of them it will give a better insight into the wonderful functions and evolutions of capital; and the excitement of the Stock Exchange will have a more invigorating influence on their minds than the excitement of the race course.

Whether we deserve it or not we bear the credit of being a very sensible, practical, and withal a peaceable people, and if it be not presumption on my part I should recommend the crofter-fishermen themselves to lay their case before Parliament in a petition setting forth their grievances and praying for such relief as their case demands, and which can only be obtained by legislative action. The large farmers have had their say, without much reference to the more urgent, and not less deserving circumstances of small occupiers of land. A deputation of crofters, carrying the petition of the whole Gaelic race, with a piper at their head—for we can do nothing great and signal without the bagpipes—marching from Trafalgar Square down Whitehall and Parliament Street,

and knocking at the door of the House of Commons might move the great *vis inertia* of John Bull; for our appeal practically lies to the great people of England. It needs not a Royal Commission to inform Parliament of the depressed condition of the Highlands. Parliament has its own eyes and ears, and spreads itself annually over the Highlands, gathering evidence, and, let us hope, much good solid health. Let the demand be complete, and perfect freedom or, failing that, a complete exodus to the Western Highlands of the United States—the mountains and valleys of California and Nevada, where the climate is of the mildest, the soil of the richest, and abounding in gold and silver, to give development to their great natural resources by means of human labour. The question is not now what shall we do with the Highlanders, but shall we part with them? My friends! if justice is not done you, shake the dust from the soles of your feet and depart in peace, for they have used you despitefully.

I have already exceeded the limits which I prescribed to myself at the outset of this article, but I cannot close it without a brief reference to the quotation already made, which has a wider scope, but more deeply concerns the Highlands than any other part of the country. Of all the eminent writers of Scotland on social and economic subjects we cannot conjure a name which deserves greater veneration than that of the great and good Dr Chalmers, whose profound observations ought to have commanding influence with legislators.

In the incidence of taxation the greater part of the burden falls on the industrious classes, and land, which ought, as formerly, to pay for its own defence, is exempted to a shameful extent. To make "a commencement, however humble," there is no part of land so appropriate for the purpose as that part which is withheld from productive uses and devoted to purposes of sport and luxury. Not only does the community suffer by keeping land out of cultivation, and withholding it from the employment of reproductive labour, but it suffers also to the extent to which a population employed upon it would be consumers of duty-paying articles such as tea, coffee, tobacco, spirits, and such like, upon which the greater part of the taxation of the country falls. On the principle of taxing luxuries, and of the obligation that every one contributes according to his means to the public expenses, those who can afford to indulge in this sport as well as those who administer to the indulgence for their own profit at the expense and loss of the country should be taxed on those principles. In order to check this fashionable craze, and for the relief of the burden of taxation which falls so heavily on the industrial classes, a territorial impost ought to be levied upon all land not used industrially whether in the occupation of the owner himself or let out at a rental. The tax ought

to be on the area and not on the rental value, because land so used can be made of so much greater value in response to human labour. We must have regard to the wanton waste as well as to the potential properties. "A humble commencement" of one shilling per statute acre would probably have the desired effect of forcing deer forests and other domains of the same character into productive occupation, and in any petition by the Highland crofters a request of this nature might be placed on record. It takes as much force of gravitation to make the county of Sutherland revolve annually round the sun as it does the county of Lancaster, within a fraction, and in case of attack it would take as many men to defend it, but the valuation of Sutherlandshire is only £107,651, whilst that of Lancashire is £19,243,918. Population is a mighty factor in estimating the capabilities of land.

The creation of a peasant proprietary, and a practical re-colonization, I regard as the foundation and starting point of a great new departure to give fresh vitality and permanent stability to our declining agriculture.

MALCOLM MACKENZIE
(OF RANGOON).

LONDON, 27th July 1882.

# Literature.

*VESTIGIA CELTICA: CELTIC FOOTPRINTS IN PHILOLOGY, ETHICS, AND RELIGION.* By DONALD MASSON, M.A., M.D. Edinburgh: Maclachlan & Stewart.

WE gladly welcome any effort in Celtic research, and are disposed to look upon such as generously as we can. Dr Masson here submits what he declares to be "The fruit of no small labour." The *brochure*, which is excellently printed in large type, extends to 79 pages. The first sixteen are prefatory, and not until we reach the twenty-second page do we meet with anything like a positive assertion, the first being:—"All through the Gaelic language the Pronouns Demonstrative are identical with the corresponding Adverbs of Place." This observation is correct, and at first sight may seem a discovery; but may we not reasonably expect to meet with that identity in Gaelic which in no possible language can be essentially different?

Dr Masson's method of Ethical investigation is good. He discovers the key-note of the language—and, we submit, of all language—in the primary idea of "space;" and the mental process following on this disposes words in a "Verbal-Perspective," grouping his materials according to his sense of what, to himself, as centre should be their relative local proximity. We don't like the use of "space" as applied to the primary idea, but prefer "distance," whether in space or time. Distance is a simpler abstract than "space," and applies where space fails. This Verbal-Perspective is a good and valuable key to the development of the language, which may well be

followed further. Its application by the author, in conjunction with his theory that "the Celt abhors the abstract," does very good work in examining the prepositional phrases with *ann*. Whether the conclusions arrived at be esteemed correct or not we will not undertake to say, but we are glad to admit a very neat process of investigation, though this theory of the Celtic abhorrence of the abstract must be examined by a broader application. As far as its application to the prepositional phrases in *ann* goes, a fair case is made out for it; but how does it do in such expressions as "is toigh leam mairi," &c. Have we not here the exact opposite process of mind to that on which the author founds his theory? Dr Masson knows how general that idiom is in Gaelic. We have the substantive particular thrown into the abstract general so regularly that one might advance a theory in direct opposition to that of the author, and make out a very good case indeed. Dr Masson has, we think, fallen into an error which in a measure accounts for what some will consider an unwarrantable conclusion. He has evidently lost the guiding value of the gaelic idiom in considering his translations rather than the original expressions, *e.g.*, "Is fearr leam an t-each so"=is better with me this horse=I prefer this horse. Here we have *fearr*, which is certainly an abstract noun, rendered by a mongrel adjective in the one expression, and by a verb in the other, and thus the Ethical value of the expression is quite lost.

It would perhaps have been as well had Dr Masson not gone to press until he had completed the larger work which he has in preparation. We fear he will be disappointed if he leaves it to his countrymen, by the manner in which they receive "the chancel of his well-proportioned church," to say "whether or not he shall proceed with the work, and complete the edifice which he has designed." Dr Masson ought to have remembered the application of the well-known proverb to him who would judge of an uncompleted building. To judge of the author's well-proportioned church by the present chancel may be unjust, as we believe it will; but one thing we are sure of; and that is, that the public will not enter into an agreement with any author to buy a work, apart from its own completeness and merit, to encourage him to publish another as to the value of which they must be entirely in the dark. We would recommend Dr Masson to finish his larger work, and publish it on its merits; and these will be none the less appreciated if the author simplifies his style by a less ample use of long and abstruse words and sentences.

The work is really suggestive, and will prove useful to the student of philology; but we have no hesitation in saying that it is necessary for the establishment of the author's reputation as a Celtic philologist, that his larger and more complete work should make its appearance as soon as possible.

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THE CURSE OF LOCHGARRY: A CURIOUS MACDONALD FAMILY LEGEND.—The following curious note is supplied by a member of this family. Donald Macdonald of Lochgarry was between 50 and 60 when he fled with Charles Edward to France. He was followed shortly after by his wife, Isabel Gordon, and her three sons. She escaped in the disguise of a clansman from Lochgarry, as the Butcher Cumberland and his troops broke through the gates and burnt the old castle to the ground, afterwards seizing and destroying all the surrounding lands. Donald placed his two eldest sons in the Scots Guard (Ogilvie's), and the youngest in the Swiss Guard. He himself continued to live near Charles Edward in Paris, always retaining the full Highland costume, and from his beauty and martial bearing, was the

cynosure of all eyes, even in those days of manliness. On one occasion, while dining in a Paris café, he overheard seven Frenchmen at a distant table deriding the young Chevalier and the half-clad savages he had brought with him. In an instant his glass was shattered at the head of one, and his dirk thrown in the midst of all. He then and there challenged the seven on the spot, and fought them one by one, killing or wounding all. His eldest son, Colonel John, after the disbanding of the *Garde Ecossaise*, began to pine after his native country, and, without telling his father, made his way to Calais, intending to embark for Great Britain. His father discovered his departure, followed him to Calais, and finding him, resolved to pronounce on him the famous curse of Lochgarry, which has clung to the race ever since:—"My curse on any of my race who puts his foot again on British shore; my double curse on he who of my race may submit to the Guelph; and my deadliest curse on he who may try to regain Lochgarry." He threw his dirk after his son, and turned his back for ever on him he had loved the best. The old man died shortly after, in Paris, of a broken heart, living long enough to hear that Colonel John had made his submission, had been given a full Colonelcy in the British Army, and the attainder of Lochgarry levied in his favour. His second brother, Alexander, would never consent to incur any of his father's curse, so he entered the Portuguese service, where he lived and died. The full weight of the curse fell on Colonel John, for when he sought to inhabit Lochgarry, after he had built a beautiful modern mansion on the site of the burnt castle, his fine health began to fail, the strain on his nerves by living, as it were, amongst sounds of another world, or signs, as the tenantry said, "of the puir *old* laird's wraith" being amongst them. The ringing of bells, the knockings at the hall door by unseen hands, the glimpses of a shadowy figure so haunted him, that he was forced to shut it up and return to France, where he died shortly after, leaving Lochgarry (being himself unmarried) to his next brother, Alexander (of Portugal), and his heirs. But Alexander never took possession. Lochgarry House remained shut up till his death in 1812, when his only son, Anthony, was brought from Portugal by his mother (a Portugese) to enter the British service and take possession. Neither he nor his young wife were able to continue to inhabit it, owing to the same unearthly sounds. He also died, when only 31, after having unfortunately sold Lochgarry, the attainder having barred the entail.—*Mackenzie's History of the Macdonalds of Glengarry.*

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NEW EDITION OF "BIDE A WEE."—We are happy to know that Hunter, Rose, & Co., of Toronto, will have ready in a few days a Canadian edition of "Bide a Wee," enlarged; a venture which we have no doubt will be attended with much success, and secure fresh fame for the fair author, Mrs Prof. Schultze, *nee* MacColl, of Kingston.—*Kingston (Canada) Whig.*

[Our readers will probably recognise in the fair, and now famous, authoress, the daughter of Evan MacColl, "Bard of Lochfyne." Well done the MacColls!]

THE

# CELTIC MAGAZINE.

*Conducted by ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, F.S.A. SCOT.*

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## THE SCULPTURED STONES OF ROSS AND CROMARTY.

By Captain COLIN MACKENZIE, F.S.A. Scot.

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### IX.

THE remarks of an educated and thinking man like Cordiner are all the more valuable from the circumstances that they were written at a time when archæology was almost an unknown science, and when the ideas of those few who made it a study were not only often crude, but thoroughly erroneous. Still it is necessary to call attention to one or two points in the foregoing, where Cordiner cannot be said to be strictly accurate. In the first place he takes it as granted that the carvers of the Scottish crosses were unacquainted with letters. This by no means follows, as the art displayed in the illumination of the Irish missals and that of the Scottish crosses, which, as I have already said, bear the strongest resemblance to each other, will amply demonstrate.

Neither does he clearly point to the era in which the crosses were erected. He talks of it first as an "age of which we have no annals," and then as "an epoch more remote" than the twelfth century. He states that the dragonesque pattern was the style of art of the "kingdoms next to Great Britain about the end of the tenth and throughout the eleventh century," and that the crosses "must have been erected some time previous to" the the middle of the eleventh century. In the third instalment of

my paper I mentioned that Dr Stewart considered that they were raised "probably in the seventh and eighth centuries." This no doubt holds good as a general rule, but some must be allowed to have been erected even earlier than this. I base my opinion upon the comparison of the illuminations of the Book of Durrow, which Dr Reeves assigns to the Columban age, with the designs on the stones. That some were raised at a later date than that given by Dr Stewart is equally probable. The intertwisted pattern still continued to be the ruling characteristic of Celtic art at the beginning of the tenth century, as is evidenced by the Gospels of MacDurnan (died 927), and the Book of Deir, which is presumably of the same date.

With regard to Cordiner's allusion to "the heads and limbs of animals, entwined with foliage with circular and waving stems, [being] the peculiar taste of ornament on the continent, especially in those kingdoms next to Great Britain, about the end of the tenth and throughout the eleventh century," I may say that, in my opinion, little significance need be attached to the circumstance. But Cordiner proceeds, "hence we may see the origin of the marginal embellishments of the obelisk." In my fifth number I quoted Dr Stewart's remarks upon the likeness existing between the Hilton border and some sculptures on early Northumbrian crosses, and mentioned that the only other phyllomorphic design he could find on a Pictish stone occurred at St Vigeans. But I pointed out that he had completely ignored the Tarbat margin, and afterwards called attention to a sculpture on a stone at Mugdrum, Fife, where what is apparently the figure of an animal is entwined with rude foliage, more nearly resembling the Hilton and Tarbat stones than that of St Vigean's, where foliage alone appears. But what does all this prove? Cordiner refers the origin of the design to the countries contiguous to Great Britain, while Dr Stewart refers it, as far as Scotland is concerned, immediately to Northumbria. I have endeavoured to show that the Ross-shire sculptures were far more probably conceived and executed by a travelled Pict than by an expatriated Saxon, for Pictish decorative art, in richness of design and expression, was far in advance of the ruder conceptions of the Saxon. Norse the work certainly is not, and yet, during the period mentioned by Cordiner, the Northmen were the only strangers settled in Pictish territory, for it was not

until the close of the eleventh century, or about the year 1080, that any Saxon immigration commenced. But why not Norse? Because archæologists are beginning to sift evidence, and not to be guided blindly by so-called tradition in every case. Tradition is often very valuable, but it must be received with caution. The Scandinavians themselves, who are among the most painstaking of modern antiquaries, when they are unable to point to any pseudo-Danish Burgs, and hieroglyphical crosses upon their own shores, or on those of any of their colonies, are fain to admit that such works existent in Scotland could not possibly have been the work of their ancestors. Professor Worsaae, the learned author of *The Danes and Norwegians in England, Scotland, and Ireland* (1852), and who travelled all over the British Isles to make enquiries respecting genuine existing Scandinavian monuments and memorials, ridicules the idea of the cross of Camuston commemorating a defeat in which a Danish general named "Camus" was slain, for "Camus," to begin with, says the Professor, is not a Scandinavian name. The "town" is of course called from *camus*, a bay, a creek or bend of river. The Professor is of opinion that none of the sculptured stones can be referred to a Danish or Norwegian origin; but it is needless to go into the matter now, as I intend to raise the whole question when considering the Danish tradition with reference to the Shandwick and Nigg crosses. I have already combated Dr Stewart's ideas regarding an appearance of "foreign influence" in zoomorphic design in Pictish art, and I intend to take the same stand respecting phyllomorphic compositions. If foreign patterns *were* introduced, it was Pictish art that exercised an improving influence upon them, not they upon Pictish art. I hope to be able to prove by the evidence, based on most careful research, of some of the most eminent of northern antiquaries, that the art known to the Teuto-Gothic races did not originate with them, but was imported from the west. Art flowed eastward, not westward, as far as Western Europe is concerned. In the Celtic lands were throned religion, civilisation, and culture, and finally an art which the savage hordes which visited their shores may have endeavoured to vitiate or debase, but which they never succeeded in destroying.

Shall we ever know the history of the raising of the Hilton stone? It is doubtful. To recapitulate: Cordiner, in 1780, says

that it had "lain unnoticed on its face from time immemorial . . . near the ruins of a chapel, which was at an early age dedicated to the Virgin Mary, . . . about two miles north from *Sandwick*," in other words at Hilton. Dr Stewart states, in 1856, "it now lies in a shed, the wall of which is believed to form part of an ancient chapel;" and Mr Denoon (who bears a name which was anciently an important one in the parishes of Fearn and Tarbat—once Tarbat only) remarks that, about 1851, "at the west end of the chapel was a small house or porch which contained the stone referred to," and further that it originally stood, or was placed in a sloping position sideways in the chapel park, at the east end of Hilton." It is now erected in the grounds of Invergordon Castle. We might also take for granted that about the year 1676 (whether it had previously been thrown down or mutilated, we know not) it was converted into a horizontal grave-slab for "Alexander Duf and his three wyves." A sculptured stone lies upon a grave mound at Rosemarkie at this moment, and the beautiful sandstone cross there was formerly similarly used. Easter Ross being a very fertile tract, it became at an early date the site of numerous ecclesiastical settlements. As early as 697, according to Archbishop Spottiswoode, St Bonifacius (surnamed Querctinus) founded the Church of Rosemarkie, and the Aberdeen Breviary (1510) mentions it as the original burial place of St Moloch, the companion of Boniface. St Moloch's remains were afterwards removed to Lismore. It is certain that the Hilton stone is very ancient, and it probably always stood, till it was thrown down, in the burying-ground of Hilton, which there is reason to believe may mark the site of a much older ecclesiastical structure than the now ruined chapel.

*(To be continued.)*

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INTERESTING POPULATION STATISTICS.—The full report of the Census of Scotland contains much valuable information. Comparing the population with the area of Scotland it would appear that in 1881 there were 125 persons to every square mile, or 5·1 acres to each person. Four of the northern counties had only, as follows:—Sutherland, 12 persons; Inverness, 22; Argyll, 24; Ross and Cromarty, 25, to the square mile.

# PEASANT PROPRIETORS.

THE excellent essay on Peasant Proprietors, by Mr Malcolm Mackenzie of Rangoon, at page 524 of your September issue, tempts me also, at the risk of repeating what I have said in past numbers, to consider a subject more vital than any other to the temporal prosperity, not only of Britain, but of the world. We hear frequently how well our emigrants thrive abroad, when they settle on land from which they run no risk of being evicted. Yet when their friends, like Skaebost, tell us that this security will not help them to prosper in Britain, we ask, Are we really expected to believe that a sober, healthy Celt, now half asleep on a croft, say in Skye, from which he may be evicted any day, will continue just as sleepy and careless if the land were his own? That theory needs far more digestion than I can manage. I have for over fifty years been a successful and profit-making grower of food in the North-East and West Highlands, and just wonder to hear the nonsense that is current as to our soil and climate, that of old grew such hosts of first-class people, being unable to grow them now; and mahogany table writers advising their removal, say to the seven months of winter climate yearly, in charming Manitoba bogs. And such advisers tell us that a family cannot exist on less than a £10 rented croft, by which, of course, they mean 10 acres of arable land.

But where can I find a wise, *practical* farmer able to show me how a crofter in the Highlands, whose capital is merely health and strength, can cultivate 10 acres without hired labour, even helped by a wife and average young family? We have to consider, say a farmer's, or crofter's, or fisher's son, grown up, and longing to set up his own tent, helped by the wife that God surely meant him to find as soon as he can grow the simple necessaries of life. Am I to be told that such young men must not dream of beginning life till, like Jacob, they have served as hired labourers for many years, and thus saved enough money to start all at once as ten acre farmers, instead of beginning as small crofters? We may dream of young men being so wisely prudent, though bred to country life, but the golden age will have arrived ere we see them content to be half through life ere they marry, have to leave their parents' care, and set up for themselves.

Were a million prize offered to the finder of an ordinary family cultivating properly without hired labour more than five acres of arable land, no claimant for the money would ever be heard of. People who never earned their bread by brow-sweating the land that produced it parade theories about crofters starving, unless they have "elbow-room," meaning "at least ten acres of arable land." Will they be so kind as show how a family can cultivate more than five acres, or where such has ever been done, without hired labour of man or horse? The latter, involving far greatest expense, with the far smallest return, in fact, securing miserable crops, and hunger of man and beast. Only yesterday my attention was directed to a group of crofters, each holding two to five acres of nominally arable land, by way of cultivation by its starved shelty, heather fed till yoked to the plough to scratch up the soil about three or four inches deep, the yearly consequences being miserable crops and plenty arrears of rent, what was paid being from the sea. And I have no hesitation in asserting that most of such ill-used land would, under the spade, and common sense, and ownership of the soil, produce valuable crops yearly, suited to the climate; abolishing starvation ninety-nine years out of the hundred. I hear of such lazy, creel-backed crofters riding their shelties to the peat-stack in the moor close by, and can understand any employment being better for the poor beasts than on the arable land. But no wise crofter will hire man or horse to cultivate his land, unless he is an invalid or cannot get it done by the spade; and it is sad to see millions of acres in Britain quite fit to grow abundant food for man or beast left all but waste for want of instruction, or the owners disliking trouble.

How matters should be altered about ownership is a question needing more consideration than cultivating the soil. The present important point, however, is teaching rational agriculture to our crofters, and getting their landlords to care wisely for them. I should like to hear of *one* who is able personally to show his crofters how the land should be cultivated, and does so himself, instead of sending a factor to manage matters; while he himself stays at home, or goes abroad for pleasure, leaving the post to which God appointed him to ignorant or careless hirelings.

I read much nonsense about our Highland soil being so poor and our climate so bad, that, although myriads of first-class men

and women grew on our Highland crofts lately (with precious little care or instruction in agriculture), and farmers thrive quite well on land whence our crofters were evicted, these must starve unless they emigrate. But I would like to know if such prophets of evil have themselves studied *practical* agriculture, and I have no doubt the answer will be "No." Of course, grain grows better in more sunny lands than in our mild, moist Highlands; but those who imagine that grain growing is more profitable than green crops and their consequences, can have had no education in practical agriculture.

I observe your correspondent writes of £100 houses on crofts. I have built, by contract, as good crofter houses as any wise person in that position can desire, and for £45. I am in the way of seeing cottages, quite habitable by a family, built for less than £30, all the materials and labour, except thatch, purchased; and I have been in many a sufficient croft cottage, built from plans by the crofter and his friends, that I believe never cost £10 in cash.

Sea fishing *is* more precarious than depending on land for support; but thousands of crofters have leant partly on land and partly on the sea for a living, and neither they nor their landlords have regretted this; and were I looking out for a croft for my home, much experience would lead me to choose one close to the west coast fishing sea-board.

If Government is to advance money to Irish crofters to enable them to buy their land, it seems to me similar advances might be as wisely made to Scottish crofters. And now that entails of land can be got rid of, I shall be praying for a law prohibiting landowners from borrowing money on the security of their estates. If they won't live below their income, let them sell as much land as will pay their debts and begin again more soberly. We should then see crofter townships in the market, and Government would have chances of becoming owners in order to sell the land to the crofters, as they proposed doing to the lucky Irish people.

And so I wait till those who point to emigration as the sole remedy for benefitting our crofters show me the necessity of this, when we have millions of acres in Britain, now all but waste, though quite capable of growing all ordinary crops sufficient for supporting in health and happiness our so-called surplus popula-

tion for generations to come; although that waste land is now in the hands of owners who make no good use of it themselves nor allow others to do so.

EILEANACH, INVERNESS. J. MACKENZIE, M.D.

## THE BLACKIE TESTIMONIAL.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CELTIC MAGAZINE.

DEAR SIR,—So long as the unexpected proposal of the Gaelic Society of Inverness in the above matter seemed to point to a personal recognition of my services in the shape of a portrait or bust, it would have been unseemly in me to interfere by word or deed, however much I might have been inclined to look in a different direction; but as, according to the report in your last number, that proposal seems more likely to result in the foundation of Bursaries connected with the Celtic Chair, I feel that it will not now be considered impertinent in me as an experienced University man to offer an opinion on the shape which such Bursaries, if created, may most profitably assume. I have long been of opinion that the tone and range of Celtic learning in this country would most effectually be improved by the establishment of a travelling fellowship, such as is attached to some of the Chairs in the English Universities. The holder of such a fellowship in connection with the Celtic Chair, after going through an examination in Latin, Greek, Comparative Philology, Gaelic, and the elements of Sanscrit, should be required to travel in some Celtic country—Ireland, Wales, Bretagne, or the Isle of Man—to hear the lectures of some of the most eminent Celtic scholars in foreign Universities; and after such residence should at the close of his tenure deliver a discourse in the University Hall on some subject of Celtic history, philology, or antiquities, arising out of his sphere of travel. Such a course of foreign residence could scarcely fail to root out those narrow and partial views of Celtic matters which home-bred Highlanders are so often found to entertain. The amount of the fellowship might be £100 a year, and the term of tenure two years. I humbly submit this proposal to the intelligent and generous Celtic gentlemen who have been so kind as to think of my services personally in this matter; and am, yours sincerely,

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

Pitlochry, 7th September 1882.

# A NEW EDITION OF AN OLD SCOTCH SONG.

By PROFESSOR BLACKIE.

THE well known Scotch song, *I hae laid a herring in saut*, seldom sung now in this super-refined age, is undoubtedly one of the finest bits of humour that our rich treasury of popular song contains. It always struck me that the effect of this song might be increased, if more inducements of a utilitarian sort were held forth to the backward fair one; so one day, when the music haunted my ear, I took the liberty so often used by Burns, of working on another man's foundation, and enlarging the three verses into five. How far I have succeeded in this your readers may judge. I give you the complete thing, old and new together, as I sing it now.

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

## LASS, GIN YE LO'E ME, TELL ME NOO?

I ha'e laid a herring in saut,
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me noo;
I ha'e brewed a forpit o' maut,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo.
I ha'e a calf will soon be a cow,
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me noo;
I ha'e a pig will soon be a sow,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo!

I ha'e a house on yonder muir,
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me noo;
Three sparrows may dance upon the floor,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo.
I ha'e a but an' I ha'e a ben,
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me noo;
I ha'e three chickens an' a fat hen,
An' I canna come ony mair to woo!

I ha'e a hearth an' a blazing log,
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me noo;
A bawsint cat an' a collie dog,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo.
I ha'e a yard wi' tatties good—
Lass, gin ye loo me, tell me noo;
Wi' mint, sweetwilliam, an southernwood,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo!

I ha'e a hen wi' a happity leg,
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me noo;
Ilka day she lays me an egg,
But I canna come ilka day to woo.
I ha'e a goodly kebbock o' cheese,
Far o'er big for a single mou';
Share it wi' me, an' live at your ease,
An' bless the day when I came to woo!

I ha'e laid a herring in saut,
Lass, gin ye lo'e me, tell me noo;
I ha'e brewed a forpit o' maut,
An' I canna come ilka day to woo.
Many a flighty, fusionless goose
Mair fine-spun speech will weave to you,
But I am here, an' ye canna refuse
A man like me, when I come to woo!

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THE MASTER OF BLANTYRE AND THE SUTHERLAND ASSOCIATION.—At a recent meeting a letter was read from the Master of Blantyre resigning his position as President of the Glasgow Sutherland Association, in consequence of the conduct of the Society in having recently sent their Vice-President, Mr Angus Sutherland, a native of the county, to rouse the natives against the recent eviction proceedings in Rogart. The Master of Blantyre is a nephew of the Duke of Sutherland, and it is therefore easy to understand the cause of his sudden alarm at the action of the Sutherland Association.

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THE HISTORY OF THE CAMERONS.—A history of this ancient and illustrious family, by the Editor, will be commenced in the November number of the *Celtic Magazine*, and continued from month to month in a similar manner to the Histories of the Mackenzies, of the Macdonalds, and of the Mathesons, since published in volume form. No efforts will be spared to make the work worthy of the great great Cameron Clan. Lochiel has already kindly promised his aid, and the editor hopes that any members of the Clan, or others, who may possess information, will help him in making the work as complete and trustworthy as it is possible to make it. Full and authentic Genealogies of the House of Lochiel and of all the Branch families of the Clan will be brought down to date.

## INSTRUCTIVE GAELIC PROVERBS.

"CHA teid mi dh' iarraidh iasad suachdain, is cha toir mi iasad suachdain seachad." This proverb is one of those which may be called educational, and such always have a story attached to them. It may be translated thus: "I will not seek the loan of a pot, nor will I give the loan of a pot." This saying might be mistaken for the expression of a proud, independent spirit that would not stoop to ask and did not wish to give. The story, however, shows that it was the utterance of a mean, selfish, contemptible person; and it is in condemnation of all such conduct that it is quoted by the Highlanders. The story is as follows:—There was once a woman in a little township who had from day to day for years borrowed a pot from some of her neighbours in which to cook her food. At length she purchased one for herself, and felt very important indeed as the possessor for the first time of a new pot. In the intensity of her selfishness she determined that she would not lend it to anyone. She placed it on the fire, and, after gazing admiringly at its rotund proportions, hastened to protect it by issuing a proclamation in the words of the proverb quoted. She stood on the top of her own dunghill, cried aloud concerning the matter, and her neighbours heard her. Feeling content that she had done a great thing, she returned to the house to find her pot in splinters on the large peat fire. She had hung it on the crook, and in her haste to protect it she forgot to put water into it. She was now in a worse plight than ever, for her selfish proclamation shut her out from the sympathy of her neighbours who had so long shared their utensils so thanklessly with her.

Another proverb of this sort is, "Suas e iomaire a bhonnaich bhearnaich" (Hurrah for the rig of the broken bannock). The story attached to this one is that two sisters had married about the same time and took up house close to each other. In the course of time the one had a numerous family, while the other had none. The sister who was childless was a very tidy person, and took great pride in keeping her house nice and in having everything proper. She was especially proud of her bannocks, which were always placed on the table smooth, white, and unbroken. She was therefore terribly disgusted with her more prolific sister's thriftless and untidy ways, but more especially with the state of

the bread she saw in her house. There never was a whole bannock there, for the children would have pieces out of them here and there even whilst toasting before the fire. The indulgent mother was sore over the frequent taunt of her sister, "Cha'n fhaca mi riamh agad ach bonnach bearnach" (I never saw you have but a broken bannock). At length her hour of triumph came. On a fine day in autumn, when the golden grain was ready for the sickle, the two sisters set out to cut down their fields. The one was alone, the other had three of her children with her—one shearing, one making bands, and the other binding. In the course of the day the mother and children got their rig cut far ahead of the one on which the solitary woman laboured, and then in the pride of her maternal heart she gave utterance to her hosannas in the words of this proverb.

Another proverb that would not be in the least understood without its illustrative anecdote is one of the most sarcastic of them all—"Beo gun bhiadh, geal gun nigheadh; feoraich sin do chois a mhìnean" (Alive without food, white without washing; ask that of the kid's foot). This saying strikes at the root of all false pretences. It is said that a young and beautiful woman was married, and wishing to appear as a very goddess to her husband, she pretended to be above all weaknesses, and to have none of the needs of her more earthly sisters. She was too ethereal to eat, and she was always fair and clean without washing. At length her husband began to suspect that she was deceiving him; that she could not thus be "beautiful for ever" without the aid of water, nor so fat and fair without substantial food. He resolved, therefore, to watch her. One morning when he saw a blue wreath of smoke rising from his cot at an unwonted hour he returned home from the hill where he was to have remained all day. He smelt something savoury cooking when he came near the house, but his wife saw him coming and hastily hid the food. She had, however, in her hurry stumbled and spilt part of the contents of her pot, and thus burned the foot of a pet kid that lay by the hearth. Its master on stooping to see what was the matter with it, detected that the burnt part had a savoury smell. To show his foolish wife that he had detected her, he gave utterance to the words of the proverb, which have been quoted so often since by the old folks when sham was suspected or false pretences detected.

MARY MACKELLAR.

# THE PRESS-GANG IN MULL—A CURIOUS SEQUEL.

—o—

FOR the following story, which appeared in the Boston *Traveller* in 1858, we are indebted to a friend in that city, and we have much pleasure in reproducing it:—

The war waged against the French Empire under Napoleon the Great, by England, was carried on principally at sea, or in isolated expeditions ashore, in which seamen and marines were the forces engaged. It was not until the star of Napoleon had paled amid the snows of Russia, that Wellington, with Spain at his back, was able to make headway against the legions of France. Even then, Wellington's success was but the complement of the triumphs which had been achieved by the navy. Suppose, in the midst of his glorious career, the British fleets had been driven from the sea, he would soon have been driven into it, for the fleets were his base of operations. They supplied him with men and all the material of war. The navy was then, as it still is, the soul of Britain's military greatness and the right hand of her power. Considering its importance, it is but natural to assume that the navy was regarded with more than ordinary feelings of pride by the British people; and so it was and has been for centuries. But at the time of this true story, notwithstanding its many victories, and its high position in public estimation, it was regarded by seamen with horror and detestation. The cruelties practised on board the ships, in the name of discipline, were so incessant and atrocious, that many a noble fellow, even in the hour of victory, cursed his country in his heart, while he envied those who had been slain by his side. Originally, perhaps, torn from those he loved by a ruthless press-gang, and forced on board a man-of-war, to be flogged, started or starved, as suited the caprice of those in command, naturally engendered feelings of hatred that sometimes ended in mutiny and murder. There were but few volunteers in those evil days.

The press-gangs were invariably composed of desperate characters—men, who, if the opportunity offered, would have had no scruples against becoming pirates. These were organised in the principal seaports of the three kingdoms, and commanded by naval officers, who were too bad to serve afloat. They were not natives of the places where they were stationed, consequently had no local prejudices to interfere with their diabolical duty. All was fish that came into their net, provided the victims were sound in wind and limbs. Beside these, however, in cases of emergency, when men were in urgent demand, gangs were organised on board ships and fleets, and made a descent upon large cities, impressing all that came in their way. In one of these forays, an old tar informed us that the Mayor and Aldermen of North Yarmouth were brought on board the fleet, and kept there in irons during the greater part of a night. Of course, many of those who were impressed under such circumstances were released; but all who were sound and friendless had to remain.

Notwithstanding the proud Briton's boast—"That an Englishman's house is his castle," the press-gangs recognised no such sentiment, but followed their prey through broken doors and windows, and sometimes would break into churches on the Sabbath, during service, when they could not secure their marked men at other times. Occasionally the press gangs were awfully handled—combinations were formed against them; but when too weak to make headway themselves, they always fell back upon the military for support, if any were in the vicinity. They were the terror of all poor men and were despised by the rich, yet they were well supported by the government

and its officers. So infamous were they, that it was considered no sin to kill them. This will explain the following incident :—

William Maclean was a boatman in the Island of Mull. In company with his two sons, Ranald and Roderic, he had returned in the evening from a successful fishing excursion. The boys went to bed early, but the father, in company with other fishermen, was preparing to go to a neighbouring island to smuggle whisky to the mainland. Under cover of the darkness they were proceeding to the beach, when they observed two boats landing near their own. They hid themselves behind a rock, and soon learned that the boats belonged to a ship of war in the offing, which had landed for the purpose of impressing the fishermen along the coast, and that they were guided by a Macdonald, who had been expelled from the island for cattle-lifting.

The poor fishermen were terrified, for the infamy of the navy had even reached that out-of-the-way place. Some half-a-dozen maimed seamen, who had been impressed, resided on the island and had told the story of what they had suffered in the navy. Although the Highlanders along the west coast of Scotland were excellent boatmen, they did not love ships ; their tastes were rather military than naval. A regiment of soldiers could be recruited more easily among them than a revenue cutter could be manned. While the boats' crews were arranging their plans, Maclean counselled his friends to proceed quietly from house to house, and tell the fishermen to meet at a certain place to devise means for their common protection, and to take with them all the arms they had. He went to his own house, and arming himself and his boys, 18 and 15 years of age respectively, with rusty broadswords, that had not, perhaps, been out of their scabbards since 1746, repaired to the trysting-place. In less than an hour, some fifty men and boys had assembled ; and now the question arose—what was to be done ?

"Cut them off to a man !" counselled Maclean, whose terror had been supplanted by intense indignation, "spare not a soul of them !" "It is well said," replied one of his neighbours savagely between his teeth. "You lead us, William." Not a dissenting voice was heard. Boys who had been sent to watch the movements of the press-gang, returned with information that they had surrounded a house, broken open the door, and were searching for men, much to the annoyance of the women and children.

The gang numbered thirty men, armed with cutlasses and pistols, led by a lieutenant. The fishermen crawled upon their hands and knees towards the house, and gradually closed in a circle round the unconscious gang, who were watching to prevent the escape of those within. At a given signal, the fishermen sprang to their feet, and rushed upon the gang with the fury of tigers. In less that half an hour not a man of them was alive. A few shots were fired by the intruders, without effect, then all was silent as the grave. The fishermen retired to the hills, taking with them all the provisions they could find.

William called upon the laird, an old soldier, and told him briefly what had taken place. The laird was half pleased, but, apprehensive of consequences, advised William and his family to make their escape from the island as speedily as possible, giving him some money to bear his expenses.

Next morning, an eighteen gun brig was seen at anchor in the bay, with a signal of recal, for her boats, flying. There were two boat-keepers in each, and these, with the boats, were all that returned to the brig.

The commander of the brig landed, and was soon informed by Sir Archibald Maclean of the fate of the press gang.

"I'll shoot every one of the murderers !" exclaimed the commander.

"So you may," replied Sir Archibald, coolly, "if you can catch them."

"I'll land my whole ship's company, and hunt them to the death!"

"How many men have you, sir?"

"A hundred."

"You will require a thousand. The whole island is in arms, and mind, sir, these men are Highlanders, men who would rather fight than eat at any time!"

"Are there no civil officers here?"

"None. When a man does not behave himself, he is expelled the island, and if he returns, he is killed and no questions asked."

"How can you live in such a community? What safeguard have you for your life or property?"

"Safeguard enough. These wild folks are my kinsmen; there is not one of them who would not risk his life to serve me."

"If such be your influence, then, in the King's name, I command you to produce the murderers of my boats' crews."

"Name them, sir, and so I will."

This he could not do. He remained at the island two or three days and receiving no satisfaction, proceeded southward and reported to the Admiralty what had taken place. But the Government, no doubt fearing that the example of this successful resistance to the press-gang might be followed in other places, contented itself with offering a reward for the apprehension of the murderers, and so the affair dropped. Ever afterwards during the war, the fishermen kept a look-out on the hills for vessels of war, and whenever one was reported in the offing, they took to their arms and retreated from the sea-side until the apprehended danger was past. There were, however, no more attempts at impressment in Mull during the war.

William Maclean, his wife and two sons, embarked in a fishing boat, and after a great deal of trouble and privation, landed on the island of Pomona, the mainland of the Orkneys. Here he settled his family upon a small farm, and changed his name to Bruce; and though he did not like ships, yet to be out of the way, went several voyages to Davis' Straits, whaling. He had been quite successful, and intended to make one more voyage, and then settle on shore for life, but unfortunately, that voyage, when homeward-bound, he and all the other Orkneymen on board were impressed by a frigate. He was then 45 years of age. His wife, who loved him with her whole soul, instead of pining and whining away her whole life in idle regrets, cursed the House of Hanover as the cause of her bereavement, and told her sons that if the Stuarts had filled the throne, their father would not have been dragged away like a thief. But, poor woman, a year had not passed before both her boys were also torn from her. She became almost mad, and was so incessant in her denunciations of the reigning family, that if she had been in England, she would surely have been arrested. Her wrath, however, had one good effect; it kept her alive.

Years rolled on; her sons, who were young men of good natural endowments, by their daring and exemplary conduct in other respects, soon rose to the rank of lieutenants. The old man, too, was made gunner of a frigate. The brothers, shortly after they were impressed, were sent on board of different ships, and never heard of each other, nor of their father during five years. All three, however, were mindful of Mrs Bruce, the name by which she was known, and kept her well supplied with money, for they had been fortunate in making prizes.

The fleet sent to Egypt in 1801 to act in concert with the land forces against the French, was under the command of Admiral Lord Keith. Seamen were frequently

employed on shore, covering the advance of the troops until the latter had time to form, and thus avail themselves of their discipline. In one of these operations, a boat's crew belonging to the admiral's ship found themselves suddenly surrounded by an overwhelming French force, whose commander ordered them to surrender, but not understanding the order, or despising it, the sailors fell upon the Frenchmen cutlass in hand, right and left, every man fighting upon his own hook. This threw the French into confusion and they retired a few paces to re-form and come to the charge, for they could not fire without killing one another; but while this was going on, Sir Sidney Smith with another boat's crew and some marines landed. They had, however, nearly a mile to run before they could reach the scene of action. The admiral's boat's crew, though only 15 in number, were opposed by 200 Frenchmen, and the force under Smith did not exceed 30. Had this small force been soldiers, it would probably have been captured without difficulty, for soldiers generally are governed by rule, but the sailors knew no rule but to fight pell-mell to the last. They mingled with the French, broke their formation again and again, wrested the levelled muskets from their immediate opponents, clubbed them on the heads or darted them like harpoons into the ranks beyond. Conspicuous among the sailors, was the gunner; his every blow brought an opponent to the ground; sometimes he dropped his cutlass and seizing an enemy by the throat strangled him. The French, unable to form in line, attempted to throw themselves into a square, and in doing so became a mob. Three of their officers had been slain by the gunner, who always made room for himself wherever he penetrated. Before Smith's force reached, the French were in complete confusion, they had lost about forty of their number; but being brave and still far superior to their opponents, stood their ground, vainly endeavouring to avail themselves of their discipline. Five of the seamen were down, before Smith arrived. His first intention was to fire, but perceiving at a glance that he might bring down some of his friends, there was no alternative left, but to fall on cutlass in hand. This the crew did with three hearty cheers. The impetuosity of the attack completely broke the French, who tried to retreat and reform at the same time, but in vain; the sailors kept among them, until at last, thoroughly disheartened, they threw down their arms and fled. The gunner, who had been the leader of the first boat's crew, continued the pursuit far ahead of his shipmates, unharmed, and actually ran down twenty of the enemy and made them prisoners, before he was supported by those in the rear. Out of 200 Frenchmen, not more than forty escaped. The rest were killed, wounded or taken prisoners by 45 seamen; but it must be borne in mind, that these 45 were the pick of the British fleet. Three of them were killed and two badly wounded.

Sir Sidney Smith, himself one of the bravest of the brave, witnessed with heroic pride the daring courage of the gunner, and sent his lieutenant to inquire his name. This lieutenant had himself fought side by side with the gunner, but was outstripped in the pursuit which followed the defeat. The gunner's clothes had been torn from his back, his very shirt was in tatters, and he was covered with blood and sand.

"My brave fellow," said the lieutenant, slapping him familiarly over the shoulder, "Sir Sidney Smith wishes to know your name, that he may report you to the Admiral."

"My name," replied the gunner, "is William Maclean; no, avast there, I'm adrift, its *Bruce*."

The lieutenant started back; he could not believe his eyes; his father stood before him and he knew him not.

"*Bruce*, did you say? and from the Orkneys?"

The gunner raised his eyes; he knew his son, his first born, Ranald, at a glance, and the next second they were locked in each other's embrace.

Sir Sydney hastened to the spot and congratulated them upon meeting under such glorious circumstances. He subsequently reported the action in all its details to Lord Keith, who added that Bruce was his gunner and had been sent ashore in his own barge, being an excellent boatman, to survey the beach for the landing of heavy artillery, when he fell into the ambuscade. He promised to reward Bruce for his distinguished conduct when the present service had been accomplished.

The British expedition was entirely successful. Lieutenant Bruce had distinguished himself upon many occasions, and was promoted to the rank of commander. When receiving his commission from the Admiral, he begged his Lordship to discharge his (Bruce's) father and give him a protection during the war, representing that the whole family had been impressed and that his mother was alone.

"Nonsense, my noble fellow, such men as your father are scarce; the service can't spare him, he's a hero, and will yet be a post-captain, if I have any influence. He is not only brave but intelligent, and I shall appoint him forthwith to be sailing-master of one of the ships which has lost one."

To make a long yarn short, at the close of the war, the father and both sons had attained post rank and retired to the Orkney Islands. Mrs Bruce was elated beyond measure. She was now a rich lady and never tired of praising her boys. After all, she said, the house of Hanover was not so bad as she first thought it.

But notwithstanding the wealth and honour which had been acquired by the young men, they never forgave the press-gang that impressed them. The lieutenant who commanded it (we mean the Orkney press-gang), and all the others that they could reach, they publicly kicked and horsewhipped. The bitterness of their feelings when dragged from home, had never been forgotten.

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THE NAME PYRENEES.—There are several explanations of this name: one that it is from the Kymric *byrin* or *byrn*, a hill; another that it is from the Kymric *bar*, top, and *gwyn*, white. By referring to Bryce's *Gazetteer* it may be seen that this mountain-ridge stretches from the Mediterranean to the Atlantic for about 270 miles, separating France from Spain. The ridge is notched by about fifty passes, expressively called ports. Many of them are about 1000 feet lower than the top of the ridge, so that a notch 1000 feet deep has a very distinct appearance. Another *Gazetteer* speaks of the saw-like appearance of the ridge. For the consideration of the reader I offer the following etymology. If a similar guess has already been made, I am not aware of it. The word Pyrenees is from the Gaelic *bearn*, a notch, and *ais* (obsolete), a hill. According to the genius of our Celtic language, the name of the hill contains a description of its appearance. In my native Perthshire the hill of Craigiebarns stands one mile distant, sheltering from the north wind the town of Dunkeld. The top of the hill is somewhat like a ridge, is about one mile long, and runs east and west. Looking at it one sees at once that there are eight or nine large and distinct notches; looking more carefully he sees that there are about six or eight more, becoming smaller towards the eastern end. I speak from memory. In Craigiebarns we have the word Pyrenees. Barns is *bearn*, a notch, and the final *s* is *ais* (obsolete), a hill To a True Highlander it is amusing to be able to explain the name of a mountain-ridge 270 miles long, and 11,000 feet high, by referring to a hill one mile long, near the banks of the Tay.

Devonport, Devon. THOMAS STRATTON.

# BISHOP CARSWELL AND HIS TIMES.

By the Rev. JOHN DEWAR, B.D., Kilmartin.

## VII. AND LAST.

TWO names deserve to be held in everlasting remembrance in connection with the preaching of the Gospel in Argyleshire—John Douglas who had laboured in word and doctrine before and at the Reformation, and John Carswell who was nominated to the office and charge of superintendent in July 1560, and who continued his labours in Argyleshire for twelve years, both of them chaplains to the Earls of Argyll. We have John Knox's testimony to the sincerity and zeal displayed by the 4th and 5th Earls in the work of Reformation, and to this must be added the testimony of Bishop Carswell. There is every reason to believe that the seeds of Reformation speedily overspread all the district of Argyleshire that came under the immediate jurisdiction of the family of Argyll, though the tree did not bud and blossom and bring forth much fruit there for long afterwards. Wodrow says, "I doubt if there was any great change to the better in that remote part of the nation till after the 1638, when, by the care of our Assemblys and the assistance of the excellent Marquis of Argyll, a very great Reformation was brought about in Argyleshire and the Isles." We have to bear in mind the difficulties with which Bishop Carswell had to contend. The country was in a lawless condition, without wholesome laws, learning, or suitable church maintenance to help him forward with the work. Above all, labourers were few. Owing to the scarcity of Protestant ministers, one minister was appointed to take charge of four or five parishes, and could do little more than preach and administer the sacraments, and the Church had to make use of a temporary class of labourers called readers and exhorters, who read the common prayers and the scriptures in churches in which there was no settled minister. Many of the churches too were annexed to Abbeys, or Religious Houses, so that their revenues were not available. The Reformation in this way had overturned the old Church, suppressed the monastries, and unsettled men's minds, while for a long period it was powerless to administer to the spiritual wants of the community. Many churches in Argyle-

shire consequently must have been in the position of the Church of Beath, in Fifeshire, of which we read—"This kirk in some sort myght be compared to Gideon's fleece, which was dry when all the earth was watered. When all the congregations of Fife were planted, this poor kirk was neglected and overlooked, and lay desolate there fourteene years—after the Reformation eighty years—the poore parochiners being always like wandering sheep without a sheepherd, and, whereas they should have convened to hear a pastoure preiche the principal cause of the people's meetings was to hear a pyper play upon the Lord's daye, which was the daye of their profane mirth, not being in the works of their calling: which was the cause that Sathan had a most fair name amongst them, stirring many of them up to dancing, playing at football, and excessive drinking, falling out and wounding one another, which was the exercise of the younger sort; and the older sort played at gems (games) and the workes of their calling without any distinction of the weeke-day from the day of the Lord." Carswell, too, seems to have met with considerable opposition from many quarters. This is only what we might reasonably expect—as Dr Miles Smith remarks in that quaint production, the Translator's preface to the authorised Translation of the Bible—"Whosoever attempteth anything for the public (especially if it pertain to religion), the same setteth himself upon a stage to be glouted upon by every evil eye, yea, he casteth himself headlong upon pikes to be gored by every sharp tongue. For he that meddleth with men's religion in any part meddleth with their custom, nay, with their freehold; and though they find no content in that which they have yet they cannot bear to hear of altering." The bards were the organs of public opinion in those days, and their sharp tongues were ever ready to expose any opponent to the scorn of the whole community in some clever squib, or satire, or lampoon. Dr Leyden says of Carswell —"The bards, whom he affected to despise, made him the subject of their satirical verses and invectives, some of which are still preserved. Many proverbs expressive of his rapacity and niggardliness are still current in that country." If the echoes of the past, however, speak true, it would appear that Carswell had enough of the wild, rollicking, Celtic humour to hold his own even with the insolent bards. Kennedy again says—"The chief

charges complained of were his severity in collecting the Tythe and suppressing immorality and violent quarrels, which frequently arose through inebrity at markets and public meetings." We have already remarked the parsimonious spirit that prevailed in the diocese—and no wonder, for the income of proprietors at that time was very scanty. We find, for instance, in the year 1542 that the rental of Macdonald, Lord of Kintyre, including Islay and Rheinds, amounted to £1663 4s 8d Scots, equal to about £138 12s sterling. Carswell had the interests of the Church at heart, and he could not further these without a provision of some kind for the maintenance of the ministry, so that all these charges of rapacity and niggardliness may be referred to his own explanation—"Howbeit I can nocht forgif to do my sobir diligens in furderance of the Kirk."

It is well known that the Reformers held strict views as to the maintenance of Church discipline; but so far from being too severe, it would appear that he was regarded as too lenient. In his letter to Mr Campbell of Kuzeancleuch, as given by Wodrow and quoted above, Carswell says—"I communed with our brother Georg at lenth and giff he had informed you, as I informed him, and for my part offered him occasion, I believe he would have declared unto my part, for let them say what they list, my conscience will not let me use vigour but against the stubborn." As he himself says, he knew full well that there were those in the community who would "vomit scandal" against him, and that his reward for his work would be "defamation and reproach;" but none of these things moved him, and he persevered in his work. He was excused time after time for absence from the General Assembly: he seems to have preferred labouring in a quiet and unostentatious manner in his own diocese to mingling in the stirring scenes that were inacted at Court and in the General Assembly. He did take a public and prominent part in the tragical events which mark the latter end of Queen Mary's reign. He was elected one of the Lords of the Articles at the Parliament of April 16th, 1567, and signed the bond at Ainslie's: he signed the bond for her defence, on her escape from Lochleven, at Hamilton, on May 8th, 1568; and perhaps few of his countrymen would blame him for doing what he could for the daughter of the line of their ancient kings. In their eyes, as in his, she

was "the most powerful Queen Marie, Queen of Alban." He may have met her within the bounds of his own diocese, for she is said to have indulged in the pleasures of the hunt in Argyleshire, and he may have witnessed with grief the defeat of her royal forces at Langside; but though his countrymen were defeated on that memorable day, his loyalty did not waver, to one who has been eulogised as—

> The noblest of the Stuart race, the fairest earth has seen,

for we find him present once more at the Convention of Estates, held at Perth, in July 1569, to consider proposals in favour of Queen Mary.

Carswell's claim to the Bishopric of the Isles and the Abbey of Icolmkill seems to have been disputed, for we find a Mr Lauchlane Makclane promising, on the 21st May 1567, that "he sall nevir vex nor molest the said Maistir Johnne on the peciable brouking and possiding of the said Bishopric and utheris his benefices." Though it was his lot thus to meet with much opposition, and to have his name tossed upon men's tongues, it redounds to his credit that his name became a household word in the West Highlands, and he was not unknown in the more distant Islands of Skye and Lewis. In an age of exceptionally tall men, and amongst a race who have been always remarkable for height—for J. F. Campbell says that "a London drawing-room is the only place in Europe where a race of men better grown than West Highland gentlemen is to be met"—Carswell's height was proverbial, and his frame seems to have been equal to any amount of physical endurance. He is said to have lived to an advanced age, and to have died at his residence of Carnassary, in the summer or early autumn of 1572. The day of interment is still memorable, and there is a saying current about it, "Cha d' thainig a leithid bho latha adhlaic a Charsalaich" (There has not been the like since Carswell's funeral day). His remains, according to his own express desire, were taken to the Priory of *Ardchattan*, about forty miles distant. Such was the weight of the corpse, and the violence of the storm that prevailed, that the vast assemblage who attended his funeral had occasion to remember it ever afterwards. In that quiet retreat, then, under the shadow of the lofty Ben Cruachan, by the gleaming waters of

Loch Etive, his countrymen, who had borne his bier on their shoulders, consigned to his last resting-place John Carswell. He may have received part of his education from the Cistercian Monks (of the rule of St Benedict, as it was followed in the parent institution of Burgundy, Vallis Caulium), whose quiet cloister at Ardchattan served as a retreat to all who loved mediæval civilisation and monastic repose in those dark, unsettled times, and whose fraternity vied with their brethren of the Priories of Beauly and Pluscardine, all of them founded about the year 1230, in doing what they could to keep alive religion and civilisation and truth amongst their wild neighbours. In this secluded but picturesque spot, then, where mix the ashes of many a labourer of unquestioned piety, who did what he could to dispel the gloom of the night, rests John Carswell.

Bishop Carswell is said to have been twice married; first, to a daughter of Hamilton of Hall Craig, and second, to a Margaret Campbell. His son Archibald was Laird of Carnassary; and we read of a Christian, sister of Archibald Carswell of Carnassary, and John Campbell, her son. Though there is no positive evidence, she seems to be the CRISTIANE . C., wife of Bishop Neil Campbell, whose son, John Campbell, succeeded his father as Bishop of Argyle. The lands of Carnassary continued for some time the inheritance of the family. Archibald was succeeded by his son Neil, but by 1671 the property seems to have changed hands, as John, the son of Neil Carswell, is no longer styled of Carnassary. There is a tradition of a son of Bishop Carswell, "who," says Kennedy, "it appears had caught the prevailing vices of the age, *i.e.*, idleness, arrogance, quarrelling, and drunkenness." His father composed many hymns to him, embodying counsels and advices likely to wean him from his profligate ways, but his son refused to listen to the voice of the charmer charming never so wisely in that strain; and his father then composed several humorous pieces, fragments of which still survive; and it is said that the play of his father's wit and irony, and pungent sarcasm, did more to cure him of his vices than all his good counsels. In the year 1572 we find a Master Donald Carswell resigning the Rectory of Kilmartin into the hands of Archibald, the patron. He afterwards re-appears as Vicar of Kilmartin and Vicar of Inishail. He was a student of St Leonard's, St Andrews,

in 1554, and took his degree of B.A. in 1558, and seems to have been a brother of Bishop Carswell. There was another brother, Malcolm, Bailie of Craignish.

John Carswell's name does not appear as a link in the "unbroken chain of apostolic succesion;" he was only a nominal and titular Bishop, having never been canonically consecrated. Be that as it may, he was recognised in his day as the apostle of the West Highlands. The violent storm which marked the day of his interment was the precurser of the stormy ordeal through which Scotland had to pass for more than a century after his death. Much of his good work perished, but there is every reason to believe that his translation of Knox's Liturgy, and the translation of Calvin's Catechism, also attributed to him, prepared the way for the great Reformation which was effected in Argyleshire in 1638. The student of ecclesiastical history knows the name of several worthy of an honourable mention in reforming and planting the Church in Argyleshire, but the name of Carswell has been cherished in the traditions of his countrymen; and though the breath of calumny has attempted to mar his fair name, a grateful posterity can form a truer estimate of his character and worth. He was the first to let in the light of the Truth into the surrounding darkness, the first to introduce his countrymen to the Gospel in their mother tongue. He made his appeal not merely to the Celts in Scotland, but also to the Celts of Ireland, and both owe Carswell a debt of remembrance and thankfulness for a patriotic effort to minister to their spiritual wants; and it is certain that if those who succeeded him had exercised the same judgment, had displayed the same industry and faithfulness, and been animated by the same spirit as Carswell, the atmosphere of both countries would have been long ago purified from every breath of feeling alien to civilisation and Christianity. But it is a sad evidence of the want of learning or zeal on the part of those who were at the time of the Reformation entrusted with the message of the Gospel to our Celtic countrymen in Scotland and Ireland, that Carswell alone showed a spirit worthy of the times, when

> Peace to their shades! the pure Culdees
> Were Albyn's earliest priests of God
> Ere yet an island of the seas
> By foot of Saxon monk was trod;

and that he alone felt that the most powerful weapon towards the conversion and reformation of his countrymen was to give them the Scriptures in their mother tongue. As he says, "A large amount of the want of knowledge and the ignorance of those of whom I have already spoken arise from a want of faithful teaching among us, and of a good book which men could understand generally in their own tongue and in their own native Gaelic language." Much as we may grieve, however, that those who came after him were so slow to build upon the foundation which he laid, and to perfect the work which he commenced, the Celts of Scotland and Ireland cannot fail to revere and hold in everlasting remembrance the author of the first Gaelic book ever printed—the GREAT CARSWELL.

## CONTRACT OF FOSTERAGE

*Between George Campbell of Airds on the one part, and Donald Dow M'Ewin and Rose, his spouse, on the other part, 1665.*

—o—

AT Keilchallumkill, the aucht day of December 1665 years, it is condiscendid and aggreit upon betwix George Campbell of Airds, on the one part, and Donald Dow M'Ewin, in Ardmastill, and Roiss N'Odochardie, his spouse, on the other part, as follows:—To witt, forsamekle as the said George Campbell gives in fostering to the said Donald and his said spouse, Isobell Campbell, his lawful dochter, for the space of seavin yeiris from Beltane nixt; lykas the said George Campbell gives, grants, and dispones to the said Issabell, as *M'heliff*, tua new calfit kyne, with ane calf and ane stirk of ane yeir old, with ane tua yeir old quey, and that at Beltane next, with ane uther tua yeir old quey at Beltane, 1667 yeiris: Lykeas the said Donald and his said spous gives, grants, and dispones to their said foster tua farrow kyne, with ane stirk and ane tua yeir old quey, at the said term of Beltane nixt, and ane uther tua yeir old quey at Beltane, 1667 years. Quhilkis haill kyne, with thair incres salbe in the custodie of the said Donald and his said spous during the said space of seavin yeiris; the milk of the said kyne to belong to the foster father, and the incres of the cattell to the said Issobell, being ane calf betwix tua new calfit kyne: Item, the said George Campbell is

to grass the yeald kyne yeirli , yf the said Donald have not sufficient pasturage for them: And siclyke, it sal be in the optioun of the said George Campbell, at the expiring of the thrie first yeiris of the said seavin yeiris, to tak back the said chyld for hir educatioun, or othirwayes to latt her remaine with hir said foster father; at the quhilk tyme of hir removall, it sall be in the said Donald's optioun to delyver back the said kyne with thair incres, or otherwayes to detaine them in his custodie till the expyring of the said seavin yeiris: And siclyke the said Donald and his spous oblisses thame to grass and heard the saidis kowes with thair followeris sufficientlie, and to give ane account of their incres yeirlie, to be market to the behalf of the chyld. And mairover, for the love and affection quhilk they have towards their said foster, and also for other gude considerations moving thame, the said Donald Dow and also the said Roiss, ylkane of thame for thair awin pairtis, sells and dispones, without recalling, to the said Issobell Campbell their foster, ane bairn's pairt and portioun naturall of thair haill guids and geir whatsomevir, quhilk sall pertein to thame the tyme of thair deceis, siclyke as if she war thair awin lawful chyld: Provyding alwayes, that in cais the said Donald and his said spous depart out of this life without children procreat of thair awin bodies surviving thame, in that cais it sall be lesum to thame at thair deceiss to nominat and appoint aither of thame ane *dilapach* allanerlie to succeid to thame, in ane equall portioun with thair said foster, and heirto they ar oblist in the most sure form of obligatioun, &c., &c.

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DEATH OF DONALD ROSS.—We regret to learn from the Halifax (Nova Scotia) *Telegraph* that Mr Donald Ross, well known on both sides of the Atlantic for his warm interest in his Highland countrymen, and everything pertaining to their history, literature, and social position, died at his residence, Celtic Cottage, Dartmouth, N.S., on Saturday, the 26th of August last. Mr Ross, before he emigrated to Nova Scotia, took a very active and successful part in obtaining relief for the West Coast Highlanders, during and after the potato famine, from 1845 to 1851. He published several valuable pamphlets, now very rare, giving an account of the proceedings of that period in the West Highlands and Islands, including a graphic description of the Evictions in Knoydart, and in the Isle of Skye, and in other places. He was highly esteemed by Scotsmen, and indeed by all who knew him in his adopted country. When in better circumstances, his hospitality was unbounded, especially to the officers and men of the Highland regiments that were at times quartered in the City of Halifax. He was for many years a leading and respected member of the patriotic North British Benefit Society. The *Telegraph* informs us that "he will be long remembered as one of the principal organisers of the Scotch Volunteers (of Nova Scotia) some 23 years ago." When in the Dominion, a few years ago, we found him all that we have said of him, and much more; and his letters of introduction were excellent passports to the leading Scotsmen of Nova Scotia wherever we presented them.

## MR FRASER-MACKINTOSH, M.P., AND THE HIGHLAND CROFTERS.

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A DEPUTATION from the Highland Land Law Reform Association waited upon Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., in the Royal Hotel, Inverness, on Saturday, the 9th of September, with reference to the necessity of energetic action in Parliament in favour of special inquiry into the crofter question by Royal Commission. The deputation consisted of the Rev. John Mactavish, F.C.; the Rev. Charles Macechern, E.C.; Dean of Guild Mackenzie, Inverness; Councillor Stuart, do.; Messrs John Macdonald, merchant; William Gunn, draper; John Whyte; Duncan Mactavish, commission agent; Alexander Macbain, M.A., rector, Raining's School; and Mr J. Fraser, commission agent. Councillor Charles Mackay, Councillor Elliot, and Mr Colin Chisholm were unavoidably absent in consequence of other engagements.

Councillor Mackay sent a letter in which he strongly advocated the views of the Association, and urged upon Mr Fraser-Mackintosh the importance of advocating them in his place in Parliament. As regarded the objects the Association had in view, Councillor Mackay said that every day made it more clear that something must be done to put an end to the present insecure position of the crofters, for, he said, they had no inducement to improve their holdings, but have rather been driven to feel that any improvements which they made would be the cause of their being driven all the sooner from their holdings, or to have their rents raised in consequence of their own efforts; and this feeling was intensified owing to the frequent changes in the ownership of landed property in the Highlands. It was quite evident that this state of matters retarded the prosperity of the country in many ways, and was much against the interest of the proprietors themselves as well as of their tenants. The resources of the country were undeveloped and production checked. Councillor Mackay gave several illustrations of the accuracy of his contention, and concluded by a strong appeal to Mr Fraser-Mackintosh to act in such a firm and active manner on this question as would justify the application to him more than ever of "The Friend of the Highlanders."

The Rev. Mr Mactavish said he was very much grieved to reflect how very insecure the tenure was of the smaller tenants of land in the Highlands. They were at the mercy, not merely of landlords, commissioners, or factors, but of people in inferior positions—ground officers. Then, again, a very few men held almost the whole of the land in Scotland, and if these chose to exercise what he understood to be their full legal powers, they could evict nine-tenths of the rural population of the country. This was a state of matters that ought no longer to be tolerated. The alterations, however, that they wished to bring about ought to be brought about in a quiet and orderly manner, but decided action in the interest of the Highland people was urgently demanded.

Mr John Macdonald, Exchange, followed, strongly impressing upon Mr Fraser-Mackintosh to lose no opportunity of getting the question properly discussed in Parliament, and moving for a Royal Commission of Inquiry into the whole subject, with a view to future legislation. While it was absolutely necessary to move within the Constitution inside and outside the House, an agitation throughout the country in favour of reform was made imperative by the reply recently made by the Lord-Advocate to Mr Macfarlane. In the discussion which took place on that occasion, the remarks made by the Lord-Advocate clearly showed that there was not, on the part of the Government, the simplest acknowledgement of the existence of any grievance. Those who, like Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, knew the present state of the Highlands, could not

but be astounded at the position thus taken, and the earliest opportunity ought to be taken of bringing the true state of matters under the attention of Parliament.

Dean of Guild Mackenzie, hon. secretary of the Association, stated as evidence of the representative character of the Highland Land Law Reform Association, that a majority of the Town Council of Inverness were on its roll of membership, and consequently it might be taken as expressing the convictions of a large proportion of the inhabitants. Further, however, he was satisfied that they represented a strong and growing feeling all over the country, and especially in the large towns where people did not speak with the same reserve as naturally characterised their utterances in the country districts. In fact, it was a question which members of Parliament and owners of property would shortly have to face in a serious manner. It was also one which ought to be treated without regard to party politics. He urged upon Mr Fraser-Mackintosh the wisdom of viewing it as such, and reminded him that it was as an independeut member that he had entered Parliament. The time had passed for any half-hearted action, for unless something were done, he feared the people would themselves take to the settling of the question, and no one could predict the consequences. At all events there was looming in the near future a general movement throughout the Highlands on behalf of more equitable relations between landlord and tenant that would surprise their friends. He strongly urged upon Mr Fraser-Mackintosh the duty of taking resolute action in the Crofter cause, even at the risk of making himself disagreeable to the powers that be, and whether the initiative were taken by Irishmen or Scotchmen, he hoped that he (Mr Fraser-Mackintosh) would be willing and ready to give it his unflinching support. It was doubly important that a man like Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, so intimately acquainted with all the history and details of the question, should be at the post of duty, in order to refute such astounding mis-statements as had been made in the recent discussion by the Lord Advocate and Mr Ramsay. He called Mr Fraser-Mackintosh's attention to the statement of the Lord-Advocate recently made in reply to himself in the House of Commons, which was now found to be in direct opposition to the "facts" as sworn to by Lord Macdonald's representatives in their petition for Suspension and Interdict in the case of the Braes crofters. His Lordship's statement in reply to Mr Macfarlane, would, the Dean held, be found as wide of the real facts of the case as his misleading reply to Mr Fraser-Mackintosh. The Lord-Advocate seemed to have been singularly unfortunate hitherto in his sources of information on all questions connected with the Highlands, and truth appeared to be the last thing his correspondents thought of in connection with the Crofter question. He assured Mr Fraser-Mackintosh of their loyalty to himself, and of the certainty that in energetic action in this cause he should carry with him the unanimous approval of the Highland people and of Scotland generally.

Mr Fraser-Mackintosh, in reply, thanked them for their observations, and expressed his concurrence with their views. He intimated at length his own ideas on the position of the crofters, and explained how he had been unable to secure a first place for the discussion of the matter in the late session. He intended to ballot for a place next session, and would support any other member who secured a first place; and he further stated that the incomplete and consequently unsatisfactory discussion which had taken place last month made it more necessary than ever that the question be thoroughly ventilated and action taken. Events now occurring rendered inquiry imperative, and the sooner Government recognised the gravity of the situation the better it would be for all interested.

On the motion of Councillor Stuart, the thanks of the deputation was tendered to Mr Fraser-Mackintosh.

# DRUMCLOG.

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## PART I.

### THE EVENING CONVENTICLE 'MID THE HILLS.

*"Lo! these are they from sufferings great."*

It was the time of Scotland's Covenant-cause,
When Scotland's sons for Scotland's sake withstood
The furious legions of Oppression's laws,
And ruthless rage of men, a devils' brood,
Whose dark commissions tyrants sealed with blood;
And sent them forth filled with religious hate
And cruelty, a death-leagued multitude
Of hireling Scots, who warred as fiends elate,
And left behind them names in murder truly great.

O! 'twas a glorious sight when peasants rude,
In war unskilled, to feats of arms untrained,
Sought the bleak moor or mountain solitude,
To worship God with conscience unconstrained,
Or sing the songs that Freedom's sons maintained;
True to their cause, and counting not the cost,
Their native valour every foe disdained,
'Twas theirs to dare the life-destroying host,
That Liberty might be their own and children's boast.

In murky glens or rocky mountain sides
(Where ghostly visitants at nights are seen,
And Silence in her majesty presides),
The sons of men, deep-bearded, haggard, lean,
Uncouth in raggedness, and wild in mien,
Gathered by stealth, and bearing trusty swords,
In some secluded spot the hills between,
To feed their souls upon their preacher's words,
And cheer their drooping hearts with joy which strength affords.

Were these men human? Yes, their hearts were stirred,
Tears filled the fiery eyes of old and young,
The babe forsook the breast as loud was heard
Their solemn melodies from suffering wrung;
The lonely mountains far the echoes flung,
And Heaven rejoiced to hear the earnest strain
So wildly sweet, so deeply plaintive sung;
Then from those hills strange voices spake again,
And bade them bear the Cross and deem it not in vain.

Behind a moss-grown stone their preacher stood,
With arms outspread on high arose his prayer,
His heavenward gaze with holy light imbued,
Paled the wan rays that tipped his silvery hair,—
A sun of Hope 'mid darkest clouds of care;
No wild revenge he breathed on ruthless foes,
No tones of one were heard as in despair,
No God-upbraiding from his heart arose,
By faith and trust in Him he found his soul-repose.

By the dim glimmer of a rush-light he
With glowing fervour read the sacred page,—
How Christ once gained gives blest eternity,
Or how His love can earthly griefs assuage
And still the tempest of their foemen's rage.
Fired with the theme, his words their bosoms burned,
And strengthened timid youth and daring age,
Then clasping hands, their tearful eyes they turned
To Heaven, and blest the cause for which they life had spurned.

Again a hymn is heard wild-ringing, clear,
Again its echoes pierced heaven's mighty dome:
See! from yon knoll, fast-speeding like a deer,
Their watcher flew, and cried, "They come! They come!"
Shall these men now to cowardice succumb?
No, no! With courage high they grasped their swords,
While wives and daughters for a moment dumb,
Cry out, "Stand fast! we'll fight the cruel hordes!"
Above their shouts were heard the preacher's wiser words:

"Flee to the caves! O saints! Disperse, disperse!
Th' oppressor's greedy brand is gleaming nigh,
On Murder's pinions fast is borne Claverse,
Up to your rocky dens, Away! Quick! Fly!
To-night no blood shall on the heather lie,
We'll baffle them and view their wild dismay
From our safe-hiding habitations high,
Their disappointed steel shall find no prey;
Quick to the hills again! Men! Women! Why delay!"

Swift to obey his voice their swords were sheathed,
And fast the helpless ones were upward led
By secret mountain-paths, whose crests cloud-wreathed
Obscured their lessening forms as on they sped
Towards their caves, where, banishing their dread,
Each one a prayer poured with joyful breath,
Then sought repose upon a heathery bed;
No sounds arose, and all was hushed as death,
While wary outposts watched the silent glen beneath.

Rest on the mountain heaven-protecting cloud!
Beneath your misty vestment sleeping lay
A world-forsaken, haggard, starving crowd
Of Scotland's sons, who dared a tyrant's sway,
And fearless flung his conscience-chains away;
Yea, gave their blood for Liberty's dear sake,
To hasten on its all triumphant day,
When men from slavish lethargy would wake,
And laws and empires from their old foundations shake.

They came! They came! Hark! 'Twas the neigh of steeds,
Commingled with the clank of horsemen steeled;
It was the band renowned for cruel deeds,
Led by the captain who full oft revealed
The fiendish nature which his face concealed.
On, on he came, and watchfully surveyed,
And oft his steed with sudden movement wheeled,
Then flew along the hills with lightning tread,
Bearing its ruthless burden—Scotland's Renegade.

Claverse! a name pronounce it how you will,
There is a harshness in its very sound,
Which grates upon the ear and bodes of ill,
No softness in its syllables is found,
All is unlovely, cold, and iron-bound;
Strange that the name should suit so passing well
A man for blood and cruelty renowned,
Whose unrelenting heart was but a hell
In which the orphans' cries and tears unheeded fell.

Away ye sophists who with gentle words
Would gloss stern facts or paint a fiendish fame
With hues unreal. Oh! it ill accords
That Scotland's sons, if proud of Scotland's name,
Should deify the murder-laurelled Graham;
Who from a murderer would a hero make,
Commits himself into the murderer's shame;
Who dares not Truth from Justice' balance take,
Is false to God and man for ideal hero-sake.

As the fierce tiger in his midnight prowl,
Upon a quivering shadow sudden springs,
And back recoils with disappointment's growl,
From the void thing that to the earth yet clings—
So Claverse halted 'mid low murmurings
Of pleasure from his men, whose hands upon
Their scabbards fell with deadly clatterings;
Each sabre flashed, then stealing slowly on,
No sounds were in the glen! Nothing! Their prey was gone.

Now up, now down, then o'er the silent heath,
The thwarted troopers singly on careered,
And bitter curses rose from every breath,
And swords seemed heavy since no foe they neared,
Their panting steeds dispirited appeared;
They scanned the hills that round them darkly gloomed,
Nought save low, strange, aerial sounds they heard,
The trailing clouds as chiding spirits loomed,
Then ranked again they all their bloodless march resumed.

Dejected, damp, and moon-forsaken, they
The pangs of soldier-disappointment bore,
Their imprecations, spurred by lack of prey,
Disturbed the calmness which their leader wore,
Who well could hide what rankled at the core;
On in the deepening darkness, wary, slow,
Cheered by their Captain, who half-smiling swore—
"That ere the moon should twice full visage show,
This night would be revenged, their swords would smite the foe."

## PART II.

### THE MORNING CONVENTICLE AT DRUMCLOG.

"*God is our refuge and our strength.*"

Scotland! if aught of thy loved soil is dear,
Or doubly sacred to the Scottish heart,
'Tis where thy peasant sons with sword and spear
Embattled dared a tyrant's cruel art,
And well performed the ever glorious part,
That Freedom from their deeds and blood might spring
In all the glory which can love impart,
And to their country those bright laurels bring
Which round her honoured name in deathless beauty cling.

Mark ye this dreary, bleak, and moss-grown waste,
Where sparsely blooms the hardy heather-bell,
Naked and desolate, 'tis all ungraced
With aught to stir Enchantment's songful spell,
Ah, yet 'tis beautiful. Here pealed a knell
Which tyrants heard, and conscience-fetters rent,
Here Scotland's Covenanters fought and fell,
Here Freedom's mighty shout to Heaven was sent—
This is Drumclog! the name its storied monument.

Bright rose the sun that June's first Sabbath morn,
And softly stole the shrouding mists that lay
As night's cold garments, by the grasses worn,
On which great dew-drops hung in bright array,
Sparkling their welcomes to the god of day;
Peace, as a gentle queen with sceptre mild,
Ruled the expanse with undisturbèd sway,
And hummed the voiceless music of the wild,
To which fair Nature slept as soundly as a child.

Portentous calm was brooding o'er the scene,
The cheery lark e'en songless upward flew
From his lone nest in some oasis green;
The burdened air no playful breathings blew
To shake the reed or modest blue-bell woo;
The spell of dire events foreboding lay
Upon the silent plain, and deadlier grew,
As swiftly passed that memorable day,
Which yet would hear the roar and clash of bloody fray.

From distant hamlet and from lonely cot
Came peasants armed, broad-bonnetted, and bold;
Firm o'er the moor they trod, their steps were not
The coward's timid gait, but young and old
Bore heads erect, while every eye foretold
Their cause was righteous and brave men required,
Its sacredness and honour to uphold;
These were the men by lofty aims inspired,
And every heart by faith to daring deeds aspired.

Mothers and children, too, were journeying there,
And stalwart fathers with their sons sedate,
And modest-clad, light-springing maidens fair
Marched in the beauty of their simple state;
They were a motley crowd, a gathering great,
Met on the far-extending silent moor.
What impulse did their unity create?
What inward promptings did their hearts allure?
It was—To worship God—in their own fashion pure.

And dauntless spirits, mounted, cantered past,
Bright were their eyes, and 'neath their bonnets blue
Their rugged lineaments in valour cast
Shone with determination sternly true;
Each was a Scot who never danger knew,
They were Christ's warriors, and for Him braved
All foes and laws that would His laws subdue,
'Twas naught to them tho' Persecution raved,
While they could bow the knee with conscience unenslaved.

Rough-chiselled Burley* rode with fearless look,
A hardy nursling of the Scottish soil,
Whose honest heart no priestly thrall could brook,
Or from the simple truth its trust beguile,
And whose keen blade few enemies could foil;
Plain in his speech, in judgment cool and clear,
Quick in resource in conflict's dread turmoil,
Dreaded by foes, by every friend held dear,
He was a man to lead, to counsel, and to cheer.

* John Balfour of Burley, a daring soldier, who fought at Drumclog and at Bothwell Bridge He was the principal actor in Archbishop Sharp's murder.

There doughty Hackstoun,* rugged, gnarled, and rude,
Fast trotted on and reached th' assembled throng;
A Scot of Scots, whose soldier attitude
And iron features, as he dashed along,
Inspired each heart anew with courage strong;
Fear fled before the daring fighter's eye,
All felt a hero did to them belong,
On whom they could in danger's hour rely,
And show them how to fight or for the Covenant die.

No Sabbath bell the deep quiescence stirred,
The peaceful heavens in sunny splendour glowed,
The crowd was hushed, nor voice nor sound was heard,
The steeds stood still, the riders meekly bowed,
With heads uncovered all attention showed;
Then saintly Douglas rose to preach The Word,
Each heart with love intense for him o'erflowed,
"Come let us sing," he said, "to God our Lord,"
Then "Judah's Land"† rang out from souls in one accord.

Their hymn was sung, and while its echoes died
Amid the hills as some despairing moan,
Upon the heath, in silence, side by side
All knelt, save one who stood divinely lone;
With claspèd hands and upturned face that shone
With paleness sorrowful, calm Douglas seemed
Amid his flock an angel from God's throne
To comfort sufferers by Christ's blood redeemed,
Then as his prayer arose his face more sweetly beamed.

His heart in no mere word-profession lay,
His Rock of faith was Christ's foundation sure,
His Christ-taught love was void of worldly sway,
His words were fraught with truths of sweetness pure,
Which from his hearers' hearts could sin allure;
He ceased his prayer in tones impassioned, wild,
Beseeching all, their trials to endure,
And firmer to The Cause be reconciled,
For all was gain to those whose faith was undefiled.

Refreshed, renewed, with comfort in each look,
And reverential air they one by one
Rose from the sod, then from the Hallowed Book
The preacher read, and had his theme begun
With fervour rapt— Hark! What is that! A gun!
Then hearts stand still, then gleaming eyes are strained,
From Calder Hill the wary watchers run,
"They come! they come!" they cry, now is ordained
The Covenanters' tale of Drumclog fought and gained.

* Hackstoun of Rathillet, the defender of Bothwell Bridge at the battle of that name.
† Psalm lxxvi. This was the favourite hymn of the Covenanters.

## PART III.

### THE BATTLE.

"*Deliver me from mine enemies.*"

The steeds pricked up their ears and swords were grasped,
No craven hearts were there tho' pale each face,
The husband, by the timid wife enclasped,
Drew forth his blade and spurned the loved embrace,
And bade her think on Scotland! and Disgrace!
Obedient to commands, with ready zeal
Each man essayed to hold the foremost place,
Determined that their foes that day would feel
That peasants could be men when armed with Justice' steel.

Hackstoun was swift to second Burley's skill,
It was the day when giants were required,
The wives were rearward placed upon the hill,
Their husbands stood in front as men inspired,
Each arm was bared and grasped a blade unhired;
Thus formed behind a watery morass,
Which was by Nature treacherously attired,
They saw no foe the sure defence could pass,
Tho' Claverse led them on they could him well harass.

A slender line of boors, and on their flanks
A clump of horsemen armed with sword and spear,
A few old matchlocks scattered thro' the ranks,
While weeping wives and children formed their rear.
Did these men fight? Aye, well! they knew no fear,
Tho' steel-clad troopers came in war array,
All well-skilled in a slaughtering career;
For Liberty assailed, ere closed that day
As furies they would fight and glory in the fray.

There were no cowards in their silent front,
The firm-set lips and flashing eyes foretold
That Victory would smile, as she is wont,
On those who would a righteous cause uphold;
Within their breasts tumultuously rolled
The pent-up fires of persecution's hate,
Which soon would burst with fury uncontrolled
Upon their foes, who galloping elate
Beheld th' embattled crowd and longed to seal their fate.

On, on the glittering squadrons forward dashed,
The melancholy Claverse in command,
From front to rear like sudden lightning flashed
A willing sabre in each willing hand,
A stream of light magnificently grand;
Invincible they seemed as on they came,
Proud of the might no weaker foe could stand,
Inured to conflicts of inglorious fame,
They forward pressed as those who victory would claim.

They halted suddenly, then from their van
A soldier's etiquette was e'en essayed,
"Down with your arms! Surrender ye each man!"
The Covenanters heard but unobeyed,
And smiling with derision undismayed,
No voice replied unto the haughty sound,
But each renewed his grasp upon his blade,
And firmer pressed his foot upon the ground,
Then waited the attack with calmness most profound.

They watched the troopers wheeling into line,
They heard their vengeful oaths and taunting cries,
Yet from their lips escaped nor sound nor sign,
Which Claverse marked with feelings of surprise;
Before his ranks were formed, loud to the skies
Their grand old war-hymn burst from every tongue;
His startled horsemen heard the wild notes rise,
And jeered the men who thus before them sung
A song to Him above on whom they fondly clung.

No bugle sound the dreaded signal blew,
The word was given! one shout was heard! and o'er
The fatal heath the spur-pricked chargers flew,
Noiseless, yet terrible, and swiftly bore
A gleaming line of steel athirst for gore;
Majestic, furious, on they madly dashed,
And reckoned not the ground that lay before,
Steeds! swords! and hauberks! in an instant crashed,
And yells of rage arose as Death before them flashed.

Down in the yielding morass, down they went,
A floundering mass, inextricably coiled,
Rider and horse in dire confusion blent,
'Gainst which the rear with dreadful shock recoiled,
And helplessly beheld their comrades foiled;
Above the roar calm Burley's orders pealed,
"The sword of Gideon hath our foes despoiled,
Fire on them now! to-day their pride shall yield,"
Then fast the messengers of death sped o'er the field.

"On with the sword!" the mighty Hackstoun cried,
And foremost leading rushed upon the foe,
His deadly blade with fearful zeal he plied,
And gleaming morions gaped with every blow,
Which crashing laid the struggling horsemen low;
Fierce as a lion, still the fight he waged,
Then like a torrent's dark, resistless flow,
His brethren in the awful strife engaged,
And long and loud the roar of battle wildly raged.

Now o'er their comrades dead the troopers leapt,
The steed of Claverse led the gory way,
Amid the hero-band unharmed he swept,
While deeds of courage graced his sword that day,
And almost kept the enemy at bay;
Unwavering still the Covenanters stood,
And fought like demons whom no power could stay,
Sword rang on sword, men fell on men, and blood
Lay on the ground in pools or ran a reeking flood.

The dreadful carnage reigned, and groans of death
Rang loudly o'er the dead-encumbered plain,
The frenzied women shrieked or held their breath,
As fathers fell no more to rise again,
Or wounded, writhed in agonising pain;
The weeping children closed their eyes with fear,
The daughters cried to Heaven and not in vain,
Above the din burst Nisbet's* thundering cheer,
"*Ho! loup the ditch and tak' the sodgers in the rear.*"

Fast o'er the ditch by blood-stained Burley led,
The peasant horsemen passed and swiftly wheeled,
Then forward all impetuously sped,
And charged the foe, who in disorder reeled
Beneath the shock which now their fate had sealed;
Hemmed by a wall of steel their deeds were nought,
Before, behind, they fell upon the field,
Then every one with desperation fought,
And thro' the serried ranks a way of safety sought.

The day was lost! and o'er the gory heath
The scatheless Claverse led his flying few,
Nor gazed behind, nor gave his charger breath,
Till far beyond the Covenanters' view,
Who prone to fight were powerless to pursue;
No laurels decked his gloomy, frowning brow,
Defeat's fierce disappointment pierced him through,
While martyrs' shadows hovered round him now,
And scornfully smiled upon the murderer stricken low.

'Twas thus the Covenanters fought and bled,
'Twas thus they stood for Christ as warriors brave,
'Twas thus they loved the Cause they boldly wed,
'Twas thus they dared the scaffold and the grave,
And for His sake their dearest treasures gave;
O Scotland! while thy name in history towers,
And while thy mountains stand and tempests rave,
Be proud of those who stood 'gainst tyrant powers,
That we may glory in the Freedom which is ours.

SUNDERLAND. WM. ALLAN.

* Nisbet of Hardhill, a sturdy farmer, who in the heat of the battle rode up and saw at a glance how it could be won, hence his cry, "Loup the ditch."

## PROFESSOR BLACKIE, MR A. RUSSELL WALLACE, THE SELLAR FAMILY, AND THE SUTHERLAND CLEARANCES.

—o—

MOST people are aware that one of the leading agents in the great Sutherland clearances of sixty years ago was Mr Sellar—the father or grandfather of the new member for the Haddington Burghs; of Professor Sellar, of Edinburgh; and of Mr P. P. Sellar, the well-known sheep farmer. This Mr Sellar was tried on a criminal charge or charges in connection with these clearances before the Circuit Court of Justiciary at Inverness in 1816, and was "honourably acquitted." One Donald Macleod thereafter wrote a book entitled "Gloomy Memories of Sutherland," which has become a sort of authority on the clearance question, and in it his remarks about Mr Sellar are anything but flattering. Professor Blackie, basing some of his "facts" on this authority, made statements in "Altavona" which are said to have given great offence to the present race of Sellars. It is indeed stated that legal proceedings were threatened. In any case, a second edition of "Altavona" has appeared with the allusions to Mr Sellar materially softened (compare pages 278 to 281 in both editions). In the second edition we are told that the quotations from Macleod are not made with the view of inculpating any one engaged in the clearances. With regard to the trial, Professor Blackie has the following in the second edition on page 281, instead of a somewhat stronger statement on the same page in the first edition:—"The person charged with the crime was acquitted, and of course I make no charge against him; but the fact of the Clearances remains, and in my opinion they were a social crime and a blunder, for which the English land laws are principally to blame." Another gentleman who appears to have given even greater offence to the descendants of Mr Sellar is Mr Alfred R. Wallace, who recently published a book on the "Nationalisation of Land." Mr Wallace, who appears to have based his remarks about Sellar on Mr Alexander Mackenzie's pamphlet on the "Highland Clearances," is obliged to re-write some pages of his book, the sale of which is in the meantime stopped! Mr Mackenzie's pamphlet (which has not been interdicted), is now out of print, but we are informed that he is about to re-publish it, with further quotations from Macleod on the same subject.—*Aberdeen Free Press.*

[What Mr Alexander Mackenzie is preparing for publication is a new edition of Donald Macleod's "Gloomy Memories," so far as that work refers to the "Sutherland Clearances," with the additional information given in his own pamphlet, considerably extended, regarding the Glengarry, Strathglass, Kintail, Glenelg, Skye, Uist, Barra, Coigeach, Lochcarron, Breadalbane, Argyle, and other evictions in the Highlands since the battle of Culloden to the present year. Mr A. R. Wallace, though professedly basing his remarks about the Sutherland evictions on Mr Mackenzie's pamphlet, has adopted phraseology for which the author of the pamphlet is not responsible. The sensitiveness shown by the Sellars in connection with the History of the Sutherland evictions is a happy sign of the times. They inherit an unfortunate name, and on this score they deserve the most generous consideration.—ED. *C. M.*]

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THIS number concludes the seventh yearly volume of the *Celtic Magazine*. It was never so prosperous, in all respects, as it is at the present moment. Our object is to make it a mirror of all phases of Celtic literature and Highland opinion, being as it now is the sole organ of the Scoto-Celtic race.

## ORIGIN OF THE NAME GORDON.

—o—

CENTURIES ago Scotland was infested with wild boars, which increased so fast, and became so dangerous to the lieges, that the King issued a proclamation offering a reward to whoever should produce at the Court the head of a newly killed boar. This inducement, coupled with the excitement and danger consequent on hunting these ferocious animals, made it the favourite sport of the young men of the time. Among the most eager of the hunters was the young laird of Lochinvar; but he had a double incentive to exert himself, for he was not only a keen and fearless sportsman, but was also deeply enamoured with fair Margaret Scott, and thereby hangs a tale.

Margaret was the only daughter and heiress of Sir James Scott, a fiery-tempered old knight, whose estate for some time past had been troubled with one of these dangerous animals which had taken up it quarters there, and successfully evaded all attempts either to kill or capture it. The infirmities of advancing years prevented Sir James from taking a part in the exciting chase himself, so he had to be content with storming at his followers for their want of skill and courage in failing to get rid of the unwelcome intruder.

There were many suitors for the hand of Margaret, but only two had any chance of success. These were the Laird of Lochinvar and James Ogilvy, whose claims appeared about equal. Lochinvar was indeed the favourite with the lady; but in those days young ladies were not always allowed to wed whom they liked, and her father preferred the wealthy Ogilvy to the younger, more handsome, but poorer Lochinvar. Sir James was too fond of his daughter to wish to force her inclinations, and willing to give the young laird a chance, and at the same time to get rid of his most undesirable tenant—the wild boar—he promised to give the hand of his daughter to the suitor who should kill it. Margaret herself was well satisfied with this decision; for she had little fear but that the brave, daring, and skilful Lochinvar would be the victor. The rivals started on their hunting expedition with very different feelings, Lochinvar eager, fearless, and anxious to meet with the dangerous animal; Ogilvy, on the other hand,

did not much relish the bargain. He was no great sportsman, and thought that an encounter with the boar might be too high a price to pay even for the possession of his lady-love.

It was some time before Lochinvar could get on the track of his game. At last he succeeded in rousing the wild beast from its lair, and fairly started in pursuit. Long and weary was the chase, but at last he got the boar at bay, and after a stubborn and long-contested battle, it lay dead at his feet. Quite worn out with his great exertions and faint from exhaustion—for he had been slightly wounded in the final struggle—Lochinvar did not at once cut off the boar's head, but contented himself with cutting out the tongue, which he placed in his pouch, and then laid himself down to take his much needed rest. While he was lying sound asleep, Ogilvy chanced to pass that way, and seeing his sleeping rival and the dead boar, conceived the idea of gaining the reward without personal risk, and at the same time revenging himself on his detested rival. He quietly cut off the boar's head without disturbing the unconscious Lochinvar, and speedily made his way to Sir James Scott, announced his success, much to the despair of Margaret, and immediately started for the Court to claim the reward from the King.

When Lochinvar awoke, he saw at once the mean trick that had been played upon him, and made a shrewd guess at the author. On making inquires his suspicions were confirmed, and full of indignation and anger he started after the cowardly thief.

Arriving at the Court he found, as he had expected, that his rival had just had an audience of the King, and obtained the offered reward. With some little trouble Lochinvar was also admitted to the royal presence, when he stated his grievance, and craved that justice might be done. Ogilvy was recalled and confronted with Lochinvar, who again told his version of the occurrence and denounced Ogilvy as the thief. This was as strongly denied by the unprincipled man, who not only maintained his innocence, but overwhelmed his rival with reproaches and accusations. The King was puzzled to decide between them, and demanded if they had witnesses to substantiate their very different accounts. "Yes," exclaimed Lochinvar, triumphantly, "yes, I have a witness; the boar himself shall speak for me." "What mean you," demanded the King, who began to think he had a

madman before him. "May it please your Grace to have the boar's head produced, and I will explain," said Lochinvar. This was done, when he opened the mouth and showed the King that the tongue was wanting; then, taking the missing member from his pouch, he presented it to His Majesty, and explained that he had cut it out before he fell asleep, on purpose to prove his right in case he should have any difficulty in the matter. The King was perfectly satisfied, and not only caused the guilty Ogilvy to refund the reward, but ordered him to be imprisoned for his contemptible theft.

Being himself an ardent sportsman, the King took a great interest in the case, asked Lochinvar many particulars of his encounter with the boar, and in what manner he had at last succeeded in killing him.

"May it please your Royal Grace," said the undaunted Lochinvar, "I just gored him down with my spear."

"You are a brave fellow," answered the King, "and as a mark of my favour and appreciation of your courage and endurance, you shall henceforth be known as the Knight of *Goredown.*

The sequel to this may be easily guessed. The newly-made knight returned in triumph to claim his bride. They were married shortly after with the full consent of her father and herself, and lived long and happily together. In course of time the name of Goredown got shortened into Gordon, and became one of the great historic names of Scotland.

Tradition has it that the son of this brave man and fair lady was—

> The young Lochinvar, who came out of the West,

celebrated in Sir Walter Scott's famous ballad.

Mention is made of this traditional origin of the name of Gordon by Charles Fraser-Mackintosh, M.P., F.S.A., Scot., in his *Antiquarian Notes.*

M. A. ROSE.

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A LIBERAL PATRON.—Lady Matheson of the Lews has already ordered 4500 copies of the sketch of her late husband, Sir James Matheson, Bart., which appeared in our last number, in neat pamphlet form, and is arranging for a large number of the same, translated into Gaelic, for distribution among her numerous tenantry in the north.

# HISTORY OF THE MATHESONS.

By the Editor.

## THE IOMAIRE MATHESONS.

This family claim descent from Alexander Matheson, alleged by his descendants to be the eldest son of John Matheson of Fernaig. If this contention were maintained, the chiefship of the whole Clan Matheson would necessarily fall to this family. We have already indicated our opinion on this point. According to the "Iomaire" Manuscript, where the claim is seriously made,

Alexander Matheson, who lived in Duriness, Lochalsh, married Isabella, daughter of Murdoch, son of Hector Mackenzie of Fairburn, with issue, four sons—

1. Roderick, his heir.

2. Duncan, married, without male issue.

3. Murdoch, and 4, Angus, both of whom were drowned on their way to the Isle of Skye.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

Roderick Matheson, who married Flora, daughter of Alexander Matheson, known as "Alastair Mac Ian Oig," in Achataytoralan, with issue—

1. John, his heir.

2. Alexander, who married a daughter of John Mackinnon in Strath, Isle of Skye, by whom he had a numerous issue, long ago extinct in the male line.

3. Murdoch, who married Flora, daughter of John, second son of Alexander Matheson, "Alastair Mac Ian Oig," in Achataytoralan, with issue—several sons and daughters, all of whom died young, except one son, Alexander, afterwards Rector of the High School of Edinburgh; and one daughter, Anne, who married William Macdonald, Ord, afterwards tinsmith in Dalkeith.

4. Donald, who married one of the Mackenzies of Hilton. He resided in the Parish of Contin, where he left two sons—Donald and Alexander—where both of them were alive in 1824.

5. Annabella.

He was succeeded by his eldest son,

John Matheson, who married Mary, daughter of Duncan (second son of Kenneth Mackenzie of the family of Davochmaluag)

by his wife, Janet, daughter of Lachlan Mackinnon, Breakish, Isle of Skye, better known as "Lachlan Mac Thearlaich Oig," the well-known Gaelic poet. Lachlan's mother was Marion, daughter of John Macleod of Drynoch.

John Matheson was tacksman of Inchnairn, in Achamore. He died young, leaving issue, by his wife as above, two sons—

1. Alexander, his heir.

2. Murdoch, who married, and had four sons, all of whom died young, except Donald, the youngest, who was, in 1824, schoolmaster in Ardgour, Lochaber, where he married, with issue—(1) Alexander, who resides near Edinburgh, and married a lady of the family of Colonel Macdonald of Powderhall, with issue—three sons and three daughters. He died in 1880. (2) Murdoch, residing at Castleton, Braemar, who married Helen Gunn, with issue—two sons and three daughters; and (3) a daughter.

John Matheson was succeeded by his eldest son,

ALEXANDER MATHESON, who married Janet, daughter of Duncan Macrae, Tutor of Conchra, by his wife, Isabella, daughter of Finlay Macrae, minister of Lochalsh, by his first wife, Margaret, daughter of Duncan Macrae of Inverinate, by his wife, Janet Macleod of Raasay. It is said that none of the Mathesons of the West followed Bennetsfield at the battle of Culloden, which is pointed to as evidence that they did not acknowledge him as chief of the clan. This Alexander accompanied his clansmen from Lochalsh, though only in his eighteenth year. While retreating from the field Cumberland's dragoons overtook them, and two of the enemy, who were considerably in advance of the others, were, by a preconcerted arrangement, allowed to come in at the gallop, but no sooner had they got past the first rear man than the horses' ham-strings were cut, and the dragoons despatched without ceremony. The rest of the troopers, seeing their leading comrades fall, turned back, and the retreating Mathesons, among whom Alexander was prominent, saw them no more. One of the saddles was taken home by Matheson and was carefully preserved for many years, until it was torn to pieces by a youth of the family, who had no idea how interesting and valuable the article was to the antiquarian and to the elders of his own house. Alexander Matheson lived at Sallachy, Lochalsh, where he died in 1793, leaving by his wife, Janet Macrae, one son,

RODERICK MATHESON, known as "Ruairi 'n Iomaire," the author of the Iomaire manuscript, to which we are indebted for particulars of this family. He married Margaret, daughter of Finlay Macrae, descended on the father's side from Alexander Macrae of Inverinate, and, on the mother's, from Donald Macrae of Torloisich, who fell at Sherffmuir in 1715. By her Roderick had issue, seven sons and six daughters—

1. John, who married Mary Stalker, with issue—(1) Alexander, who succeeded his grandfather as representative of the family. He emigrated to America, but afterwards returned to Scotland, and died at Bridge of Allan, unmarried; (2) John, in Glenshiel, who married Christina Munro, Fearn, with issue—Roderick, who lives at home, and John, who has gone to America; (3) Murdoch, married, in Glasgow, with issue—one son, John, and two daughters; (4) Janet; (5) Mary; (6) Anne; (7) Flora. John died before his father in July 1822.

2. Alexander, who died unmarried.

3. Murdoch, who was educated at King's College, Aberdeen, went to America in 1809, and died, unmarried, at Lexington, Georgia, on the 12th of September 1817, where a monument is erected to his memory.

4. Duncan, who married Janet Macrae, with issue—Donald, in Lochalsh, married, with issue; Roderick, in the Long Island; and two daughters, Flora and Annabella, both married, in Lochalsh.

5. Farquhar, who married Catherine Matheson, with issue—(1) Roderick, in the Inland Revenue, Edinburgh, married, with issue—three sons and a daughter; (2) Alexander, present parish minister of Glenshiel, still unmarried; (3) John, supervisor of Inland Revenue, Paisley, who married his cousin, Agnes Finlayson, with issue—five sons and four daughters; (4) Donald, Kirkton, Lochalsh, married, with issue—three sons and a daughter; (5) Murdoch, of the hon. Hudson Bay Company, who married, in March 1882, his cousin, Anne, daughter of the late John Macrae, Braintra, Lochalsh, and sister of Duncan Macrae, now of Ardintoul; (6) James, who died unmarried; and (7) a daughter.

6. William, who emigrated to Alabama. He married Maria Darrington, with issue—one son, William, who died unmarried, and three daughters.

7. Donald, who emigrated to America, and died unmarried.

8. Flora, who married Donald Maclennan, Plockton, where she died in 1820, leaving issue, four sons and four daughters—John, Alexander, Kenneth, Murdoch, Janet, Elizabeth, Catherine, and Christina.

9. Catherine, who married John Mackintosh, Glenelg, without issue.

10. Isabella, who died young.

11. Janet, who married John Macdonell, Dornie, with issue—(1) Murdoch, who died unmarried; (2) John, who emigrated to America, where he died. He was married, and left issue in Scotland. (3) Roderick, who emigrated to New Zealand; (4) Dugald, who died young; and five daughters.

12. Annabella, who married Roderick Finlayson, Achamore, with issue—(1) John, who emigrated to New Zealand, where he recently died, unmarried; (2) Farquhar, in New Zealand, still unmarried; (3) Roderick, now tacksman of Achamore, married, with issue—several sons and daughters; (4) Duncan, supervisor of Inland Revenue, Kirkwall, who married Paulina Anne Sillick, a native of Burntisland, with issue—five sons and a daughter; (5) Flora, who married the late John Macrae, Braintra, with issue—*(a)* Duncan, present tacksman of Ardintoul; *(b)* Roderick, M.D., now resident surgeon at the Medical College, Calcutta. He went through the late Afghan Campaign. *(c)* Ewen, recently tacksman of Braintra, now in New Zealand; *(d)* Donald, a tea planter in Assam; *(e)* John, M.B., C.M., now in London; all of whom are still unmarried; *(f)* Anne, who married her cousin, Murdoch Matheson, of the hon. Hudson Bay Company, as above; (6) Mary, who married Alexander M'Erlich, Morar.

13. Anne, who died young.

Roderick Matheson, was succeeded, as representative of the family, by his grandson,

ALEXANDER MATHESON, who died, unmarried; when the representation of the family fell to the family of his brother,

JOHN MATHESON, Glenshiel, whose marriage and issue have been already given.

THE END.

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